THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER.

Tranſlated from the *GREEK*.

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BRITISH
MUSEUM

THE TWENTIETH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

The ARGUMENT.

While Ulyſſes *lies in the Veſtibule of the Palace, he is witneſs to the diſorders of the women.* Minerva *comforts him and caſts him aſleep. At his awaking he deſires a favourable ſign from* Jupiter, *which is granted. The feaſt of* Apollo *is celebrated by the People, and the Suitors banquet in the Palace.* Telemachus *exerts his authority amongſt them, notwithſtanding which,* Ulyſſes *is inſulted by* Cteſippus, *and the reſt continue in their exceſſes. Strange Prodigies are ſeen by* Theoclymenus *the Augur, who explains them to the deſtruction of the Wooers.*

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Victims, which the Shepherds bring for the sacrifice and Wedding Dinner of Penelope *with one of the Suitors, in the Presence of* Ulysses *and* Telemachus.

THE TWENTIETH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

AN ample hide divine *Ulyſſes* ſpread,
And form'd of fleecy ſkins his humble bed:
(The remnants of the ſpoil the ſuitor-crowd
In feſtival devour'd, and victims vow'd.)
Then o'er the chief, *Eurynome* the chaſte
With duteous care a downy carpet caſt:
With dire revenge his thoughtful boſom glows,
And ruminating wrath, he ſcorns repoſe.
As thus pavilion'd in the porch he lay,
Scenes of lewd loves his wakeful eyes ſurvey,

Whilſt to nocturnal joys impure, repair
With wanton glee, the proſtituted fair.

His

V. 12. *With wanton glee the proſtituted fair.*] *Euſtathius* expatiates upon the conduct of theſe female ſervants of *Penelope*. Silence and a decent reſerve (remarks that Author) is the ornament of the fair ſex; levity and laughter betray them into an unguarded behaviour, and make them ſuſceptible of wanton impreſſions. The *Athenians*, as *Pauſanias* informs us, had a Temple ſacred to Love and *Venus* the Whiſperer. *Venus* was call'd the Whiſperer (ψίθυρος) becauſe they who there offer'd up their prayers apply'd their mouths to the ear of the ſtatue of that Goddeſs, and whiſper'd their petitions; an Intimation, that Women ought to govern their tongue, and not let it tranſgreſs either by loudneſs or loquacity. But this no ways affects the Ladies of *Great Briton*; they ſpeak ſo well, they ſhould never be ſilent.

Ulyſſes, *Homer* tells us, is almoſt provoked to kill theſe females with his own hands: This has been imagin'd a thought unworthy an Hero. The like objection has been made againſt *Æneas* in *Virgil* (*Æneid*, lib. 2. ver. 567.)

Thus, wand'ring in my way, without a guide,
The graceleſs Helen *in the porch I ſpy'd*
Of Veſta's *temple: there ſhe lurk'd alone,*
Muffl'd ſhe ſate, and what ſhe could, unknown;
Trembling with rage, the ſtrumpet I regard,
Reſolv'd to give her guilt the due reward.

This whole paſſage is ſaid to have been expung'd from *Virgil* by *Tucca* and *Varius*; for as *Virgil* there expreſſes it,

'Tis true a ſoldier can ſmall honour gain,
And boaſt no conqueſt from a woman ſlain. Dryden.

But the Objection is probably made with too great ſeverity, both againſt *Homer* and *Virgil*: It is no diſgrace to the beſt or braveſt man, to be ſubject to ſuch paſſions as betray him into no unworthy actions: A Hero is not ſuppoſed to be inſenſible; he diſtinguiſhes himſelf as ſuch, if he reſtrains them within the bounds of reaſon. Both *Æneas* and *Ulyſſes* are fir'd with a juſt indignation; and this is agreeable to human nature; but both of them proceed to no outragious action, and this ſhews that their paſſions are govern'd by ſuperior reaſon.

However

His heart with rage this new diſhonour ſtung,
Wav'ring his thoughts in dubious balance hung;
Or, inſtant ſhould he quench the guilty flame
With their own blood, and intercept the ſhame;
Or to their luſt indulge a laſt embrace,
And let the Peers conſummate the diſgrace;
Round his ſwol'n heart the murm'rous fury rowls;
As o'er her young the mother-maſtiff growls,

And

However this reſentment of *Ulyſſes* is leſs liable to objection than that of *Æneas*: *Ulyſſes* ſubdues his indignation by the reflection of his own reaſon; but *Virgil* introduces a Machine to compoſe the ſpirit of *Æneas*:

——— *all ſhining heav'nly bright,*
My mother ſtood reveal'd before my ſight,
She held my hand, the deſtin'd blow to break, &c.

It may be further added that the caſe is very different between *Æneas* and *Ulyſſes*. The perſons whom *Ulyſſes* intends to puniſh are his ſubjects and ſervants, and ſuch a puniſhment would be no more than an act of juſtice, as he is their Maſter and King; and we find in the ſequel of the *Odyſſey* that he actually inflicts it. It ſhould therefore be thought an inſtance of *Homer*'s judgment, in painting the diſorders of theſe ſervants in ſuch ſtrong colours, that we may acknowledge the juſtice, when he afterwards brings them to puniſhment.

V. 20. *As o'er her young the mother-maſtiff growls*, &c.] This in the original is a very bold expreſſion, but *Homer*, to ſoften it, inſtances a compariſon which reconciles us to it. *Ennius* has literally tranſlated it, as *Spondanus* obſerves:

——— *animuſque in pectore* latrat.

That is, word for word,

——— Κραδίη δέ οἱ ἔνδον ὑλάκτει.

And bays the ſtranger-groom: ſo wrath compreſt
Recoiling, mutter'd thunder in his breaſt.
Poor ſuff'ring heart! he cry'd, ſupport the pain
Of wounded honour, and thy rage reſtrain.

Not

The ſimilitude it ſelf is very expreſſive; as the maſtiff barks to guard her young, ſo labours the ſoul of *Ulyſſes* in defence of his Son and Wife, *Penelope* and *Telemachus*. *Dacier* was afraid that the compariſon could not be render'd with any beauty in the *French* tongue, and therefore has ſubſtituted another in the room of it, *Son cœur rugiſſoit au dedans de luy, comme un Lion rugit autour d'une bergerie, où il ne ſçauroit entrer.* But however more noble the Lion may be than the Maſtiff, it is evident that ſhe utterly deviates from the alluſion: The Maſtiff rages in defence of her young, *Ulyſſes* of his Son *Telemachus*; but how is this repreſented by a Lion roaring round a fold, which he is not to defend, but deſtroy? We have therefore choſen to follow *Homer* in the more humble but more expreſſive ſimilitude; and what will entirely reconcile us to it, is the great honour which was paid to Dogs by the Antients: they were kept as a piece of ſtate by Princes and Heroes, and therefore a compariſon drawn from them was held to be as noble as if it had been drawn from a Lion.

V. 23. *Poor ſuff'ring heart! he cry'd, ſupport the pain*
Of wounded honour, and thy rage reſtrain.

Theſe two Verſes are quoted by *Plato* in his *Phædo*, where he treats of the ſoul's immortality: He makes uſe of them to prove that *Homer* underſtood the ſoul to be uncompounded and diſtinct from the body. "If the ſoul, argues that Author, were a compounded ſub-"ſtance, if it were harmony (as ſome philoſophically aſſert) ſhe "would never act diſcordantly from the parts which compoſe it; "but we ſee the contrary, we ſee the ſoul guide and govern the "parts of which ſhe herſelf is pretended to be compoſed; ſhe re-"ſiſts, threatens and reſtrains our paſſions, our fears, avarice and "anger: in ſhort, the ſoul ſpeaks to the body as to a ſubſtance of "a nature entirely different from its own. *Homer* therefore evi-"dently underſtood that the ſoul ought to govern and direct the "paſſions, and that it is of a nature more divine than harmony."

This is undoubtedly very juſt reaſoning; and there is an expreſſion, obſerves *Dacier*, that bears the ſame import in the holy Scriptures: *The heart of* David *ſmote him when he number'd the people.*

There

Not fiercer woes thy fortitude cou'd foil,
When the brave partners of thy ten years toil
Dire *Polypheme* devour'd: I then was freed
By patient prudence, from the death decreed.
Thus anchor'd ſafe on reaſon's peaceful coaſt,
Tempeſts of wrath his ſoul no longer toſt;
Reſtleſs his body rolls, to rage reſign'd:
As one who long with pale-ey'd famine pin'd,

The

There is this difference; in *Homer* by *heart* is underſtood the corporeal ſubſtance, in the Scriptures the ſpiritual; but both make a manifeſt diſtinction between the ſoul and the body.

V. 32. *As one who long*, &c.] No paſſage in the whole *Odyſſey* has fall'n under more ridicule than this compariſon; Monſieur *Perault* is particularly ſevere upon it: *Homer* (ſays that Critic) compares *Ulyſſes* turning in his bed to a black-pudding broiling on a gridiron; whereas the truth is, he compares that Hero turning and toſſing in his bed, burning with impatience to ſatisfy himſelf with the blood of the Suitors, to a man in ſharp hunger preparing the entrails of a victim over a great fire; and the agitation repreſents the agitation of *Ulyſſes*. *Homer* compares not the thing, but the perſons.

Boileau, in his notes upon *Longinus*, anſwers this objection. It is notorious that the belly of ſome animals was one of the moſt delicious diſhes amongſt the antients: that the *ſumen* or ſow's belly was boaſted of for its excellence by the *Romans*, and forbidden by a ſumptuary law as too voluptuous. Beſides the *Greek* word uſed to expreſs a black pudding was not invented in the days of *Homer*. *Ogilby* indeed thus renders it:

As one a pudding broiling on the coals.

But you will aſk, Is not the alluſion mean at beſt, and does it not convey a low image? Monſieur *Dacier* anſwers in the negative, in his notes upon *Ariſtotle*'s Poetics. The compariſon is borrow'd from ſacrifices which yielded blood and fat, and was therefore ſo far from being deſpicable, that it was look'd upon with veneration by antiquity. *Lib.* 1. of the *Iliad*.

On theſe, in double cawls involv'd with art,
The choiceſt morſels lay from every part.

The ſav'ry cates on glowing embers caſt
Inceſſant turns, impatient for repaſt:
Ulyſſes ſo, from ſide to ſide devolv'd,
In ſelf-debate the Suitors doom reſolv'd.
When in the form of mortal nymph array'd,
From heav'n deſcends the *Jove*-born martial Maid;
And hov'ring o'er his head in view confeſs'd,
The Goddeſs thus her fav'rite care addreſs'd.
Oh thou, of mortals moſt inur'd to woes!
Why rowl thoſe eyes unfriended of repoſe?
Beneath thy palace-roof forget thy care;
Bleſt in thy Queen! bleſt in thy blooming heir!
Whom, to the Gods when ſuppliant fathers bow,
They name the ſtandard of their deareſt vow.

The *Cawls* and the *choiceſt morſels* were the fat of the Victim, ſelected as the beſt part of it, to be offered to the Gods. We may find that the thought was noble in the oriental language, for the Author of *Eccleſiaſt.* makes uſe of it, 47. 2. *As is the fat taken from the peace-offering, ſo was* David *choſen out of the children of* Iſrael. And the ſame alluſion which was uſed to repreſent the worth and excellence of *David*, could be no degradation to *Ulyſſes*.

But what is underſtood by the *belly of the beaſt, full of fat and blood? Boileau* is of opinion that thoſe words denote the fat and the blood which are in thoſe parts of an animal naturally: but he is in an error, as appears evidently from theſe lines, *lib.* 18. of the *Odyſſey*.

Γαςέρες ἄι δ' αἰγῶν κίατ' ἐν πυρί· τὰς δ' ἰαὶ δόρπῳ
Καθθέμεθα κνίσσης τε καὶ αἵματος ἐμπλήσαντες.

Implentes ſanguine & pinguedine, in cœnâ deponamus; a demonſtration that *Homer* intends not the natural fat and blood of the animal.

Juſt

Juſt is thy kind reproach, (the chief rejoin'd)
Deeds full of fate diſtract my various mind,
In contemplation wrapt. This hoſtile crew
What ſingle arm hath proweſs to ſubdue?
Or if by *Jove*'s, and thy auxiliar aid,
They're doom'd to bleed; O ſay, cœleſtial maid:
Where ſhall *Ulyſſes* ſhun, or how ſuſtain,
Nations embattel'd to revenge the ſlain?
Oh impotence of faith! *Minerva* cries,
If man on frail unknowing man relies,
Doubt you the Gods? Lo *Pallas*' ſelf deſcends,
Inſpires thy counſels, and thy toils attends.

In

V. 56. *If man on frail unknowing man relies,*
Doubt you the Gods?

There is excellent reaſoning in this: If a friend whom we know to be wiſe and powerful, adviſes us, we are ready to follow his inſtructions; the divine Being gives us his council, and we refuſe it. Monſieur *Dacier* obſerves that *Epictetus* had this paſſage in his view, and beautify'd his morality with it. "The protection of a Prince or "Potentate (ſays that Author) gives us full tranquillity, and ba-"niſhes from us all uneaſy apprehenſion. We have an all-powerful "Being for our protector, and for our Father; and yet the know-"ledge of it is not ſufficient to drive away our fears, inquietudes and "diſcontents."

What *Homer* further puts into the mouth of the Goddeſs of Wiſdom is conſonant to ſacred verity, and agrees with the language of the Scripture; *Pſalm* xxvii. 3. *Tho' an hoſt of men were laid againſt me, yet ſhall not my Heart be afraid.*

The Poet almoſt in every book mentions the deſtruction of the Suitors by the ſingle hand of *Ulyſſes*, to reconcile us to it by degrees, that we may not be ſhock'd at the great Cataſtrope of the Poem as incredible: It is particularly judicious to inſiſt upon it in this place in a manner ſo ſolemn, to prepare us for the approaching event. If the deſtruction of the Suitors ſhould appear humanly improbable

by

In me affianc'd, fortify thy breaſt,
Tho' myriads leagu'd thy rightful claim conteſt:
My ſure divinity ſhall bear the ſhield,
And edge thy ſword to reap the glorious field.
Now, pay the debt to craving nature due,
Her faded pow'rs with balmy reſt renew.
She ceas'd: Ambroſial ſlumbers ſeal his eyes;
His care diſſolves in viſionary joys:
The Goddeſs pleas'd, regains her natal ſkies.
Not ſo the Queen; The downy bands of ſleep
By grief relax'd, ſhe wak'd again to weep:
A gloomy pauſe enſu'd of dumb deſpair;
Then thus her fate invok'd, with fervent pray'r.
Diana! ſpeed thy deathful ebon dart,
And cure the pangs of this convulſive heart.

by being aſcribed ſolely to *Ulyſſes*, it is at leaſt reconcileable to divine probability, and becomes credible thro' the Intervention of a Goddeſs.

V. 72. Diana! *ſpeed thy deathful ebon dart*, &c.] I doubt not but the Reader will be pleas'd with the beauty of this ſoliloquy. There is an aſſemblage of tender images and moving complaints, and yet they are ſuch as betray no meaneſs of ſpirit: The lamentation of *Penelope* is the lamentation of a Queen and Heroine; ſhe mourns, but it is with dignity. The Poet makes a good uſe of her ſorrows, and they excellently ſuſtain her character of perſevering to elude the addreſſes of the Suitors, when ſhe wiſhes even to die rather than to yield to them.

But I confeſs the inſerting ſo many particularities of the daughters of *Pandarus*, &c. greatly leſſens the pathetic of this ſpeech.

Snatch

Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! far from human race,
Toſt thro' the void illimitable ſpace:
Or if diſmounted from the rapid cloud,
Me with his whelming wave let Ocean ſhrowd!
So, *Pandarus*, thy hopes, three orphan fair
Were doom'd to wander thro' the devious air;
Thy ſelf untimely and thy conſort dy'd,
But four Cœleſtials both your cares ſupply'd.
Venus in tender delicacy rears
With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years:

V. 74. *Snatch me, ye whirlwinds!* &c.] The antients (ſays *Dacier*) were perſuaded that ſome perſons were carried away by ſtorms and whirlwinds. I would rather imagine ſuch expreſſions to be entirely figurative and poetical; it is probable that what gave occaſion to theſe fictions might be no more than the ſudden deaths of ſome perſons, and their diſappearance was aſcrib'd, in the language of Poetry, to ſtorms and whirlwinds. The *Orientals* delighted in ſuch bold figures. *Job* xxvii. 21. *The eaſt wind carrieth him away, and as a ſtorm hurrieth him out of his place.* And *Iſaiah* xli. 16. *The wind ſhall carry them away, and the whirlwind ſhall ſcatter them.*

V. 82. Venus *in tender delicacy rears*
With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years.]

Monſieur *Dacier* obſerves upon this paſſage; *Venus* is ſaid to feed theſe Infants with wine, milk, and honey; that is, ſhe nurſed them in their infancy, with plenty and abundance. For this is the import of the expreſſion: a land flowing with milk and honey means a land of the greateſt fertility, as is evident from the writings of *Moſes*. So the prophet. *Butter and honey ſhall he eat, till he knows how to refuſe the evil and chuſe the good*; that is, till the age of diſcretion.

Imperial

Imperial *Juno* to their youth aſſign'd
A form majeſtic, and ſagacious mind:
With ſhapely growth *Diana* grac'd the bloom;
And *Pallas* taught the texture of the loom.
But whilſt to learn their lots in nuptial love,
Bright *Cytherea* ſought the bow'r of *Jove*;
(The God ſupreme, to whoſe eternal eye
The regiſters of fate expanded lie)
Wing'd *Harpies* ſnatch'd th' unguarded charge away,
And to the Furies bore a grateful prey.

Be-

V. 84. *Imperial* Juno *to their youth aſſign'd*
A form majeſtic, and ſagacious mind.]

It may ſeem that *Homer* aſcribes improper gifts to this Goddeſs; Wiſdom is the portion of *Minerva*, Beauty of *Venus*, why then are they here aſcrib'd to *Juno*? *Spondanus* calls this an inſolvable difficulty. *Dacier* explains it by ſaying, that the beauty of Princeſſes is different from that of perſons of an inferior ſtation, their beauty conſiſts in a majeſty that is every way great and noble, and ſtrikes with awe, very different from the little affectations and formal ſoftneſſes of inferior beauty; the former kind is the gift of *Venus* to the lower part of the fair ſex, the latter is beſtow'd on Princeſſes and Queens, by *Juno* the Regent of the ſkies.

V. 92. *Wing'd* Harpies *ſnatch'd th' unguarded charge away.*] It is not evident what it meant by theſe Princeſſes being carried away by the *Harpies*: *Euſtathius* thinks that they wander'd from their own country, and fell into the power of cruel governeſſes, whoſe ſeverities the Poet aſcribes to the ἐρίνυες, or *Furies*. *Dacier* imagines, that theſe two Princeſſes having ſeen the unhappy fate of their ſiſter *Aëdon* (who was married to *Zethus*, and ſlew her own ſon) fear'd a like calamity, and dreading marriage, retir'd to ſome diſtant ſolitude, where never being heard of, it gave room for the fiction. It muſt be allow'd that the thought excellently agrees with the wiſhes of *Penelope*: Theſe Princeſſes were taken away at the point of their marriage; *Penelope* believes herſelf to be in the ſame condition, and wiſhes to be loſt rather than ſubmit to ſecond nuptials. This ſpeech has

Be ſuch my lot! Or thou *Diana* ſpeed
Thy ſhaft, and ſend me joyful to the dead:
To ſeek my Lord among the warrior-train,
E're ſecond vows my bridal faith profane.
When woes the waking ſenſe alone aſſail,
Whilſt night extends her ſoft oblivious veil,
Of other wretches care the torture ends:
No truce the warfare of my heart ſuſpends!
The night renews the day-diſtracting theme,
And airy terrors ſable ev'ry dream.
The laſt alone a kind illuſion wrought,
And to my bed my lov'd *Ulyſſes* brought,
In manly bloom, and each majeſtic grace,
As when for *Troy* he left my fond embrace;
Such raptures in my beating boſom riſe,
I deem it ſure a viſion of the ſkies.

has a further effect; we find *Penelope* reduc'd to the utmoſt exigency, ſhe has no further ſubterfuge; the Poet therefore judiciouſly paints this exigency in the ſtrongeſt colours, to ſhew the neceſſity of unravelling the intrigue of the Poem in the concluſion of the *Odyſſey*.

V. 107. *As when for* Troy *he left my fond embrace.*] This little circumſtance is not without a good effect: it ſhews that the whole ſoul of *Penelope* was poſſeſs'd with the image of *Ulyſſes*. *Homer* adds, *ſuch as he was when he ſail'd to* Troy; which is inſerted to take off our wonder that ſhe ſhould not diſcover him; this *Ulyſſes* in diſguiſe is not like the *Ulyſſes* ſhe formerly knew, and now delineates in her imagination. *Euſtathius*.

Thus,

Thus, whilſt *Aurora* mounts her purple throne,
In audible laments ſhe breathes her moan;
The ſounds aſſault *Ulyſſes'* wakeful ear;
Miſ-judging of the cauſe, a ſudden fear
Of his arrival known, the Chief alarms;
He thinks the Queen is ruſhing to his arms.
Up-ſpringing from his couch, with active haſte
The fleece and carpet in the dome he plac'd;
(The hide, without, imbib'd the morning air)
And thus the Gods invok'd, with ardent pray'r.

V. 110. *Thus, whilſt* Aurora *mounts her purple throne.*] This is the morning of the fortieth day; for part of the eighteenth book, and the whole nineteenth, and ſo far of the twentieth book, contain no more time than the evening of the thirty-ninth day.

V. 113. ——— *a ſudden fear*
Of his arrival known, the Chief alarms.]

I was at a loſs for an explication of this line, 'till I found it in *Euſtathius*; for why ſhould *Ulyſſes* imagine that *Penelope* knew him to be *Ulyſſes*, after a ſpeech that expreſs'd ſo much concern for his abſence? *Ulyſſes*, having only heard the voice, not diſtinguiſh'd the words of her lamentation, miſtakes the tears of *Penelope* for tears of joy; he ſuſpects that the diſcovery is made by *Euryclea* or *Telemachus*; that they have told her the truth to give her comfort; and fears leſt in the tranſport of her joy ſhe ſhould act ſomething that would betray him to the Suitors, and prevent his deſigns: He therefore immediately withdraws, and makes a prayer to Heaven for a ſign to reaſſure his hopes, that he may proceed with confidence to their deſtruction.

Jove,

Jove, and ethereal thrones! with heav'n to friend
If the long ſeries of my woes ſhall end;
Of human race now riſing from repoſe,
Let one a bliſsful omen here diſcloſe;
And to confirm my faith, propitious *Jove!*
Vouchſafe the ſanction of a ſign above.

Whilſt lowly thus the Chief adoring bows,
The pitying God his Guardian aid avows.

V. 120. Jove, *and ethereal Thrones* ——
123. —— *a bliſsful Omen* ——]

The conſtruction in the *Greek* is ungrammatical, for after Ζεῦ πάτερ in the ſingular, the Poet immediately adds εἰ μ' ἐθέλοντες in the plural number; τὰ λοιπὰ δαιμόνια are imply'd, ſays *Euſtathius*, ſo that θεοὶ is underſtood, which rectifies the conſtruction.

The Reader will fully underſtand the import of this Prayer, from the nature of Omens, and the notions of them amongſt the Antients: *If*, ſays *Ulyſſes*, *my prayer is heard, let there be a voice from within the palace to certify me of it*; and immediately a voice is heard, *O* Jupiter, *may this day be the laſt to the Suitors!* Such ſpeeches as fell accidentally from any perſon were held ominous, and one of the antient ways of divination; *Ulyſſes* underſtands it as ſuch, and accepts the Omen. It was in uſe among the *Romans*, as appears from *Tully* of divination, when *P. Æmilius* was going to war with *Perſeus* King of the *Macedonians*, he found his little daughter in tears: *O Father*, ſays ſhe, Perſeus *is dead!* meaning her little dog named *Perſeus*; *Æmilius* immediately reply'd, *O Daughter, I imbrace the Omen*, applying it to *Perſeus* King of the *Macedonians*; who was afterwards conquer'd by him, and died a Captive in *Rome*. The ſame practice was uſed by the *Hebrews*, it was call'd *Bath Kol*; this is an inſtance of it: Two *Rabbies* deſiring to ſee *Samuel* a *Babyloniſh* doctor, *let us follow*, ſaid they, *the hearing of Bath Kol*; travelling therefore near a ſchool, they heard a boy reading theſe words out of *Samuel* xxv. 1. *And* Samuel *died*. They obſerv'd it, and found that their Friend was dead. The *Sortes Virgilianæ* afterwards were much of this kind.

Loud

Loud from a ſaphire ſky his thunder ſounds:
With ſpringing hope the Heroe's heart rebounds.
Soon, with conſummate joy to crown his pray'r,
An omen'd Voice invades his raviſh'd ear.
Beneath a piſe that cloſe the dome adjoin'd,
Twelve female ſlaves the gift of *Ceres* grind;

V. 128. *Loud from a ſaphire ſky* ———] It was this circumſtance, of thunder burſting from a *ſerene ſky*, that made it ominous: it was noted as ſuch amongſt the *Romans* in the books of the Augurs; and *Horace* brings it as a proof againſt the opinions of *Epicurus*,

——— *Dieſpiter*
Igni coruſco nubila dividens,
Plerumque per purum *tonantes*
Egit equos, volucremque currum.

Virgil likewiſe ſpeaks of thunder as ominous, when *Anchiſes* ſaw the lambent flame round the head of *Iülus*: He prays to *Jupiter*, and immediately it thunders.

Vix ea fatus erat ſenior, ſubitoque fragore
Intonuit.

The *Stoics* drew an argument from thunder from a ſerene air againſt the Doctrines of *Epicurus*, who taught that the Gods had no regard of human affairs; for they concluded ſuch thunder to be præter-natural, and an argument of a divine Providence.

V. 133. *Twelve female ſlaves the gift of* Ceres *grind.*] This little particularity ſhews us the great profuſion of the Suitors, who employ'd twelve mills to find them bread. There is a particular energy in the word ἐπιῤῥώοντο; it denotes the great labour and aſſiduity of theſe people in preparing the bread, and conſequently the great waſte of the Suitors. It likewiſe preſerves a piece of antiquity, that Kings formerly had mills in their palaces to provide for their families, and that theſe mills were attended by women; I ſuppoſe becauſe preparing bread was an houſhold care, and therefore fell to the lot of female ſervants.

Taſk'd

Taſk'd for the royal board to bolt the bran
From the pure flour (the growth and ſtrength of man)
Diſcharging to the day the labour due,
Now early to repoſe the reſt withdrew;
One maid, unequal to the taſk aſſign'd,
Still turn'd the toilſome mill with anxious mind;
And thus in bitterneſs of ſoul divin'd.

Father of Gods and men; whoſe thunders rowl
O'er the *Cerulean* Vault, and ſhake the Pole;
Who'er from heav'n has gain'd this rare Oſtent,
(Of granted vows a certain ſignal ſent)
In this bleſt moment of accepted pray'r
Piteous, regard a wretch conſum'd with care!
Inſtant, O *Jove!* confound the Suitor-train,
For whom o'er-toil'd I grind the golden grain:
Far from this dome the lewd devourers caſt,
And be this feſtival decreed their laſt!

Big with their doom denounc'd in earth and ſky,
Ulyſſes' heart dilates with ſecret joy.
Mean time the menial train with unctuous wood
Heap'd high the genial hearth, *Vulcanian* food:
When, early dreſs'd, advanc'd the royal heir;
With manly graſp he wav'd a martial ſpear,
A radiant ſabre grac'd his purple zone,
And on his foot the golden ſandal ſhone.

His

His ſteps impetuous to the portal preſs'd;
And *Euryclea* thus he there addreſs'd.
Say thou, to whom my youth its nurture owes,
Was care for due refection, and repoſe,
Beſtow'd the ſtranger gueſt? Or waits he griev'd,
His age not honour'd, nor his wants reliev'd?
Promiſcuous grace on all the Queen confers;
(In woes bewilder'd, oft the wiſeſt errs.)
The wordy vagrant to the dole aſpires,
And modeſt worth with noble ſcorn retires.
She thus: O ceaſe that ever-honour'd name
To blemiſh now; it ill deſerves your blame:
A bowl of gen'rous wine ſuffic'd the gueſt;
In vain the Queen the night-refection preſt;
Nor would he court repoſe in downy ſtate,
Unbleſs'd, abandon'd to the rage of fate!
A hide beneath the portico was ſpread,
And fleecy ſkins compos'd an humble bed:
A downy carpet caſt with duteous care,
Secur'd him from the keen nocturnal air.

V. 165. *Promiſcuous grace on all the Queen confers.*] This ſpeech of *Telemachus* may ſeem to be wanting in filial reſpect, as it appears to condemn the conduct of his mother: But (remarks *Euſtathius*) the contrary is to be gather'd from it. His blame is really a commendation; it ſhews that her affection was ſo great for *Ulyſſes*, that ſhe receiv'd every vagrant honourably, how deceiv'd her with falſe news about him; and that other Perſons who brought no tydings of him, though men of great worth, were leſs acceptable.

His cornel javelin pois'd, with regal port,
To the ſage *Greeks* conven'd in *Themis'* court,
Forth-iſſuing from the dome the Prince repair'd:
Two dogs of chace, a lion-hearted guard,
Behind him ſow'rly ſtalk'd. Without delay
The dame divides the labour of the day;
Thus urging to the toil the menial train.
What marks of luxury the marble ſtain!
Its wonted luſtre let the floor regain;
The ſeats with purple cloathe in order due;
And let th' abſterſive ſponge the board renew:

Let

V. 180. *To the ſage* Greeks *conven'd in* Themis *court,*
Forth-iſſuing from the dome the Prince repair'd:]

It was cuſtomary for Kings and Magiſtrates to go early every morning into the public aſſemblies, to diſtribute juſtice, and take care of public affairs: but this aſſembly contributing nothing to the action of the *Odyſſey*, the Poet paſſes it over in a curſory manner, without any enlargement. *Euſtathius.*

V. 189. *And let th' abſterſive ſponge the board renew.*] The table was not anciently cover'd with linen, but carefully cleans'd with wet ſponges. Thus *Arrian*, ἆρον τὰς τραπέζας, σπόγγισον: And *Martial:*

Hæc tibi ſorte datur tergendis ſpongia menſis.

They made uſe of no napkins to wipe their hands, but the ſoft and fine part of the bread, which they call'd ἀπομαγδαλίαι, which afterwards they threw to the dogs; this cuſtom is mentioned in the *Odyſſey*, *lib.* 10.

Ὡς δ' ὅταν ἀμφὶ ἄναχλα κύνες δαίτηθεν ἴοῦλα
Σαίνωσ', αἰεὶ γάρ τε φέρει μειλίγματα θυμῷ.

Let ſome refreſh the vaſe's ſullied mold;
Some bid the goblets boaſt their native gold:
Some to the ſpring, with each a jar, repair,
And copious waters pure for bathing bear:
Diſpatch! for ſoon the Suitors will aſſay
The lunar feaſt rites to the God of day.
She ſaid; with duteous haſte a bevy fair
Of twenty virgins to the ſpring repair:

As from ſome feaſt a man returning late,
His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,
Rejoicing round, ſome morſel to receive,
Such as the good man ever wont to give.

The morſel in the tranſlation, and the μειλίγματα in the *Greek*, mean theſe pieces of bread, or ἀπομυγδαλίαι, with which the Antients wip'd their hands after eating, and then threw to the dogs.

V. 195. *The lunar feaſt-rites to the God of day.*] This was the laſt day of one month, and the firſt of the following: The *Greek* months were lunar, the firſt day of every month was a day of great ſolemnity, and it was conſecrated to *Apollo*, the author and fountain of light. *Ulyſſes* had ſaid, *lib.* 14. *v.* 186.

E're the next moon increaſe, or this decay,
His antient realms Ulyſſes *ſhall ſurvey;*
In blood and duſt each proud oppreſſor mourn.

Τῷ μὲν φθίνοντος μηνὸς, τῷ δ' ἱσταμένοιο.

This, ſays *Solon* in *Plutarch*, means that *Ulyſſes* ſhall return on the laſt day of the month preciſely; and here we find it verify'd. *Ulyſſes* diſcovers himſelf upon this day, and kills the Suitors: By his return, in the foregoing period, is meant his diſcovery; for he was return'd when he made that aſſertion to *Eumæus*. It is therefore probable, that the above recited verſe was rightly interpreted by *Solon*.

With

With varied toils the reſt adorn the dome.
Magnificent, and blithe, the Suitors come.
Some wield the ſounding ax; the dodder'd oaks
Divide, obedient to the forceful ſtrokes.
Soon from the fount, with each a brimming urn,
(*Eumæus* in their train) the maids return.
Three porkers for the feaſt, all brawny chin'd,
He brought; the choiceſt of the tuſky kind:
In lodgments firſt ſecure his care he view'd,
Then to the King this friendly ſpeech renew'd:
Now ſay ſincere, my gueſt! the Suitor train
Still treat they worth with lordly dull diſdain;
Or ſpeaks their deed a bounteous mind humane?
Some pitying God (*Ulyſſes* ſad reply'd)
With vollied vengeance blaſt their tow'ring pride!
No conſcious bluſh, no ſenſe of right reſtrains
The tides of luſt that ſwell their boiling veins:
From vice to vice their appetites are toſt,
All cheaply ſated at another's coſt!
While thus the Chief his woes indignant told,
Melanthius, maſter of the bearded fold,
The goodlieſt goats of all the royal herd
Spontaneous to the Suitors' feaſt preferr'd:
Two grooms aſſiſtant bore the victims bound;
With quav'ring cries the vaulted roofs reſound:
And to the Chief auſtere, aloud began
The wretch unfriendly to the race of man.

Here, vagrant, ſtill? offenſive to my Lords!
Blows have more energy than airy words;
Theſe arguments I'll uſe: nor conſcious ſhame,
Nor threats, thy bold intruſion will reclaim.
On this high feaſt the meaneſt vulgar boaſt
A plenteous board! Hence! ſeek another hoſt!
Rejoinder to the churl the King diſdain'd,
But ſhook his head, and riſing wrath reſtrain'd.
From *Cephalenia* croſs the ſurgy main
Philætius late arriv'd, a faithful ſwain.
A ſteer ungrateful to the bull's embrace,
And goats he brought, the pride of all their race;
Imported in a ſhallop not his own:
The dome re-echo'd to their mingled moan.
Strait to the guardian of the briſtly kind
He thus began, benevolent of mind.
What gueſt is he, of ſuch majeſtic air?
His lineage and paternal clime declare:
Dim thro' th' eclipſe of fate, the rays divine
Of ſov'reign ſtate with faded ſplendor ſhine.

V. 237. *Imported in a ſhallop*———] To underſtand this paſſage, it is neceſſary to remember that *Melanthius* and *Philætius* fed their flocks and herds in *Cephalenia*, an adjacent Iſland, under the dominion of *Ulyſſes*; but living in different parts of it, they are brought over in ſeparate veſſels, by different ferrymen, πορθμῆες, as *Homer* expreſſes it.

If

If Monarchs by the Gods are plung'd in woe,
To what abyſs are we foredoom'd to go!
Then affable he thus the Chief addreſs'd,
Whilſt with pathetic warmth his hand he preſs'd.
Stranger! may fate a milder aſpect ſhew,
And ſpin thy future with a whiter clue!
O *Jove!* for ever deaf to human cries;
The tyrant, not the father of the ſkies!

Unpiteous

V. 245. *If Monarchs by the Gods,* &c.] This is the reaſoning of *Philætius:* Kings are in a peculiar manner the care of the Gods; and if the Gods exempt not Kings from calamities, how can inferior perſons (ſays *Dacier*) expect to be exempted, or complain in the day of adverſity? But I perſuade myſelf the words have a deeper ſenſe, and mean *Ulyſſes*; "Well may vagrants ſuffer, when Kings, "ſuch as *Ulyſſes*, are not free from afflictions.

V. 251. O Jove! *for ever deaf to human cries;*
The tyrant, not the father of the ſkies!]

Theſe words are to be aſcrib'd to the exceſs of ſorrow which *Philætius* feels for the ſufferings of *Ulyſſes*; for they certainly tranſgreſs the bounds of reaſon. But if we conſider the ſtate of Theology in *Homer*'s time, the ſentence will appear leſs offenſive; "How can "*Jupiter* (ſays *Philætius*) who is our father, throw his children "into ſuch an abyſs of miſery? Thou, oh *Jove*, haſt made us, yet "haſt no compaſſion when we ſuffer." It is no eaſy matter to anſwer this argument from the heathen Theology, and no wonder therefore if it confounds the reaſon of *Philætius*; but we who have certain hopes of a future ſtate, can readily ſolve the difficulty: that ſtate will be a time of retribution; it will amply recompence the good man for all his calamities, or as *Milton* expreſſes,

Will juſtify the ways of God to men.

It may be obſerved in general that this introduction of *Philætius* and his ſpeech, ſo warm in the cauſe of *Ulyſſes*, is inſerted here with admirable judgment: The Poet intends to make uſe of his aſſiſtance in the deſtruction of the Suitors; he therefore brings him in giving

Unpiteous of the race thy will began,
The fool of fate, thy manufacture, man,
With penury, contempt, repulſe, and care,
The gauling load of life is doom'd to bear.
Ulyſſes from his ſtate a wand'rer ſtill,
Upbraids thy pow'r, thy wiſdom, or thy will:
O Monarch ever dear! —— O man of woe! ——
Freſh flow my tears, and ſhall for ever flow!

Like

Ulyſſes full aſſurance of his fidelity; ſo that when that Hero reveals himſelf to him, he does not depart from his cautious character, being before certify'd of his honeſty.

I will only add that *Philætius* is not to be look'd upon as a common ſervant, but as an officer of ſtate and dignity: and whatever has been ſaid in theſe annotations concerning *Eumæus* may be applied to *Philætius*; he is here call'd ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν, a title of honour, and *Ulyſſes* promiſes to marry him into his own family in the ſequel of the *Odyſſey*; conſequently he is a perſonage worthy to be an actor in Epic Poetry.

V. 260. *Freſh flow my tears, and ſhall for ever flow!*] The words in the original are ἴδιον ὡς ἐνόησα, and they are very differently explain'd by *Dacier* and *Euſtathius*. ἴδιον, τοῦτ' ἐστὶν ἰδρωσα, ἠγωνίασα, "I have ſweated and been in an agony at the thought "of the ſevere diſpenſations of *Jupiter*;" this is the interpretation of *Euſtathius*. *Dacier* takes ἴδιον to be an adjective, and then it muſt be connected with the preceding period.

Οὐκ ἐλεαίρεις ἄνδρας, ἐπὴν δὴ γείνεαι αὐτὸς,
Μισγέμεναι κακότητι, καὶ ἄλγεσι λευγαλέοισι,
Ἴδιον ὡς ἐνόησα.

Ut privatim, vel domeſtico admonitus ſum exemplo, for ſo we may render ἴδιον, meaning *Ulyſſes*; then the ſenſe will be this; Jupiter, *though thou haſt made us, thou haſt no compaſſion upon mankind, thou caſteſt us into evils and miſery; as I have learned by a private or domeſtic inſtance, namely in the perſon of* Ulyſſes. If my judgment were

of

Like thee, poor ſtranger gueſt, deny'd his home!
Like thee, in rags obſcene decreed to roam!
Or haply periſh'd on ſome diſtant coaſt,
In *Stygian* gloom he glides a penſive ghoſt!
O, grateful for the good his bounty gave,
I'll grieve, 'till ſorrow ſink me to the grave!
His kind protecting hand my youth preferr'd,
The regent of his *Cephalenian* herd:
With vaſt increaſe beneath my care it ſpreads,
A ſtately breed! and blackens far the meads.
Conſtrain'd, the choiceſt beeves I thence import,
To cram theſe cormorants that crowd his court:
Who in partition ſeek his realm to ſhare;
Nor human right, nor wrath divine revere.
Since here reſolv'd oppreſſive theſe reſide,
Contending doubts my anxious heart divide:
Now to ſome foreign clime inclin'd to fly,
And with the royal herd protection buy:
Then, happier thoughts return the nodding ſcale,
Light mounts deſpair, alternate hopes prevail:
In op'ning proſpects of ideal joy,
My King returns; the proud Uſurpers die.

of any weight, I ſhould recommend this interpretation rather than that of *Euſtathius*, which ſeems to be a forced one, and I remember no inſtance of this nature in *Homer*; but the preference is ſubmitted to the Reader's deciſion.

To whom the Chief: In thy capacious mind
Since daring zeal with cool debate is join'd;
Attend a deed already ripe in fate:
Atteſt, oh *Jove!* the truth I now relate!
This ſacred truth atteſt each genial pow'r,
Who bleſs the board, and guard this friendly bow'r!
Before thou quit the dome (nor long delay)
Thy wiſh produc'd in act, with pleas'd ſurvey,
Thy wond'ring eyes ſhall view: his rightful reign
By arms avow'd *Ulyſſes* ſhall regain,
And to the ſhades devote the Suitor-train.
O *Jove* ſupreme, the raptur'd ſwain replies,
With deeds conſummate ſoon the promis'd joys!
Theſe aged nerves, with new-born vigor ſtrung,
In that bleſt cauſe ſhou'd emulate the young ——
Aſſents *Eumæus* to the pray'r addreſt;
And equal ardors fire his loyal breaſt.
Mean-time the Suitors urge the Prince's fate,
And deathful arts employ the dire debate:
When in his airy tour, the bird of *Jove*
Truſs'd with his ſinewey pounce a trembling dove;
Siniſter to their hope! This omen ey'd
Amphinomus, who thus preſaging cry'd.

The

V. 305. Amphinomus, *who thus preſaging cry'd.*] It may be aſk'd why *Amphinomus* gives this interpretation to the Prodigy? and why might not the Eagle denote the Suitors, and the Pigeon *Telemachus?* No

The Gods from force and fraud the Prince defend;
O Peers! the ſanguinary ſcheme ſuſpend:
Your future thought let fable Fate employ;
And give the preſent hour to genial joy.
From council ſtrait th' aſſenting peerage ceas'd,
And in the dome prepar'd the genial feaſt.

No doubt but ſuch an interpretation would have been ſpecious, but contrary to the rules of Augury. The Eagle is the King of birds, and muſt therefore of neceſſity denote the chief perſonage, and conſequently could only be apply'd to *Ulyſſes*, or *Telemachus*. *Amphinomus* thus interprets it, and the Suitors acquieſce in his interpretation.

V. 311. *And in the dome prepar'd the genial feaſt.*] The Antients, ſays *Euſtathius*, obſerve that this is the only place where the Suitors offer any Sacrifice throughout the whole *Odyſſey*, and that there is no inſtance at all, that they make any prayer to the Gods. But is it evident from this place, that this is a Sacrifice? 'tis true the ſacrificial term of ἱέρευον is mention'd; but perhaps that word may not denote a Sacrifice; for ἱερεῖα, though it primarily ſignifies the fleſh of animals offer'd to the Gods, yet in a leſs proper acceptation implies the fleſh of all animals indifferently. Thus *Athenæus*, τροφὴν, τὴν τῶν νεογνῶν ἱερείων, which muſt be render'd, *the fleſh of young animals*. Thus *Lib.* 7. ἐυσηπέστερα τὰ νύκτωρ θυόμενα ἱερεῖα, *the fleſh of animals that are kill'd by night ſooneſt putrifies*; and *Galen* uſes ζῶον, and ἱερεῖον, for an animal indiſcriminately. The reaſon is, becauſe originally no animal was ever ſlain but ſome part of it was offer'd to the Gods, and in this ſenſe every ζῶον was ἱερεῖον. If we conſult the context in *Homer*, it muſt be allowed that there is no other word but ἱέρευον that diſtinguiſhes this from a common repaſt, through the whole deſcription; and if that word will bear a remote ſignification, as ἱερεῖον does, I ſhould conclude, that this is no Sacrifice. Nay, if it ſhould be found that ἱέρευον implies of neceſſity a religious act, yet it will not prove that this is more than a cuſtomary meal, ſince the Antients at all entertainments made Libations to the Gods. What may ſeem to ſtrengthen this conjecture is that the Poet immediately adds, that the *Greeks*, Ἀχαιοὶ, ſacrific'd in the grove of *Apollo*; without mentioning that the Suitors partook in the ſacrifice: nay they ſeem to be feaſting in the palace, while the *Greeks* are offering in the grove.

Diſ-rob'd, their veſts apart in order lay,
Then all with ſpeed ſuccinct the victims ſlay:
With ſheep and ſhaggy goats the porkers bled,
And the proud ſteer was on the marble ſpread.
With fire prepar'd they deal the morſels round,
Wine roſy-bright the brimming goblets crown'd,
By ſage *Eumæus* born: the purple tide
Melanthius from an ample jar ſupply'd:
High caniſters of bread *Philætius* plac'd;
And eager all devour the rich repaſt.
Diſpos'd apart, *Ulyſſes* ſhares the treat!
A trivet-table, and ignobler ſeat,
The Prince appoints; but to his Sire aſſigns
The taſteful inwards, and nectareous wines.
Partake my gueſt, he cry'd, without controul
The ſocial feaſt, and drain the cheering bowl:
Dread not the railer's laugh, nor ruffian's rage;
No vulgar roof protects thy honour'd age;
This dome a refuge to thy wrongs ſhall be,
From my great Sire too ſoon devolv'd to me!
Your violence and ſcorn, ye Suitors ceaſe,
Leſt arms avenge the violated peace.

V. 323. *A trivet-table, and ignobler ſeat.*] This circumſtance is not inſerted unneceſſarily; the table is ſuitable to the diſguiſe of *Ulyſſes*, and it might have created a jealouſy in the Suitors if *Telemachus* had us'd him with greater diſtinction.

Aw'd

Aw'd by the Prince, ſo haughty, brave, and young,
Rage gnaw'd the lip, amazement chain'd the tongue.
Be patient, Peers! at length *Antinous* cries;
The threats of vain imperious youth deſpiſe:
Wou'd *Jove* permit the meditated blow,
That ſtream of eloquence ſhou'd ceaſe to flow.
Without reply vouchſaf'd, *Antinous* ceas'd:
Mean-while the pomp of feſtival increas'd:
By Heralds rank'd, in marſhall'd order move
The city-tribes, to pleas'd *Apollo*'s grove:
Beneath the verdure of which awful ſhade,
The lunar hecatomb they grateful laid;
Partook the ſacred feaſt, and ritual honours paid.
But the rich banquet in the dome prepar'd,
(An humble ſide-board ſet) *Ulyſſes* ſhar'd.
Obſervant of the Prince's high beheſt,
His menial train attend the ſtranger gueſt:
Whom *Pallas* with unpard'ning fury fir'd,
By lordly pride and keen reproach inſpir'd.
A *Samian* Peer, more ſtudious than the reſt
Of vice, who teem'd with many a dead-born jeſt;
And urg'd, for title to a conſort Queen,
Unnumber'd acres arable and green;
(*Cteſippus* nam'd) this Lord *Ulyſſes* ey'd,
And thus burſt out, impoſthumate with pride.
The ſentence I propoſe, ye Peers, attend:
Since due regard muſt wait the Prince's friend,

Let each a token of eſteem beſtow:
This gift acquits the dear reſpect I owe;
With which he nobly may diſcharge his ſeat,
And pay the menials for the maſter's treat.
He ſaid; and of the ſteer before him plac'd,
That ſinewy fragment at *Ulyſſes* caſt,
Where to the paſtern-bone by nerves combin'd,
The well-horn'd foot indiſſolubly join'd;
Which whizzing high, the wall unſeemly ſign'd.
The Chief indignant grins a ghaſtly ſmile;
Revenge and ſcorn within his boſom boil:
When

V. 370. ——— *grins a ghaſtly ſmile*;] The Expreſſion in *Greek* is remarkable:

——— μείδησε δὲ θυμῷ
Σαρδάνιον (or Σαρδόνιον)

Some tell us that there is an herb frequent in the iſland of *Sardinia*, which by taſting diſtorts the muſcles, that a man ſeems to laugh while he is under a painful agony; and from thence the *Sardinian laugh* became a proverb, to ſignify a laugh which conceal'd an inward pain. Others refer the expreſſion to an antient cuſtom of the *Sardinians* (a colony of the *Lacedemonians*); it is pretended that upon a certain feſtival every year, they not only ſlew all their priſoners of war, but alſo all the old men that were above ſeventy, and oblig'd theſe miſerable wretches to laugh while they underwent the ſeverity of torment. Either of theſe reaſons fully explains the meaning of the Σαρδόνιος γέλως, and ſhews it to denote an exterior laugh, and an inward pain. I am inclin'd to prefer the former interpretation, not only as it appears moſt natural, but becauſe *Virgil* ſeems to underſtand it in that ſenſe, for he alludes to the above-mention'd quality of the *Sardinian* Herbs, *Eclogue* 7. *v.* 41.

Immo ego Sardois videor tibi amarior herbis.

——— *deform'd like him who chaws*
Sardinian *herbage to contract his jaws.*

The

When thus the Prince with pious rage inflam'd:
Had not th' inglorious wound thy malice aim'd
Fall'n guiltleſs of the mark, my certain ſpear
Had made thee buy the brutal triumph dear:
Nor ſhou'd thy Sire a Queen his daughter boaſt,
The Suitor now had vaniſh'd in a ghoſt:
No more, ye lewd Compeers, with lawleſs pow'r
Invade my dome, my herds and flocks devour:
For genuine worth, of age mature to know,
My grape ſhall redden, and my harveſt grow.
Or if each other's wrongs ye ſtill ſupport,
With rapes and riot to prophane my court;
What ſingle arm with numbers can contend?
On me let all your lifted ſwords deſcend,
And with my life ſuch vile diſhonours end.
A long ceſſation of diſcourſe enſu'd,
By gentler *Agelaus* thus renew'd.
A juſt reproof, ye Peers! your rage reſtrain
From the protected gueſt, and menial train:

The Reader may obſerve that *Cteſippus* breaks out into buffoonry, and the Suitors frequently are guilty of it in other parts of the *Odyſſey*: Theſe levities have been proſcrib'd by the Critics as too low, and unworthy of Epic Poetry: but *Homer* adapts himſelf to his characters, he paints ridiculous men in ridiculous colours; tho' I will not ſay but ſuch characters are more proper for Comedy than Epic Poetry. If ever they are pardonable, they are in *Homer*, who puts theſe low pleaſantries into the mouths of drunkards and debauchees; ſuch perſons being generally men of no worth or ſerious deportment.

And Prince! to ſtop the ſource of future ill,
Aſſent your ſelf, and gain the royal will.
Whilſt hope prevail'd to ſee your Sire reſtor'd,
Of right the Queen refus'd a ſecond Lord.
But who ſo vain of faith, ſo blind to fate,
To think he ſtill ſurvives to claim the ſtate?
Now preſs the ſovereign Dame with warm deſire
To wed, as wealth or worth her choice inſpire:
The Lord ſelected to the nuptial joys,
Far hence will lead the long contended prize:
Whilſt in paternal pomp, with plenty bleſt,
You reign, of this imperial dome poſſeſt.
Sage and ſerene *Telemachus* replies:
By him at whoſe beheſt the thunder flies!
And by the name on earth I moſt revere,
By great *Ulyſſes*, and his woes I ſwear!
(Who never muſt review his dear domain;
Inroll'd, perhaps, in *Pluto*'s dreary train,)

V. 403. *Sage and ſerene* Telemachus *replies*; &c.] It is obſervable that *Telemachus* ſwears by the *ſorrows* of his father; an expreſſion, in my judgment, very noble, and at the ſame time, full of a filial tenderneſs. This was an antient cuſtom amongſt the *Orientals*, as appears from an oath not unlike it in *Geneſis* xxxi. 53. *And* Jacob *ſware by the* fear *of his father* Iſaac.

But how is this ſpeech to be underſtood? for how can *Telemachus* perſuade his mother to marry, when he knows that *Ulyſſes* is return'd? There is a conceal'd and an apparent meaning in the expreſſion. *Telemachus*, obſerves *Euſtathius*, ſwears that he will not hinder his mother from taking an huſband, but he means *Ulyſſes*: the words therefore are ambiguous, and the ambiguity deceives the Suitors, who believe that by this oath *Telemachus* obliges himſelf not only not to hinder, but promote the intended nuptials.

Whene'er her choice the royal Dame avows,
My bridal gifts ſhall load the future ſpouſe:
But from this dome my Parent Queen to chaſe! ——
From me, ye Gods! avert ſuch dire diſgrace.
But *Pallas* clouds with intellectual gloom
The Suitors ſouls, inſenſate of their doom!
A mirthful phrenzy ſeiz'd the fated crowd;
The roofs reſound with cauſeleſs laughter loud:

Floating

V. 415. *A mirthful phrenzy ſeiz'd*, &c.] It is in the *Greek*, *They laugh'd with other men's cheeks.* There are many explications of this paſſage: *Euſtathius* imagines it to denote a feign'd and pretended laughter. *Eraſmus* explains it, *non libenter neque ex animo ridere, ſed ita ridere quaſi non tuis, ſed alienis maxillis rideas.* But if we conſult the conduct of the Suitors, a contrary interpretation will ſeem to be neceſſary: for this laughter of the Suitors appears to be very real, and from the heart. *Homer* calls it ἄσβεστον *exceſſive, inextinguiſh'd*; and again, ἡδὺ γέλασσαν, or they laugh'd *with joy, ſuaviter riſerunt*; which expreſſions denote a real and unfeign'd laughter. But how will the words be brought to bear this conſtruction? Very naturally: They laugh'd as if they had borrow'd their cheeks, as if their cheeks were not their own, and conſequently they were not afraid to uſe them with licence and exceſs; ſuch perſons as the Suitors having no regard for any thing that belongs to another.

Horace makes uſe of the ſame expreſſion,

Cum rapies in jus, malis ridentem alienis.

And likewiſe *Valerius*;

Errantesque genæ, atque alieno gaudia vultu.

This is the opinion of *Dacier:* But there are ſome lines in the *Greek* that make it doubtful; for immediately after the expreſſion of laughing with other mens cheeks, *Homer* adds, that their eyes *flow'd with tears*, and *ſorrow ſeiz'd their Souls.* 'Tis true *Homer* deſcribes the Suitors under an alienation of mind, and a ſudden diſtraction occaſion'd by *Minerva*; and from hence we may gather the reaſons why they

Floating in gore, portentous to ſurvey!
In each diſcolour'd vaſe the viands lay:

they are toſt by ſo ſudden a tranſition to contrary paſſions, from laughter to tears: this moment they laugh extravagantly, and the next they weep with equal exceſs; perſons in ſuch a condition being liable to ſuch viciſſitudes.

V. 417. *Floating in gore, portentous to ſurvey!*
In each diſcolour'd vaſe the viands lay.]

This is to be look'd upon as a prodigy, the belief of which was eſtabliſh'd in the old world, and conſequently, whether true or falſe, may be allow'd to have a place in poetry. *See* Book XII. Annot. 32.

In the following ſpeech of *Theoclymenus* there is a beautiful enthuſiaſm of Poetry; but how are we to underſtand that *Theoclymenus* ſees theſe wonders, when they are inviſible to all the Suitors? *Theoclymenus* was a Prophet, and ſpeaks of things future as preſent; it is the eye of the Prophet that ſees theſe events, and the language of prophecy that ſpeaks of them as preſent. Thus when he ſays he ſees the palace red with blood, and throng'd with ghoſts; he anticipates the event, which is verified in the approaching death of the Suitors.

Euſtathius is of opinion that by the laſt words of this ſpeech *Theoclymenus* intends to expreſs an Eclipſe of the ſun; this being the day of the new moon, when eclipſes happen. Others underſtand by it the death of the Suitors, as when we ſay the ſun is for ever gone down upon the dead: *Theocritus* uſes that expreſſion, Θνήσκοντι πάντα δεδυκεῖν ἤλιον. *Homer* means by it, that the Suitors ſhall never more behold the light of the ſun.

——— ἠέλιος δὲ
Οὐρανῷ ἐξαπόλωλε ———

So far *Euſtathius*. It may be added that the *Roman* Poets uſed the ſame expreſſion in this latter ſignification. Thus *Catullus*.

Nobis, quùm ſemel occidit brevis lux,
Nox eſt perpetua una dormienda.

Either of theſe expoſitions makes the paſſage intelligible.

Then

Then down each cheek the tears ſpontaneous flow,
And ſudden ſighs precede approaching woe.
In viſion rap'd; the * *Hypereſian* Seer * *Theoclymenus*
Uproſe, and thus divin'd the vengeance near.
O race to death devote! with *Stygian* ſhade
Each deſtin'd Peer impending Fates invade:
With tears your wan diſtorted cheeks are drown'd;
With ſanguine drops the walls are rubied round:
Thick ſwarms the ſpacious hall with howling ghoſts,
To people *Orcus*, and the burning coaſts!
Nor gives the Sun his golden orb to rowl,
But univerſal night uſurps the pole!
Yet warn'd in vain, with laughter loud elate
The Peers reproach the ſure Divine of Fate;
And thus *Eurymachus*: The dotard's mind
To ev'ry ſenſe is loſt, to reaſon blind:
Swift from the dome conduct the ſlave away;
Let him in open air behold the day.

V. 436. *Let him in open air behold the day.*] The Suitors taking the prediction of *Theoclymenus* literally, *viz. I ſee you all involv'd in darkneſs*, think him diſtracted, not conceiving his words to be a prophecy; and therefore by way of deriſion command him to be carried into a place of publick reſort, that he may convince himſelf it is full day. *Euſtathius* imagines, they intended to reproach him with drunkenneſs, becauſe it makes all objects appear indiſtinct and different from the reality: He quotes a pleaſant expreſſion of *Anacharſis* to this purpoſe: A certain perſon telling him at an entertainment that he had married a very ugly woman; *I think ſo too* replies *Anacharſis*; *but fill me a bumper, that I may make her a beauty.*

Tax

Tax not, (the heav'n-illumin'd Seer rejoin'd)
Of rage, or folly, my prophetic mind.
No clouds of error dim th' etherial rays,
Her equal pow'r each faithful ſenſe obeys.
Unguided hence my trembling ſteps I bend,
Far hence, before yon' hov'ring deaths deſcend;
Leſt the ripe harveſt of revenge begun,
I ſhare the doom ye Suitors cannot ſhun.
This ſaid, to ſage *Piræus* ſped the Seer,
His honour'd hoſt, a welcome inmate there.
O'er the protracted feaſt the Suitors ſit,
And aim to wound the Prince with pointleſs wit:
Cries one, with ſcornful leer and mimic voice,
Thy charity we praiſe, but not thy choice;
Why ſuch profuſion of indulgence ſhown
To this poor, tim'rous, toil-deteſting drone?
That other feeds on planetary ſchemes,
And pays his hoſt with hideous noon day dreams.

V. 437. *Tax not (the heav'n-illumin'd Seer rejoin'd, &c.]* *Euſtathius* explains the anſwer of *Theoclymenus* to be both pleaſant and ſerious: "I have *eyes*, and therefore have no occaſion for a guide "to lead me from the palace; I have *ears*, and therefore hear that "my abſence is deſir'd; I have both my *feet*, and therefore am "able to go away without giving others the trouble to aſſiſt me; "and I have an *underſtanding* well inform'd, by which I ſee the evil "that threatens the Suitors, and haſte away to avoid it."

But,

But, Prince! for once at leaſt believe a friend,
To ſome *Sicilian* mart theſe courtiers ſend,
Where, if they yield their freight acroſs the main,
Deer ſell the ſlaves! demand no greater gain.
Thus jovial they; but nought the Prince replies;
Full on his Sire he rowl'd his ardent eyes;
Impatient ſtrait to fleſh his virgin-ſword;
From the wiſe Chief he waits the deathful word.

V. 456. *To ſome* Sicilian *mart theſe courtiers ſend.*] It is evident from this paſſage that the name of *Sicily* is very ancient, and *Euſtathius* makes the following remark upon it: That the reaſon why the Poet never mentions this word in deſcribing the wandrings of *Ulyſſes* which happen chiefly near *Sicily*, is to make his Poetry more ſurprifing and marvellous; and that the more to countenance thoſe fabulous relations and miracles which he has told to the *Phæacians*, he chuſes to ſpeak of it by names leſs known, and leſs familiar to his Readers. *Dacier* obſerves from *Bochart*, that this iſland received the name of *Sicily* from the *Phœnicians* long before the birth of *Homer*, or the war of *Troy*: *Siclul* in their language ſignifies *perfection*; they call'd it the *Iſle of perfection*, becauſe it held the chief rank amongſt all the iſlands in the *Mediterranean*: "It is the largeſt and "beſt iſland in all our ſeas," ſays *Strabo*. It has likewiſe been thought to have taken its name from the *Syrian* language, namely from *Segol*, or *Segul*, a *Raiſin*. For long before the vine was known in *Afric*, *Sicily* was famous for its Vineyards, and from thence the *Carthaginians* imported their raiſins and wines. *Homer* celebrates this iſland for its vines in the ninth *Odyſſey*.

Spontaneous wines from weighty cluſters pour,
And Jove *deſcends in each prolific ſhow'r.*

It is likewiſe probable from this paſſage, that the *Sicilians* traded in ſlaves; for their lands were fertil, and they merchandiz'd for them to manure the ground. I ſhould rather think that they were remarkable for their barbarity to their ſlaves; the Suitors ſpeaking by way of terror to intimidate *Theoclymenus*; and the expreſſion ſeems to bear the ſame import with that concerning *Echetus*, we will *ſend him to* Echetus, or *the* Sicilians, *who will uſe him with the utmoſt cruelty*.

Nigh

Nigh in her bright alcove, the penſive Queen
To ſee the circle ſat, of all unſeen:
Sated at length they riſe, and bid prepare
An eve-repaſt, with equal coſt and care:
But vengeful *Pallas* with preventing ſpeed
A feaſt proportion'd to their crimes decreed;
A feaſt of death! the feaſters doom'd to bleed!

V. 463. *Nigh in her bright alcove, the penſive Queen.*] The word in the original is διφρος, and ſignifies a large ſeat that would hold two perſons, from δις φερειν.

This circumſtance (obſerves *Euſtathius*) is not inſerted in vain: the Poet deſcribes *Penelope* thus ſeated, that ſhe might ſee and hear the actions and deſigns of the Suitors, in order to form her conduct according to the occaſion: Now for inſtance, ſhe perceives their inſolence riſen to ſuch an height, that ſhe dares make no further delay; but immediately proclaims herſelf the prize of the beſt Archer; And this naturally connects the ſtory with the next book.

THE

THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

The ARGUMENT.

The bending of *Ulyſſes*'s bow.

Penelope, *to put an end to the ſolicitation of the Suitors, propoſes to marry the perſon who ſhall firſt bend the bow of* Ulyſſes, *and ſhoot thro' the ringlets. After their attempts have prov'd ineffectual,* Ulyſſes *taking* Eumæus *and* Philætius *apart, diſcovers himſelf to them; then returning, deſires leave to try his ſtrength at the bow, which, tho' refuſed with indignation by the Suitors,* Penelope *and* Telemachus *cauſe it to be deliver'd to his hands. He bends it immediately, and ſhoots thro' all the rings.* Jupiter *in the ſame inſtant thunders from Heav'n;* Ulyſſes *accepts the Omen, and gives a ſign to* Telemachus, *who ſtands ready arm'd at his ſide.*

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MUSEUM

The Suitors of **Penelope** *exercise themselves with* **Ulysses**, *to Bend the Bow & shoot an Arrow throu* *several Rings placed together.*

P. Fourdrinier sc

THE
TWENTY-FIRST BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

AND *Pallas* now, to raiſe the rivals fires,
With her own art *Penelope* inſpires:
Who now can bend *Ulyſſes'* bow, and wing
The well-aim'd arrow thro' the diſtant ring,

Shall

NOTES.

This book is intitled Τόξου Θέσις or the *propoſition of the Bow*: his action of *Penelope* has given occaſion of raillery both to modern antient Critics; they inſinuate that ſhe propos'd this exerciſe of bow to try the ſtrength of her gallants, determining to have re- d to that ſingle qualification in the choice of her huſband.

Penelope

Shall end the ſtrife, and win th' imperial dame;
But Diſcord and black Death await the game!
The prudent Queen the lofty ſtair aſcends,
At diſtance due a virgin-train attends;

Penelope vires juvenum tentabat in arcu,
Qui latus argueret, corneus arcus erat.

They interpret νευρὴν ἐπιτάνυσαι into a ſenſe very contrary to the character of *Penelope*. 'Tis true, other Authors have directly charged her with Inchaſtity, and affirm that ſhe had a ſon named *Pan*, becauſe *all* the Suitors had a ſhare in him. *Lycophron* calls her

Βασσάραν σιμῶς κασσωρεύσασαν.

It is the exerciſe of the Bow that has occaſion'd theſe imputations; for none of *Homer*'s Commentators have given the reaſon why ſhe propoſes that exerciſe in particular; and therefore ſeeing no reaſon for it, they have invented a falſe one, and give the ſtory a ridiculous air: I flatter my ſelf that a better ſolution may be found out, and a reaſon given why *Penelope* propoſes this exerciſe in particular, and preferable to any other.

We are to remember that this day was ſacred to *Apollo*; this is evident from the preceding book, where the *Ithacans* offer an Hecatomb in a grove conſecrated to that Deity: The diverſion ſuits the day, the exerciſe of the bow being proper to be practis'd on the feſtival of that Deity, who is the patron of it. Several of the titles of *Apollo* are deriv'd from it; Ἑκάεργος, Ἑκατηβόλος, Ἀργυρότοξος. It is ſtrange that this neceſſary obſervation ſhould eſcape the notice of all Commentators.

If any thing further were wanting to reconcile us to the conduct of *Penelope* in propoſing the Bow, an inſtance almoſt parallel to it might be produc'd from Hiſtory. When *Cambyſes* was preparing to make war againſt *Æthiopia*, the King of that country bent his great bow with two fingers in the preſence of the *Perſian* Ambaſſadors, and unbending it again, deliver'd it to them with theſe words, That when the *Perſians* could do the like, they might hope to conquer the *Æthiopians*. There is nothing more abſurd in the delivery of the bow to the Suitors by *Penelope*, than in the ſame act of the *Æthiopian* King to the *Perſian* Ambaſſadors.

A brazen

A brazen key ſhe held, the handle turn'd,
With ſteel and poliſh'd elephant adorn'd:
Swift to the inmoſt room ſhe bent her way,
Where ſafe repos'd the royal treaſures lay;
There ſhone high-heap'd the labour'd braſs and ore,
And there the bow which great *Ulyſſes* bore,

V. 9. *A brazen key ſhe held*, &c.] The numerous particularities and digreſſive Hiſtories crowded together in the beginning of this book have not eſcaped cenſure. The Poet very circumſtantially deſcribes the key, and the make of it, as likewiſe the bow and quiver, then tells us who gave it to *Ulyſſes*; at the mention of the donor's name he ſtarts into a little Hiſtory of him, and returns not in many lines to his ſubject; he then no leſs circumſtantially deſcribes the chamber, and the frame of the door, he deſcends to every particular of *Penelope*'s opening it, and every ſtep and motion ſhe takes till ſhe produces the bow before the Suitors. This conduct has been liable to objection, as made up of particulars of ſmall importance to no propos'd end. But notwithſtanding, every circumſtance is not without its effect and beauty, and nothing better ſhews the power of the Poet's diction. So great a Critic as *Vida* admir'd this very paſſage. *Poetic. lib.* 2.

Ipſa procos etiam ut juſſit certare ſagittis
Penelope, optatas promittens callida tædas
Victori, per quanta moræ diſpendia mentes
Suſpenſas trahit, ante viri quam proferat arcum?

The Poet adapts his verſe to the nature of his ſubject; the deſcription loiters, to expreſs the ſtudied delay of *Penelope*, and her unwillingneſs to bring affairs to a deciſion. However I will not promiſe that theſe digreſſions and antient hiſtories will pleaſe every Reader; the paſſage is ſo far from being faulty, that it is really an inſtance of *Homer*'s judgment; yet every thing that is not a fault, is not a beauty. The caſe is, *Penelope* propoſes the trial of the bow, meerly to protract time from the nuptials; ſhe is ſlow in producing it for the ſame reaſon; and *Homer* to paint this ſlowneſs in a lively manner, lets the ſubject of the Poem ſtand ſtill, and wanders out of the way, that he may not come too ſoon to the end of his journey.

And there the quiver, where now guiltleſs ſlept
Thoſe winged deaths that many a matron wept.

This gift, long ſince when *Sparta*'s ſhores he trod,
On young *Ulyſſes Iphitus* beſtow'd:
Beneath *Orſilochus* his roof they met;
One loſs was private, one a publick debt:
Meſſena's ſtate from *Ithaca* detains
Three hundred ſheep, and all the ſhepherd ſwains;

V. 21. Meſſena's *ſtate*, &c.] It has been diſputed whether *Meſſene* here was a city or a country; *Strabo* affirms it to be a country, *lib.* 8. It was a port of *Laconia*, under the dominion of *Menelaus* in the time of the war of *Troy*; and then (continues that Author) the city named *Meſſene* was not built. *Pauſanias* is of the ſame opinion, *lib.* 4. *c.* 1. "Before the battle of *Leuctra* between the *Thebans* and "*Lacedæmonians*, it is my judgment that there was no city call'd "*Meſſene*; this is evident from the words of *Homer*,

Τὼ δ' ἐν Μεσσήνῃ ξυμβλήτην ἀλλήλοιϊν
Οἴκῳ ἐν Ὀρτιλόχοιο.

Now *Ortilochus* lived in *Pheræ*, a city of *Meſſenia*, and conſequently *Ulyſſes* and *Iphitus* meeting at his Palace in *Meſſenia*, *Homer* muſt mean the country, not the city. That *Ortilochus* lived in *Pheræ*, appears from the third *Odyſſey*.

Ἐς Φηρὰς δ' ἵκοντο Διοκλῆος ποτὶ δῶμα,
Υἱὸς Ὀρτιλόχοιο.

This *Iphitus* was the ſon of *Eurytus* mention'd in the eighth book, famous for his ſkill in archery.

Vain Eurytus! *whoſe art became his crime,*
Swept from the earth, he periſh'd in his prime,
Sudden th' irremeable way he trod,
Who boldly durſt defy the Bowyer God.

And to the youthful Prince to urge the laws,
The King and Elders truſt their common cauſe.
But *Iphitus* employ'd on other cares,
Search'd the wide country for his wand'ring mares,
And mules, the ſtrongeſt of the lab'ring kind;
Hapleſs to ſearch! more hapleſs ſtill to find!
For journeying on to *Hercules* at length,
The lawleſs wretch, the man of brutal ſtrength,
Deaf to heav'n's voice, the ſocial rite tranſgreſt;
And for the beauteous mares deſtroy'd his gueſt,

He

So that even this digreſſion is not foreign to the purpoſe: The Poet largely deſcribes the bow, being to make great uſe of it in the ſequel of the *Odyſſey:* he ſhews it was originally in the poſſeſſion of *Eurytus*, the moſt famous archer in the world: Nay, this very digreſſion may appear to be abſolutely neceſſary; it being requiſite to deſcribe that bow, as of no common excellence and ſtrength, which was not to be drawn by any of the Suitors; and at the ſame time it ſets off the ſtrength of the Heroe of the Poem, who alone is able to bend it.

V. 22. *Three hundred ſheep*, &c.] It has been obſerv'd in a former annotation, that ſuch ravages or piracies were not only lawful but honourable amongſt the Ancients; why then is *Ulyſſes* here ſent to redemand the ſpoils made by the *Meſſenians? Dacier* anſwers that ſuch inroads were not allowable except in open War; ſhe means between *Greeks* and *Greeks*; for they themſelves exercis'd ſuch piracies with impunity againſt other nations.

V. 31. *Deaf to Heav'n's voice, the ſocial rite tranſgreſt.*] *Homer* very ſolemnly condems this action of *Hercules* in ſlaying *Iphitus*; and ſome Authors (remarks *Euſtathius*) defend him by ſaying, he was ſeiz'd with madneſs, and threw *Iphitus* down from the top of his Palace; but this is contrary to *Homer*, and to the ſentiment of thoſe who write that *Hercules* was deliver'd as a ſlave to *Omphale*, for the expiation of the murder of *Iphitus*.

But what chiefly wants explication is the expreſſion,

——— δὸς τράπεζαν
Ἡδέσατ. ———

That

He gave the bow; and on *Ulyſſes'* part
Receiv'd a pointed ſword and miſſile dart:
Of luckleſs friendſhip on a foreign ſhore
Their firſt, laſt pledges! for they met no more.
The bow, bequeath'd by this unhappy hand,
Ulyſſes bore not from his native land;
Nor in the front of battle taught to bend,
But kept, in dear memorial of his friend.

Now gently winding up the fair aſcent,
By many an eaſy ſtep, the matron went;
Then o'er the pavements glides with grace divine,
(With poliſh'd oak the level pavements ſhine)

That is, *he paid no reverence to his Table.* The Table was held ſacred by the Antients, by means of which, honour was paid to the God of Friendſhip and Hoſpitality: it was therefore a crime to diſhonour it by any indecent behaviour. To this purpoſe *Juvenal:*

Hic verbis nullus pudor, aut reverentia menſæ.

The ſtatues of the Gods were rais'd upon the tables, they were conſecrated by placing on them ſalt, which was always eſteem'd holy, and by offering libations to the Gods from them: the Table therefore is call'd in *Plutarch* φιλῶν Θεῶν βωμὸν, καὶ ξενίων, *the altar of the Gods of Friendſhip and Hoſpitality*; and therefore to have eaten at the ſame table, was eſteem'd an inviolable obligation of friendſhip: And τράπεζαν παραβαίνειν, to tranſgreſs againſt the table, a breach of the laws of hoſpitality, and the blackeſt of crimes. I will only add that it was cuſtomary upon making an alliance of hoſpitality to give mutual Tokens; thus *Ulyſſes* here preſents *Iphitus* with a ſword and ſpear; *Iphitus Ulyſſes* with a bow. And the producing theſe tokens was a recognition of the covenant of hoſpitality between the perſons themſelves, and their deſcendants in following generations.

The

The folding gates a dazling light diſplay'd,
With pomp of various architrave o'erlay'd.
The bolt, obedient to the ſilken ſtring,
Forſakes the ſtaple as ſhe pulls the ring;
The wards reſpondent to the key turn round;
The bars fall back; the flying valves reſound;
Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring,
So roar'd the lock when it releas'd the ſpring.
She moves majeſtic thro' the wealthy room,
Where treaſur'd garments caſt a rich perfume;
There from the column where aloft it hung,
Reach'd, in its ſplendid caſe, the bow unſtrung:
Acroſs her knees ſhe lay'd the well-known bow,
And penſive ſat, and tears began to flow.

V. 51. *Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring*] This deſcription preſents us with a noble image: *Homer* introduces it to ſhew the largeneſs and ſtrength of the door, which reſounds as it opens. This exalts a trifling circumſtance into ſublimity and dignity, and renders a common action poetical; not unlike that in the 24th of the *Iliad*.

Wide as appears ſome palace-gate diſplay'd,
So broad his pinions ſtretch'd their ample ſhade.

V. 57. *Acroſs her knees ſhe laid the well-known bow,*
And penſive ſat, and tears began to flow.]

The Bow recalls to her mind the thought of her huſband, and this raiſes her ſorrows. The leaſt trifle that once belong'd to a belov'd perſon, is ſufficient to caſt a cloud over the ſoul, which naturally falls in a ſhower of tears: And no doubt the exerciſe which the Spitors are to practiſe with the Bow, upon which her future fate depends, aggravates her ſorrows; ſhe weeps not only for the loſs of *Ulyſſes*, but at the thought that ſhe is ready to enter upon ſecond nuptials, contrary to her inclinations.

To full ſatiety of grief ſhe mourns,
Then ſilent, to the joyous hall returns,
To the proud Suitors bears in penſive ſtate
Th' unbended bow, and arrows wing'd with Fate.
Behind, her train the poliſh'd coffer brings,
Which held th' alternate braſs and ſilver rings,
Full in the portal the chaſte Queen appears,
And with her veil conceals the coming tears:
On either ſide awaits a virgin fair;
While thus the matron, with majeſtic air.
Say you, whom theſe forbidden walls incloſe,
For whom my victims bleed, my vintage flows;
If theſe neglected, faded charms can move?
Or is it but a vain pretence, you love?
If I the prize, if me you ſeek to wife,
Hear the conditions, and commence the ſtrife.
Who firſt *Ulyſſes'* wond'rous bow ſhall bend,
And thro' twelve ringlets the fleet arrow ſend,
Him will I follow, and forſake my home,
For him forſake this lov'd, this wealthy dome,
Long, long the ſcene of all my paſt delight,
And ſtill to laſt, the viſion of my night!
Graceful ſhe ſaid, and bade *Eumæus* ſhow
The rival peers the ringlets and the bow.
From his full eyes the tears unbidden ſpring
Touch'd at the dear memorials of his King.

Philætius too relents, but ſecret ſhed
The tender drops. *Antinous* ſaw, and ſaid.
Hence to your fields, ye ruſticks! hence away,
Nor ſtain with grief the pleaſures of the day;
Nor to the royal heart recall in vain
The ſad remembrance of a periſh'd man.
Enough her precious tears already flow ——
Or ſhare the feaſt with due reſpect, or go
To weep abroad, and leave to us the bow:
No vulgar taſk! Ill ſuits this courtly crew
That ſtubborn horn which brave *Ulyſſes* drew.
I well remember (for I gaz'd him o'er
While yet a child) what majeſty he bore!
And ſtill (all infant as I was) retain
The port, the ſtrength, the grandeur of the man!
He ſaid, but in his ſoul fond joys ariſe,
And his proud hopes already win the prize.
To ſpeed the flying ſhaft thro' every ring,
Wretch! is not thine! the arrows of the King
Shall end thoſe hopes, and fate is on the wing!
Then thus *Telemachus*. Some God I find
With pleaſing phrenzy has poſſeſs'd my mind;

When

V. 105. *Then thus* Telemachus, *Some God I find*, &c.] This ſpeech is not without greater obſcurity than is uſual in ſo clear a writer as *Homer*. M. *Dacier* has done it juſtice, and clearly open'd the ſenſe of it in her paraphraſe. "Surely, ſays *Telemachus*, *Jupi-*

When a lov'd mother threatens to depart,
Why with this ill tim'd gladneſs leaps my heart?
Come then ye Suitors! and diſpute a prize
Richer than all th' *Achaian* ſtate ſupplies,
Than all proud *Argos*, or *Mycæna* knows,
Than all our Iſles or Continents encloſe:
A woman matchleſs, and almoſt divine,
Fit for the praiſe of ev'ry tongue but mine.
No more excuſes then, no more delay;
Haſte to the tryal ——— Lo! I lead the way.
I too may try, and if this arm can wing
The feather'd arrow thro' the diſtin'd ring,
Then if no happy'r Knight the conqueſt boaſt,
I ſhall not ſorrow for a mother loſt;

" *ter* has diſorder'd my underſtanding: I ſee my mother, wiſe as ſh
" is, preparing to leave the palace, and enter upon a ſecond ma
" riage; and yet in theſe melancholy circumſtances, I think of no
" thing but diverting myſelf, and being an idle ſpectator of this e
" erciſe of the Bow: No, no, this is not to be ſuffer'd: You (th
" Suitors) uſe your utmoſt efforts to rob me of *Penelope*, I will there
" fore uſe mine to retain her: A woman the moſt excellent in a
" nation. But why do I praiſe her? you know her worth; w
" therefore no pretext to defer the tryal of the Bow, that we ma
" come to an iſſue; I will try the Bow with you; and if I ſucceed
" then I will retain her as the prize of the conqueſt; then ſhe ſha
" not be obliged to ſecond nuptials: Nor will *Penelope* abandon a ſo
" who emulating his father, is (like him) able to bear the pri
" from ſo many Antagoniſts."

This is the true meaning of the words of *Telemachus*; the diction indeed is ſomewhat embarraſs'd, and the connexion a little obſcure but this is done by the Poet, to expreſs the diſorder and hurry o mind in *Telemachus*, who fears for the fate of *Penelope*: Therefo the connexion of the Periods is interrupted, to repreſent *Telemach* ſtarting thro' eagerneſs of ſpirit from thought to thought, witho order or regularity.

But bleſt in her, poſſeſs theſe arms alone,
Heir of my Father's ſtrength, as well as throne.
He ſpoke; then riſing, his broad ſword unbound,
And caſt his purple garment on the ground.
A trench he open'd; in a line he plac'd
The level axes, and the points made faſt.
(His perfect ſkill the wond'ring gazers ey'd,
The game as yet unſeen, as yet untry'd.)
Then, with a manly pace, he took his ſtand;
And graſp'd the bow, and twang'd it in his hand.
Three times, with beating heart, he made eſſay;
Three times, unequal to the taſk gave way:
A modeſt boldneſs on his cheek appear'd:
And thrice he hop'd, and thrice again he fear'd,
The fourth had drawn it. The great Sire with joy
Beheld, but with a ſign forbade the boy.

His

V. 135. *The fourth had drawn it. The great Sire with joy*
Beheld, but with a ſign forbade ———]

It is not apparent at the firſt view why *Ulyſſes* prohibits *Telemachus* from drawing the Bow; but *Euſtathius* gives ſufficient reaſon for this conduct: It would have defeated his whole deſign, and render'd the death of the Suitors impracticable; for *Telemachus* had declar'd that he would retain *Penelope*, if he ſucceeded in the exerciſe of the Bow; and this of neceſſity would create an immediate conteſt between that Heroe and the Suitors, and bring matters unſeaſonably to extremity. The ſame author aſſigns a ſecond reaſon: *Ulyſſes* fears leſt *Telemachus* by bending the Bow ſhould make it more ſupple and flexible, and therefore commands him to deſiſt, leſt it ſhould be drawn by the Suitors; beſides, if he had drawn it, it would have rais'd an emulation amongſt them, and they would have apply'd the utmoſt of their abilities not to be outdone by ſo young a perſon as *Telemachus*;

His ardour ſtrait th' obedient Prince ſuppreſt,
And artful, thus the Suitor-train addreſt.
Oh lay the cauſe on youth yet immature!
(For heav'n forbid, ſuch weakneſs ſhould endure)
How ſhall this arm, unequal to the bow,
Retort an inſult, or repel a foe?
But you! whom heav'n with better nerves has bleſt,
Accept the tryal, and the prize conteſt.
He caſt the bow before him, and apart
Againſt the poliſh'd quiver propt the dart.
Reſuming then his ſeat, *Epitheus'* ſon
The bold *Antinous* to the reſt begun.
" From where the goblet firſt begins to flow,
" From right to left, in order take the bow;
" And

but his deſpair to effect it, makes them leſs ſollicitous, the trial being equally unſucceſsful to them all.

It may alſo be obſerv'd that there is a very happy addreſs made to *Telemachus* by *Homer*; he ſhews us that he could have drawn it, but deſiſts in obedience to *Ulyſſes*: Thus the Poet has found out a way to give *Telemachus* the honour of the Victory without obtaining it; and at the ſame time ſhews the ſuperior wiſdom of *Ulyſſes*, who reſtrains his ſon in the heat of his attempt; and makes him by a happy preſence of mind at once foreſee the danger, and prevent it.

V. 149. *From where the Goblet firſt begins to flow,*
From right to left, &c.]

Antinous makes this propoſition, that every perſon may try his ſkill without confuſion. Perhaps it is propos'd by *Antinous* by way of Omen, the right hand being reckon'd fortunate: But however that be, it is very evident that in the entertainments of the Antients the cup was delivered towards the right hand: hence δεξίωσις came to ſignify

"And prove your ſeveral ſtrengths—The Princes heard,
And firſt *Leiodes*, blameleſs prieſt, appear'd:

ſignify to drink towards the right hand; and *Athenæus* thus interprets this paſſage in the firſt of the *Iliad*.

——— χρυσείοις δεπάεσσι
Δειδέχατ' ἀλλήλως. ———

Which, remarks that author, ſignifies ἐδεξιώθη προπίνοντες ἑαυτοῖς ταῖς δεξιαῖς. And there is expreſs mention made of this practice, *Lib.* 1. *v.* 597. of the *Iliad*.

——— θεοῖς ἐνδέξια πᾶσιν
Οἰνοχοεῖ ———

That is, *beginning from the right hand*, as the ſcholiaſt rightly interprets it, Vulcan *deliver'd the bowl to all the Gods*.

This obſervation explains various paſſages in many antient authors, as well as in the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey*: The Cuſtom indeed is not of any great importance, but it is at leaſt a curioſity, and valuable becauſe antient. I doubt not but the bowl out of which theſe perſons drank, would by Antiquaries be thought ineſtimable; and the poſſeſſion of an antient bowl is not quite ſo valuable as the knowledge of an antient cuſtom.

V. 152. ——— Leiodes, *blameleſs Prieſt.*] The word in the original is θυοσκόος, a perſon who makes predictions from victims or from the ſmoke of the ſacrifice. This *Leiodes*, the Poet tells us, ſat next to the bowl; the reaſon of it, ſaith *Euſtathius*, was becauſe the Suitors fear'd leſt poiſon ſhould be mix'd in it, and they thought themſelves ſafe thro' his care and inſpection: but it may perhaps be a better reaſon to ſay, that he ſat there in diſcharge of his office as a prophet, to make libations to the Gods; as was cuſtomary at the beginning and end of all entertainments.

The Poet adds that this Prophet was placed at the extremity of the apartment; the reaſon may be becauſe he was an enemy to the inſolence of the Suitors, and therefore withdrew from their converſation; or perhaps the word is inſerted only to ſhew that his place was the firſt (for *Euſtathius* explains μυχοίτατος by πρῶτος and ἐνδύτατος) and therefore he was the moſt proper perſon to begin the experiment, that the reſt might make trial according as they were ſeated, ſucceſſively; and what makes this the more probable is, that the propination always began from the moſt honourable perſon.

The eldeſt born of *Oenops'* noble race,
Who next the goblet held his holy place:
He, only he of all the Suitor-throng,
Their deeds deteſted, and abjur'd the wrong.
With tender hands the ſtubborn horn he ſtrains,
The ſtubborn horn reſiſted all his pains!
Already in deſpair he gives it o'er:
Take it who will, he cries, I ſtrive no more.
What num'rous deaths attend this fatal bow?
What Souls and Spirits ſhall it ſend below?

V. 161. *What num'rous deaths attend this fatal bow? What Souls and Spirits,* &c.]

There is in theſe words a full and clear prediction of the deſtruction of the Suitors by the Bow of *Ulyſſes:* but what follows, when the Prophet comes to explain himſelf, renders it ambiguous. *Better indeed to die,* &c. The next line is very remarkable for the diſtinction it makes between Θυμὸς and Ψυχὴ, *ſoul* and *ſpirit:* The Reader may turn to the note on *Lib.* 23. *v.* 92, 122. of the *Iliad*; and that on *Lib.* 11. *v.* 743. of the *Odyſſey*, where an account is given of the notion of the Antients concerning this diviſion. I ſhall only here add a paſſage in St. *Paul* to the *Hebrews*, which did not then occur to me, that remarkably falls in with it. *The word of God is quick and powerful, and ſharper than a two-edged ſword, piercing even to the dividing aſunder of* Soul *and* Spirit. *Heb.* iv. 12.

This *Leiodes* falls by the ſword of *Ulyſſes* in the next book: but is it not injuſtice to take away the life of a Perſon who is here deſcrib'd as a man of virtue, deteſting the actions of the Suitors, and dignify'd with Prophecy? It is eaſy to anſwer this objection; he is one of the Suitors to *Penelope*, as appears from his trying the Bow amongſt the reſt of them, in order to obtain her in marriage, and conſequently he is involv'd in the general crime: This diſtinguiſhes his caſe from that of *Medon* and *Phemius*, whom *Ulyſſes* ſpares; it appearing that they made no pretenſions to the bed of *Penelope*; whereas *Leiodes* endeavours to marry the Queen, which ſingle act would exclude *Ulyſſes* from his own bed and dominions. Beſides, if we would eſcape the puniſhment of wicked men, we muſt not only deteſt their crimes, but converſation.

Better

Better indeed to die, and fairly give
Nature her debt, than diſappointed live,
With each new ſun to ſome new hope a prey,
Yet ſtill to morrow falſer than to-day.
How long in vain *Penelope* we ſought?
This bow ſhall eaſe us of that idle thought,
And ſend us with ſome humbler wife to live,
Whom gold ſhall gain, or deſtiny ſhall give.
Thus ſpeaking on the floor the bow he plac'd,
(With rich inlay the various floor was grac'd)
At diſtance far the feather'd ſhaft he throws,
And to the ſeat returns from whence he roſe.
To him *Antinous* thus with fury ſaid.
What words ill-omen'd from thy lips have fled?
Thy coward function ever is in fear;
Thoſe arms are dreadful which thou can'ſt not bear.
Why ſhould this bow be fatal to the brave?
Becauſe the Prieſt is born a peaceful ſlave.
Mark then what others can——He ended there,
And bade *Melanthius* a vaſt pyle prepare;
He gives it inſtant flame: then faſt beſide
Spreads o'er an ample board a bullock's hide.
With melted lard they ſoak the weapon o'er,
Chafe ev'ry knot, and ſupple ev'ry pore.

Vain

V. 186. *Chafe ev'ry knot, and ſupple ev'ry pore.*] This paſſage has been egregiouſly miſunderſtood, and it has been imagin'd that this

Vain all their art, and all their ſtrength as vain;
The bow inflexible reſiſts their pain.
The force of great *Eurymachus* alone
And bold *Antinous*, yet untry'd, unknown:
Thoſe only now remain'd; but thoſe confeſt
Of all the train the mightieſt and the beſt.

this unguent is to anoint the limbs of the Suitors to make them more ſupple, after the manner of the Wreſtlers who obſerv'd that cuſtom; but it is very evident that τόξον is to be underſtood in the *Greek*, and that it is the Bow, not the Limbs of the Suitors, that is to be anointed. *Euſtathius* thus fully explains it: The lard is brought to make the Bow pliant, they chafe it before the fire that the particles of it may enter the pores of the Bow, and render it flexible. But *Euſtathius* falls into an error about the ſeat that is brought by *Melanthius*: he imagines the Suitors ſat while they drew the Bow, that they might be upon a level with the ringlets which were fix'd upon the ground; whereas in reality the ſeat is brought, that they may ſit while they chafe the Bow. *Homer* himſelf ſays, when *Leiodes* endeavours to draw it, that he ſtood up, ἀνίστατο, and again,

He ſtood, and ſtepping forward try'd the bow.

Στῆ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' ἀϑὸν ἰὼν, καὶ τόξα πειρήτιζεν.

But how is this to be reconcil'd with the conduct of *Ulyſſes*, who is directly affirm'd to ſit while he draws it.

——— εἵλκεν νευρὴν γλυφίδας τε
Αὐτόθεν ἐκ δίφροιο καθήμενος ———

That circumſtance is inſerted to ſhew the great ſtrength and dexterity of *Ulyſſes*, who is able to draw it in that diſadvantageous poſture: the Poet in every incident maintains his ſuperiority.

Then

Then from the hall, and from the noiſy crew,
The Maſters of the herd and flock withdrew.
The King obſerves them: he the hall forſakes,
And, paſt the limits of the Court, o'ertakes,
Then thus with accent mild *Ulyſſes* ſpoke:
Ye faithful guardians of the herd and flock!
Shall I the ſecret of my breaſt conceal,
Or (as my ſoul now dictates) ſhall I tell?
Say, ſhou'd ſome fav'ring God reſtore again
The loſt *Ulyſſes* to his native reign?

V. 193. *Then from the hall, and from the noiſy crew,*
The maſters of the herd and flock withdrew.]

It is wonderful how exactly the Poet obſerves the diſtribution of time; he diſtinctly marks the action of every day, and allots a proper ſpace to every action. In this place the Poem goes forward while *Ulyſſes* withdraws to engage the aſſiſtance of *Philætius* and *Eumæus*. The Suitors are amuſed and employed about the Bow, while *Ulyſſes* ſteals away from their obſervation, and returns without raiſing their jealouſy. The Poet likewiſe manages the time of the diſcovery of *Ulyſſes* very judiciouſly; though he knew the fidelity of *Eumæus* and *Philætius*, yet he truſts them not with the knowledge of his perſon, till the very hour of execution; agreeable to the general character of his cautious nature and profound ſecrecy. But then is not this an imputation to *Penelope*, that he ſhould chuſe to diſcover himſelf to theſe two perſons, rather than to his Queen? The anſwer is, There was a neceſſity for his diſcovery to the former, but none to the latter; he wants their aſſiſtance in the future engagement, and makes good uſe of it; whereas a diſcovery made to the Queen could have been of no advantage, and might poſſibly have prov'd detrimental; beſides, this is a ſeaſon that requires expedition; and we find *Ulyſſes* complies with it, and is very conciſe in the diſcovery and interview with *Philætius* and *Eumæus*. The Poet therefore reſerves the diſcovery of *Ulyſſes* to *Penelope* to a time of more leiſure, that he may dwell upon it more largely, and beautify his Poem with ſo eſſential an ornament with greater ſolemnity.

How

How beat your hearts? what aid wou'd you afford?
To the proud Suitors, or your antient Lord?
Philætius thus. Oh were thy word not vain!
Wou'd mighty *Jove* reſtore that man again!
Theſe aged ſinews with new vigor ſtrung
In his bleſt cauſe ſhould emulate the young.
With equal vows *Eumæus* too implor'd
Each pow'r above, with wiſhes for his Lord.
He ſaw their ſecret ſouls, and thus began.
Thoſe vows the Gods accord: Behold the man!
Your own *Ulyſſes!* twice ten years detain'd
By woes and wand'rings from this hapleſs land:
At length he comes; but comes deſpis'd, unknown,
And finding faithful, you, and you alone.
All elſe have caſt him from their very thought,
Ev'n in their wiſhes, and their pray'rs forgot!
Hear then, my friends! If *Jove* this arm ſucceed,
And give yon' impious Revellers to bleed,
My care ſhall be, to bleſs your future lives
With large poſſeſſions, and with faithful wives;
Faſt by my palace ſhall your domes aſcend,
And each on young *Telemachus* attend,
And each be call'd his brother, and my friend.
To give you firmer faith, now truſt your eye;
Lo! the broad ſcar indented on my thigh,
When with *Autolychus*'s ſons, of yore,
On *Parnaſs'* top I chas'd the tuſky boar.

His

His ragged veſt then drawn aſide diſclos'd
The ſign conſpicuous, and the ſcar expos'd:
Eager they view'd; with joy they ſtood amaz'd;
With tear-full eyes o'er all their maſter gaz'd:

V. 231. ——— *and the ſcar expos'd.*] *Ariſtotle* treating of the different ſorts of *Remembrances*, Chap. 17. of his *Poetics*, divides them into two kinds, *natural* or *adventitious*; the former ſort is ſimple and without art, which Poets uſe for want of invention; as for inſtance, when they bring about the diſcovery of a perſon by ſome natural mark or token upon the body: The latter are either marks upon the body, or ſcars occaſion'd by ſome accident, or token diſtinct from the body, ſuch as the Caſket, *&c.* which *Plautus* and *Terence* uſe in the diſcovery of ſeveral perſons in their Comedies: Of this latter kind is this ſcar of *Ulyſſes*; it is an adventitious remembrance, and theſe remembrances (continues *Ariſtotle)* may be uſed with more or leſs art: Thus in the caſe of this wound of *Ulyſſes*, it is uſed by *Homer* in a different way: *Euryclea*, Lib. 19. deſcries it accidentally; *Ulyſſes* here ſhews it to *Eumæus* and *Philætius* voluntarily; and it is certain that all thoſe marks which a Poet deſignedly and deliberately uſes to eſtabliſh any verity, have leſs ingenuity than thoſe which produce their effects undeſignedly and caſually, and conſequently the remembrance in the nineteenth *Odyſſey* is more ingenious than the ſecond diſcovery. The reaſon is, it ſhews no ingenuity to have recourſe to ſuch marks, when we have an intention to make the diſcovery: it cauſes no ſurprize nor variety, neither is it produced by any art or invention: On the contrary, the other in the nineteenth book ariſes from the ſubject, and not from the fancy of the Poet only. But, ſays *Dacier*, when *Ariſtotle* affirms that this preſent remembrance wants ingenuity, we are not yet to imagine that he condemns it; for it is a remembrance made by neceſſity. *Ulyſſes* has not opportunity to wait till the diſcovery is made accidentally, as in the nineteenth Book; he is abſolutely compell'd to make it deſignedly, to engage *Eumæus* and *Philætius* in his cauſe, by plainly proving to them that he was the real *Ulyſſes*. If therefore that Hero ſhews leſs art in the manner of the remembrance, he ſhews more wiſdom in accommodating his conduct to the opportunity, and uſing the preſent conjuncture advantageouſly, to bring about his own re-eſtabliſhment. I will only further obſerve the judgment of *Homer* in making this diſcovery with the utmoſt brevity, concluding it in the compaſs of two verſes: he had before enlarg'd upon the wound, and the reader is already fully inſtructed in the ſtory: There is likewiſe another reaſon that requires conciſeneſs; the urgency of the time demands it, for *Ulyſſes* and *Eumæus* could not be long in conference without obſervation, and raiſing the jealouſy of the Suitors.

Around his neck their longing arms they caſt,
His head, his ſhoulders, and his knees embrac'd:
Tears follow'd tears; no word was in their power:
In ſolemn ſilence fell the kindly ſhow'r.
The King too weeps, the King too graſps their hands,
And moveleſs, as a marble fountain, ſtands.
Thus had their joy wept down the ſetting ſun,
But firſt the wiſe man ceas'd, and thus begun.
Enough —— on other cares your thought employ,
For danger waits on all untimely joy,
Full many foes, and fierce, obſerve us near:
Some may betray, and yonder walls may hear.
Re-enter then, not all at once, but ſtay
Some moments you, and let me lead the way.
To me, neglected as I am, I know
The haughty Suitors will deny the bow;
But thou, *Eumæus*, as 'tis born away,
Thy maſter's weapon to his hand convey.
At ev'ry portal let ſome matron wait,
And each lock faſt the well-compacted gate:
Cloſe let them keep, whate'er invades their ear;
Tho' arms, or ſhouts, or dying groans they hear.

V. 252. *At ev'ry portal,* &c.] This is a very neceſſary injunction; *Ulyſſes* fears not only leſt any of the Suitors ſhould make his eſcape, but alſo leſt any of the women who were friends to the Suitors ſhould give information to their partiſans abroad, and introduce them to their aſſiſtance. *Euſtathius.*

To

To thy ſtrict charge, *Philætius!* we conſign
The court's main gate: To guard that paſs be thine.
This ſaid, he firſt return'd: the faithful ſwains
At diſtance follow, as their King ordains.
Before the flame *Eurymachus* now ſtands,
And turns the bow, and chafes it with his hands:
Still the tough bow unmov'd. The lofty man
Sigh'd from his mighty ſoul and thus began:
I mourn the common cauſe: for, oh my friends!
On me, on all, what grief, what ſhame attends?
Not the loſt nuptials can affect me more,
(For *Greece* has beauteous dames on ev'ry ſhore)
But baffled thus! confeſs'd ſo far below
Ulyſſes' ſtrength, as not to bend his bow!
How ſhall all ages our attempt deride?
Our weakneſs ſcorn! *Antinous* thus reply'd.
Not ſo, *Eurymachus*: That no man draws
The wond'rous bow, attend another cauſe.

V. 266. *Not the loſt nuptials* ——] No doubt but *Eurymachus* miſrepreſents his real ſentiments, when he makes the loſs of *Penelope* of little importance; but his conduct is an exact picture of human nature: When we have us'd our utmoſt endeavours to obtain our deſires, and have fail'd in the attempt, the object immediately loſes its value, and we would be thought to deſpiſe it. To be eaſy under any diſappointment is the reſult of reaſon; but to ſeem to deſpiſe what we have been very ſolicitous to obtain, ariſes from the pride of our natures, which perſuades us to endeavour to cheat the world into an opinion that we have not been diſappointed: The remedy for this diſeaſe of our minds, is a regular conduct, and to hold the ballance even in all our affairs, that the ſcale be not rais'd too high or depreſs'd too low.

Sacred

Sacred to *Phœbus* is the ſolemn day,
Which thoughtleſs we in games would waſte away:
'Till the next dawn this ill-tim'd ſtriſe forego,
And here leave fixt the ringlets in a row.
Now bid the Sew'r approach, and let us join
In due libations, and in rites divine,
So end our night: Before the day ſhall ſpring,
The choiceſt off'rings let *Melanthius* bring:
Let then to *Phœbus'* name the fatted thighs
Feed the rich ſmokes, high-curling to the ſkies.

V. 274. *Sacred to* Phœbus *is the ſolemn day.*] *Antinous* in this reply, ſpeaks, as well as *Eurymachus*, with diſſimulation; he is unwilling to give a true reaſon, and therefore invents a falſe one: The true reaſon why he defers the trial of the Bow is, becauſe he fears his inability to draw it: The feign'd reaſon is a pretended piety paid to the day: it was a day to be obſerv'd religiouſly, and he inſinuates that all ſports upon it are a prophanation of it; and conſequently, *Apollo* being provok'd, diſables them from drawing the Bow, of which he is the patron. This is the reaſon why he propoſes to offer a libation, to atone for the abuſe of the day by their diverſions. But perhaps the reaſon why *Antinous* defers the exerciſe of the Bow to the following day, is not becauſe he thought it unlawful to proceed in it, on the feſtival of *Apollo*; for why ſhould an exerciſe which was inſtituted in honour of that Deity, be thought a prophanation of the day? I ſhould therefore rather conclude, that the impiety intended by *Antinous*, was their omiſſion in not offering a ſacrifice to that God before they begun the trial, that he might proſper their endeavours: The concluſion of his ſpeech makes this opinion probable: "Let "us now defer the experiment, and offer ſacrifice in the morning to "*Apollo*, that he may give us ſucceſs in drawing the Bow;" which implies that they were unſucceſsful becauſe they had forgot to ſacrifice. I will only add that *Antinous* mentions a goat as an offering to *Apollo*; we have before ſeen bulls, ſheep and bullocks offered to that Deity; the reaſon why a goat is a proper victim, I ſuppoſe is becauſe he is a rural God, and patron of ſhepherds, and therefore all kinds of beaſts were offer'd to him promiſcuouſly.

So

So ſhall the patron of theſe arts beſtow
(For his the gift) the ſkill to bend the bow.
They heard well-pleas'd: the ready heralds bring
The cleanſing waters from the limpid ſpring:
The goblet high with roſy wine they crown'd,
In order circling to the peers around.
That rite compleat, up-roſe the thoughtful man,
And thus his meditated ſcheme began.
If what I aſk your noble minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in the royal love!
Chief, if it hurt not great *Antinous*' ear,
(Whoſe ſage deciſion I with wonder hear)
And if *Eurymachus* the motion pleaſe;
Give heav'n this day, and reſt the bow in peace.
To morrow let your arms diſpute the prize,
And take it He, the favour'd of the ſkies!
But ſince 'till then, this trial you delay,
Truſt it one moment to my hands to day:
Fain would I prove, before your judging eyes,
What once I was, whom wretched you deſpiſe;
If yet this arm its antient force retain;
Or if my woes (a long-continued train)
And wants and inſults, make me leſs than man?
Rage flaſh'd in lightning from the Suitors eyes,
Yet mix'd with terror at the bold emprize.
Antinous then: O miſerable gueſt!
Is common ſenſe quite baniſh'd from thy breaſt?

Suffic'd

Suffic'd it not within the palace plac'd
To ſit diſtinguiſh'd, with our preſence grac'd,
Admitted here with Princes to confer,
A man unknown, a needy wanderer?
To copious wine this inſolence we owe,
And much thy betters wine can overthrow:
The great *Eurytion* when this frenzy ſtung,
Pirithous' roofs with frantick riot rung;
Boundleſs

V. 318. Pirithous' *roofs*, &c.] The ſtory of the *Centaur* is this: *Pirithous* a *Lapithite* marrying *Hippodamia* the daughter of *Adraſtus*, invited the *Centaurs* and *Lapithæ* to his nuptials; the *Centaurs* drinking to great exceſs, and offering violence to the bride, engag'd them in a quarrel; *Eurytion* was the perſon who began the diſorder, and the war that enſued became fatal to the whole nation of the *Centaurs*. *Horace* alludes to this hiſtory.

At nequis modici tranſiliat munera liberi,
Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa ſuper mero
Debellata ———

The *Lapithites* were a people of *Theſſaly* inhabiting the mountains *Pindus* and *Othrys*; the *Centaurs* were their neighbours, and dwelt in mount *Pelion*. This war between the *Lapithites* and the *Centaurs* probably laſted about a year: for it began on the day of the nuptials of *Pirithous*, and on the day that his ſon *Polypætes* was born, he obtain'd a deciſive victory over the *Centaurs*, and drove them from mount *Pelion*. Thus *lib.* 2. *v.* 900. of the *Iliad*.

Thy troops Argiſſa, Polypætes *leads*
And Eleon, *ſhelter'd by* Olympus' *ſhades*;
Sprung from Pirithous *of immortal race,*
The fruit of fair Hippodamé's *embrace,*
That day when hurl'd from Pelion's *cloudy head*
To diſtant dens the ſhaggy Centaurs *fled.*

This hiſtory is at large related by *Ovid, Metam.* 12. He calls *Eurytion* by the name of *Eurytus*, and deſcribes the nuptial feaſt in a cave, and not in the palace of *Pirithous*. Thus Mr. *Dryden*.

In

Boundleſs the *Centaur* rag'd; till one and all
The Heroes roſe, and dragg'd him from the hall;
His noſe they ſhorten'd, and his ears they ſlit,
And ſent him ſober'd home, with better wit.
Hence with long war the double race was curſt,
Fatal to all, but to th' aggreſſor firſt.
Such fate I propheſy our gueſt attends,
If here this interdicted bow he bends:
Nor ſhall theſe walls ſuch inſolence contain;
The firſt fair wind tranſports him o'er the main;
Where *Echetus* to death the guilty brings,
(The worſt of mortals, ev'n the worſt of Kings)
Better than that, if thou approve our chear,
Ceaſe the mad ſtrife, and ſhare our bounty here.
To this the Queen her juſt diſlike expreſt:
'Tis impious, Prince! to harm the ſtranger gueſt,
Baſe to inſult who bears a ſuppliant's name,
And ſome reſpect *Telemachus* may claim.
What if th' Immortals on the man beſtow
Sufficient ſtrength to draw the mighty bow?

In a cool cave's receſs the treat was made,
Whoſe entrance trees with ſpreading boughs o'erſhade:
There one more brutal of the brutal brood,
Or whether wine or beauty fir'd his blood,
Or both at once; beheld with luſtful eyes
The bride, at once, reſolv'd to make his prize:
Down went the board; and faſt'ning on her hair
He ſeiz'd with ſudden force the frighted fair:
'Twas Eurytus *began.* ——

Shall

Shall I, a Queen, by rival chiefs ador'd,
Accept a wand'ring ſtranger for my Lord?
A hope ſo idle never touch'd his brain:
Then eaſe your boſoms of a fear ſo vain.
Far, he be baniſh'd from this ſtately ſcene
Who wrongs his Princeſs with a thought ſo mean.
O fair! and wiſeſt of ſo fair a kind:
(Reſpectful thus *Eurymachus* rejoin'd)
Mov'd by no weak ſurmiſe, but ſenſe of ſhame,
We dread the all-arraigning voice of Fame;
We dread the cenſure of the meaneſt ſlave,
The weakeſt woman: all can wrong the brave.
" Behold what wretches to the bed pretend
" Of that brave Chief whoſe bow they cou'd not bend!
" In came a Beggar of the ſtrolling crew,
" And did what all thoſe Princes could not do.
Thus will the common voice our deed defame,
And thus poſterity upbraid our name.
To whom the Queen. If Fame ingage your views,
Forbear thoſe acts which infamy purſues;

Wrong

V. 357. —— *If fame engage your views,*
Forbear thoſe acts which Infamy purſues.]

This anſwer of *Penelope* is very ſevere and very juſt: *Eurymachus* (obſerves *Dacier*) had ſaid, If this beggar draws the bow, we ſhall loſe our reputation: *Penelope* anſwers, It is in vain to be ſolicitous about your reputation, when your lives are a ſeries of infamous actions: Fame is the reward of good, and ſhame the portion of baſe and unworthy deeds: It is no diſhonour to a Prince to be ſurpaſs'd by a

Beggar

Wrong and oppreſſion no renown can raiſe;
Know, Friend! that Virtue is the path to praiſe.
The ſtature of our gueſt, his port, his face,
Speak him deſcended from no vulgar race.
To him the bow, as he deſires, convey;
And to his hand if *Phœbus* give the day,
Hence, to reward his merit, he ſhall bear
A two-edg'd faulchion and a ſhining ſpear,
Embroider'd ſandals, a rich cloak and veſt,
And ſafe conveyance to his port of reſt.
O royal mother! ever-honour'd name!
Permit me (cries *Telemachus*) to claim

Beggar in ſtrength, but a Prince is more infamous than a Beggar, if his actions betray him to be a worſe man; a baſe action ſinks him into contempt, and taints his nobility. The words in *Homer* are, τὶ ἐλέγχεα ταῦτα τίθεσθε; which *Euſtathius* thus explains; Why do you overlook the greater diſhonour, and are thus afraid of trifles? and, adds *Dacier*, the ſentiment is juſt and happy: Theſe princes place diſgrace where it is not; they think it a ſhame to yield in ſtrength to this ſtranger, which is really no ſhame; mere ſtrength is the praiſe of a beaſt, not of a prince: On the contrary, what is really a ſhame, they think to be none; they prey upon a King, who was a friend to all mankind; they act a thouſand inſolent and baſe deeds, and yet apprehend no diſcredit. This is an unhappy, and I wiſh it were an unjuſt, picture of human nature; we deceive our ſelves with falſe notions both of ſhame and glory, and we may apply the words of *Terence* to this purpoſe:

——— *Hic ubi opus eſt*
Non verentur: illic ubi opus eſt ibi verentur.

Praiſe is only to be obtain'd by virtue, and fame is the certain reward of it: Ill nature or envy may eclipſe it, but it will prevail and break out into glory.

A ſon's

A ſon's juſt right. No *Grecian* Prince but I
Has pow'r this bow to grant, or to deny.
Of all that *Ithaca*'s rough hills contain,
And all wide *Elis*' courſer-breeding plain,
To me alone my father's arms deſcend;
And mine alone they are, to give or lend.
Retire, oh Queen! thy houſhold taſk reſume,
Tend, with thy maids, the labours of the loom;
The

V. 377. *Retire, oh Queen!* &c.] This ſpeech has been accus'd of too great a liberty, and as wanting in reſpect from a ſon to a mother: *Telemachus* ſpeaks with authority, when he ought to have ſhew'd obedience and filial duty. But theſe Critics miſtake the deſign and intention of *Telemachus*; he ſpeaks directly to *Penelope*, but obliquely and intentionally to the Suitors: It is for this reaſon that he ſays he is ſupreme in the palace, *viz.* to let them know that he will not give up the ſway into their pow'r. He tells *Penelope* that the Bow ſhall be uſed as he directs; this is done to intimidate the Suitors, and prepare the way for the delivery of it to *Ulyſſes*, contrary to their injunctions to *Eumæus*.

The verſes are the ſame with thoſe in the 6th of the *Iliad*. There *Hector* ſpeaks to *Andromache*, a tender huſband to a fond wife, and the ſpeech was never tax'd with any want of love and kindneſs. In that place *Hector* remembers that he is an huſband, yet forgets not that he is an Hero. In this, *Telemachus* deviates not from the duty of a ſon, yet ſpeaks in the character and ſtyle of a Prince.

Euſtathius excellently enlarges upon the words of *Telemachus*: There is an abſolute neceſſity that *Penelope* ſhould withdraw, that ſhe might not be preſent at the ſcene of blood and ſlaughter. It is for the ſame reaſon that the Poet introduces *Minerva* caſting her into a profound ſleep, that ſhe might be entirely ignorant of the death of the Suitors: This is abſolutely neceſſary; for if ſhe had been acquainted that *Ulyſſes* was return'd, and the Suitors ſlain by his hand, there could have been no room for the interview between *Ulyſſes* and *Penelope* in the ſucceeding parts of the *Odyſſey*.

But is not *Minerva* introduc'd upon too ſmall an occaſion, only to caſt *Penelope* into a ſlumber? would not nature have work'd the ſame effect without the aſſiſtance of the Goddeſs? I have already remark'd that machines are not always uſed out of neceſſity, but frequently for ornament, to dignify the Poetry and create ſurpriſe by the

The bow, the darts, and arms of chivalry,
Theſe cares to man belong, and moſt to me.
Mature beyond his years, the Queen admir'd
His ſage reply, and with her train retir'd:
There in her chamber as ſhe ſat apart,
Revolv'd his words, and plac'd them in her heart.
On her *Ulyſſes* then ſhe fix'd her ſoul,
Down her fair cheek the tears abundant roll,
'Till gentle *Pallas*, piteous of her cries,
In ſlumber clos'd her ſilver-ſtreaming eyes.
Now thro' the preſs the bow *Eumæus* bore,
And all was riot, noiſe, and wild uproar.
Hold, lawleſs ruſtic! whither wilt thou go?
To whom, inſenſate, doſt thou bear the bow?
Exil'd for this to ſome ſequeſter'd den,
Far from the ſweet ſociety of men,

the appearance of a Deity. But here the Poet brings down *Minerva*, to give credibility to the ſtory; for tho' it be true that nature is ſufficient to produce this effect, yet that it ſhould operate in the critical and exact moment, when the Poet has occaſion for it, is in ſome degree incredible: The Poet therefore, to reconcile the relation to probability, introduces a præternatural ſleep, occaſion'd by the immediate operation of a Goddeſs.

V. 381. ——— *the Queen admir'd*
His ſage reply ———]

Penelope is amaz'd at the free remonſtrance of *Telemachus*; ſhe is ignorant of the reaſon of it, yet immediately retires, not doubting but his words flow'd from a juſt cauſe, and not from a want of filial duty: ſhe is therefore ſaid by the Poet to lodge his words in her memory, waiting till time ſhould unfold the myſtery. *Dacier.*

To thy own dogs a prey thou ſhalt be made;
If heav'n and *Phœbus* lend the Suitors aid.
Thus they. Aghaſt he laid the weapon down,
But bold *Telemachus* thus urg'd him on.
Proceed, falſe ſlave, and ſlight their empty words;
What? hopes the fool to pleaſe ſo many lords?
Young as I am, thy Prince's vengeful hand
Stretch'd forth in wrath, ſhall drive thee from the land.
Oh! could the vigor of this arm as well
Th' oppreſſive Suitors from my walls expell!
Then what a ſhoal of lawleſs men ſhould go
To fill with tumult the dark courts below?
The Suitors with a ſcornful ſmile ſurvey
The youth, indulging in the genial day.
Eumæus, thus incourag'd, haſtes to bring
The ſtrife-full bow, and gives it to the King.
Old *Euryclea* calling then aſide,
Hear what *Telemachus* enjoyns (he cry'd)

At

V. 407. *The Suitors with a ſcornful ſmile*, &c.] *Spondanus* believes they laugh out of contempt of *Telemachus*; *Dacier*, becauſe they believe the time come which is to end all their doubts by the marriage of *Penelope*; they hope to draw the Bow, and this hope mollifies their anger. But all theſe reaſons (as well as thoſe of *Euſtathius*) ſeem to be rather invented than natural: we may find a ſufficient reaſon of their laughter, from the ſharpneſs of *Telemachus* towards *Eumæus*; they rejoice to ſee an enemy (for ſuch they eſteem *Eumæus*) miſus'd, and this will likewiſe give a reaſon why the Poet adds that they ceas'd their anger againſt *Telemachus*, namely, becauſe he gratifies their ill-will by threatning *Eumæus*.

V. 412. *Hear what* Telemachus *enjoyns*, &c.] It is very evident that this command proceeds not from *Telemachus* but *Ulyſſes*: It was *Ulyſſes*

At ev'ry portal let ſome matron wait,
And each lock faſt the well-compacted gate;
And if unuſual ſounds invade their ear,
If arms, or ſhouts, or dying groans they hear,
Let none to call or iſſue forth preſume,
But cloſe attend the labours of the loom.
Her prompt obedience on his order waits;
Clos'd in an inſtant were the Palace gates.
In the ſame moment forth *Philætius* flies,
Secures the court, and with a cable tyes
The utmoſt gate; (the cable ſtrongly wrought
Of *Byblos'* reed, a ſhip from *Egypt* brought)
Then unperceiv'd and ſilent at the board
His ſeat he takes, his eyes upon his Lord.

Ulyſſes who gave directions to ſhut the door of the womens apartment; but *Eumæus* is ignorant that *Euryclea* was acquainted with the return of *Ulyſſes*, and therefore ſpeaks as from *Telemachus*. He knew very well that ſhe would obey the orders of *Telemachus*, but if ſhe had not been acquainted with the return of *Ulyſſes*, ſhe would have made ſome heſitation, believing the Beggar to be really a ſtranger and not *Ulyſſes*. *Euſtathius*.

V. 423. ——— *(the cable ſtrongly wrought*
Of Byblos *reed,* ——]

The word in the *Greek* is βύβλινον, which we are not to underſtand of the *Ægyptian Papyrus*, but it is deriv'd from βίβλος or βύβλος, a plant growing in the marſhes of *Ægypt*, βοτάνης ἐμφερὲς παπύρῳ, that bears the reſemblance of the *Papyrus*, as *Euſtathius* explains it. Of this plant the Antients made their cordage; on the top of it there grew fibrous threads reſembling hair, and thus *Strabo* deſcribes it, ψιλὴ ῥάβδος ἐπ' ἄκρῳ ἔχουσα χαίτην, *a ſlender twig, bearing, as it were, hair on the top of it.*

And now his well-known bow the Maſter bore,
Turn'd on all ſides, and view'd it o'er and o'er:
Leſt time or worms had done the weapon wrong,
Its owner abſent, and untry'd ſo long.
While ſome deriding —— How he turns the bow!
Some other like it ſure the man muſt know,
Or elſe wou'd copy; or in bows he deals;
Perhaps he makes them, or perhaps he ſteals. ——
Heav'n to this wretch (another cry'd) be kind!
And bleſs, in all to which he ſtands inclin'd,
With ſuch good fortune as he now ſhall find.
Heedleſs he heard them; but diſdain'd reply;
The bow peruſing with exacteſt eye.
Then, as ſome heav'nly minſtrel, taught to ſing
High notes reſponſive to the trembling ſtring,

To

V. 428. *Turn'd on all ſides, and view'd it o'er and o'er.*] This little particularity is not inſerted in vain: *Ulyſſes* is ready to engage in a terrible combat; it is therefore very neceſſary to be curious in the examination of the Bow, to be certain that he might depend upon it: if he had obſerv'd that it had been decay'd thro' time, his prudence would have furniſh'd him with ſome other inſtrument. *Euſtathius* is of opinion that this whole Bow was made of horn, becauſe τιτες denotes worms that breed in horn: The Bow, ſays that Author, was made of horn, and not of wood, like the *Scythian* bows. This it muſt be confeſs'd, is not entirely ſatisfactory, becauſe the bows were antiently tipt or pointed at the extremities with horn; and to this horn *Ulyſſes* may refer. But the other opinion is moſt probable, and *Ovid* thus underſtood it:

Penelope vires juvenum tentabat in arcu,
Qui latus argueret corneus arcus *erat.*

V. 440. *Then, as ſome heav'nly minſtrel,* &c.] *Euſtathius* confeſſes himſelf to be greatly pleas'd with this compariſon; it is very juſt,

To ſome new ſtrain when he adapts the lyre,
Or the dumb lute refits with vocal wire,
Relaxes, ſtrains, and draws them to and fro;
So the great Maſter drew the mighty bow:
And drew with eaſe. One hand aloft diſplay'd
The bending horns, and one the ſtring eſſay'd.
From his eſſaying hand the ſtring let fly
Twang'd ſhort and ſharp, like the ſhrill ſwallow's cry.
A gen'ral horror ran thro' all the race,
Sunk was each heart, and pale was ev'ry face.
Signs from above enſu'd: the unfolding ſky
In lightning burſt; *Jove* thunder'd from on high.

Fir'd

and well ſuited to the purpoſe; the ſtrings of the lyre repreſent the bow-ſtring, and the eaſe with which the Lyriſt ſtretches them, admirably paints the facility with which *Ulyſſes* draws the bow. When ſimilitudes are borrow'd from an object entirely different from the ſubject which they are brought to illuſtrate, they give us a double ſatisfaction, as they ſurprize us by ſhewing an agreement between ſuch things in which there ſeems to be the greateſt diſagreement.

V. 448. ——— *the ſtring let fly*
Twang'd ſhort and ſharp, like the ſhrill ſwallow's cry.]

The compariſon is not intended to repreſent the ſweetneſs of the ſound, but only the quality and nature of it; and means a harſh or jarring ſound, or ſomewhat rough, ὑπότραχυ, as *Euſtathius* interprets it; ſuch a ſound as the ſwallow makes when ſhe ſings by ſtarts, and not in one even tenour. The ſwallow is inharmonious, and *Ariſtophanes* uſes χελιδόνων μουσεῖα in his frogs, to ſignify thoſe who are enemies to the Muſes; and here the Poet uſes it to denote a ſhrill, harſh, or jarring ſound.

V. 452. *Signs from above enſu'd* ——] The ſignal of battle is here given in thunder by *Jupiter*, as in the eleventh book of the *Iliad*.

Fir'd at the call of Heav'n's Almighty Lord,
He ſnatch'd the ſhaft that glitter'd on the board:
(Faſt by, the reſt lay ſleeping in the ſheath,
But ſoon to fly the meſſengers of death.)
Now ſitting as he was, the chord he drew,
Thro' ev'ry ringlet levelling his view;
Then notch'd the ſhaft, releaſt, and gave it wing;
The whizzing arrow vaniſh'd from the ſtring,
Sung on direct, and thredded ev'ry ring.
The ſolid gate its fury ſcarcely bounds;
Pierc'd thro' and thro', the ſolid gate reſounds.
Then to the Prince. Nor have I wrought thee ſhame;
Nor err'd this hand unfaithful to its aim;
Nor prov'd the toil too hard; nor have I loſt
That antient vigor, once my pride and boaſt.

Ill

Ev'n Jove, *whoſe thunder ſpoke his wrath, diſtill'd*
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field.

And again,

That inſtant Juno *and the martial maid*
In happy thunders promis'd Greece *their aid.*

This prepares us for the greatneſs of the following action, which is uſher'd in with thunder from heav'n: And we are not ſurpriz'd to ſee *Ulyſſes* defeat his enemies, when *Jupiter* declares himſelf in his favour. *Homer* calls this thunder a ſign and a prodigy: It is a ſign, becauſe it predicts the event; and a prodigy, becauſe the thunder proceeds from a ſerene ſky. *Euſtathius.*

V. 467. ——— *nor have I loſt*
That antient vigor ———]

Ulyſſes ſpeaks not thus out of vanity, but ſolely to confirm the courage of *Telemachus*, and his two friends, *Eumæus* and *Philætius*. He ſets

Ill I deſerv'd theſe haughty Peers diſdain;
Now let them comfort their dejected train,
In ſweet repaſt the preſent hour imploy,
Nor wait 'till ev'ning for the genial joy.
Then to the lute's ſoft voice prolong the night,
Muſick, the banquet's moſt refin'd delight.
He ſaid, then gave a nod; and at the word
Telemachus girds on his ſhining ſword.
Faſt by his father's ſide he takes his ſtand;
The beamy jav'lin lightens in his hand.

ſets his vigor before their eyes, that they may have confidence in it in the ſucceeding engagement.

V. 471. *In ſweet repaſt the preſent hour imploy,*
Nor wait 'till ev'ning ——]

This circumſtance is very neceſſary; *Ulyſſes* excites the Suitors to ſupper by day-light, becauſe it would be more eaſy for him to aſſault them while they ſat at table; the poſture would give him ſome advantage; and he adds *before ev'ning*, becauſe if they had ſupp'd by the light of the torch, upon extinguiſhing it, they had greatly embarraſs'd him, and perhaps render'd his deſigns ineffectual thro' the benefit of the darkneſs. Neither is it without reaſon that he propoſes ſinging and muſic; he does it to draw away their thoughts from any jealouſy of intended violence; and by this method he gives the aſſault unexpectedly, and begins the ſlaughter before they are prepar'd to make any oppoſition.

THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

The ARGUMENT.

The Death of the Suitors.

Ulyſſes *begins the ſlaughter of the Suitors by the death of* Antinous. *He declares himſelf, and lets fly his arrows at the reſt.* Telemachus *aſſiſts, and brings arms for his father, himſelf,* Eumæus *and* Philætius. Melanthius *does the ſame for the Wooers.* Minerva *encourages* Ulyſſes *in the ſhape of* Mentor. *The Suitors are all ſlain, only* Medon *and* Phemius *are ſpar'd.* Melanthius *and the unfaithful ſervants are executed. The reſt acknowledge their Maſter with all demonſtrations of joy.*

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Ulysses *by the assistance of* Telemachus *& two of their Shepherds defeats all the Suitors.*

P. Fourdrinier sculp.

THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

THEN fierce the Hero o'er the threſhold ſtrode;
Stript of his rags, he blaz'd out like a God.
Full in their face the lifted bow he bore,
And quiver'd deaths a formidable ſtore;
Before

NOTES.

We are now come to the great event or Cataſtrophe of the *Odyſſey*, which is the Deſtruction of the Suitors. The manner by which the Poet conducts it, has been prais'd and cenſur'd, by ſome as noble and heroic, by others as romantic and incredible: It is therefore highly neceſſary to vindicate *Homer*, in the chief action of the whole Poem, that he may not be found culpable, in the place where he

Before his feet the rattling ſhow'r he threw,
And thus terrific, to the Suitor crew.

One

ought to be the moſt exact and draw his Hero to the beſt advantage. The objection made againſt this deciſive action is, that the Poet makes *Ulyſſes* perform impoſſibilities; no one perſon, with ſuch ſmall aſſiſtance, being able to deſtroy above an hundred Enemies. It is no anſwer to ſay that *Pallas* deſcends to aid *Ulyſſes*, for it has been already prov'd, that all incidents which require a divine probability, ſhould be ſo diſengag'd from the action, that they may be ſubſtracted from it without deſtroying it; whereas this action is eſſential to it. No leſs a Critic than *Longinus*, Chap. 7. condemns *Homer*; for, enumerating the faults of the *Odyſſey*, he thus proceeds: "To theſe "may be added the abſurdities he commits, in the account of the "deſtruction of *Penelope*'s Suitors." And *Scaliger*, Lib. 5. of his *Poetics* is of the ſame opinion: *Ulyſſes interfecit arcu procos, inter quos & ipſum tantillum eſſet intervalli: Quare omnes ſimul in eum impetum non fecerunt?* The ſtrength of this objection lies in the omiſſion of the Suitors in not ruſhing at once upon *Ulyſſes* in an united Body: Now this was impoſſible, he ſtood upon the threſhold in a narrow paſs, and by this advantage he was able to make it good againſt a great inequality of numbers. It is not difficult to bring inſtances of a like nature from undoubted hiſtory: *Cocles* alone defended the bridge over the *Tyber* againſt the whole army of *Porſena*, and ſtood unmoveable till the *Romans* broke it down behind him. And *Leonidas* the *Spartan* General defended the Paſs of *Thermopylæ* with a ſmall number, againſt three millions of *Perſians* led by *Xerxes*; and if he had not been betray'd, he would have probably defeated his whole army. In both theſe inſtances there was a greater inequality of numbers, than between *Ulyſſes* and the Suitors. The Reader will be reconcil'd to the probability of theſe relations, if he conſiders that the whole buſineſs of war was antiently decided by mere ſtrength of body: Fire-arms now ſet all men upon a nearer Level; but in theſe early ages, the ſtrongeſt perſon was the greateſt Hero; a man of ſuperior and uncommon ſtrength drove his enemies before him like an army of boys, and with as much facility. From this obſervation it is evident that *Homer* ſcarce tranſgreſſes the bounds of hiſtoric truth, when he deſcribes *Achilles* chaſing whole ſquadrons of *Trojans*: He wrote according to the manners of his times, and drew after the life, tho' ſometimes he improv'd a feature to give grace to the picture of his Hero: Thus in the Scripture, from the mere advantage of ſtrength, we ſee a ſingle *Goliah* defy the whole armies of *Iſrael*.

Rapin commends the conduct of *Homer* in bringing about the deſtruction of the Suitors. The unravelling the whole *Odyſſey* (ſays

that

One vent'rous game this hand has won to-day,
Another, Princes! yet remains to play;
Another

that Author) by their deaths, is very great, and very becoming an Hero; that whole ſtory is dreſs'd up in colours ſo decent, and at the ſame time ſo noble, that antiquity can hardly match any part of the narration; here *Homer* has diſplay'd himſelf to the beſt advantage. I wiſh *Rapin* had given his reaſons, and not run into a general commendation: But we ſhall be ſufficiently convinced of the judgment of *Homer* in deſcribing the Suitors falling chiefly by *Ulyſſes*, if we conſider the nature of Epic Poetry. The chief action is to be perform'd by the Hero of the Poem: thus *Hector* falls by *Achilles*; *Turnus* by *Æneas*: The death of the Suitors is the chief action of the *Odyſſey*, and therefore it is neceſſarily to be executed by *Ulyſſes*; for if any other perſon had perform'd it, that perſon would have done an action more noble than the Hero of the Poem, and eclipſed his glory. It is for the ſame reaſon that the Poet refuſes all eaſy methods to re-eſtabliſh *Ulyſſes*: he throws him into difficulties which he is to ſurmount by his own proweſs and magnanimity. *Homer* might eaſily have rais'd an army, and plac'd *Ulyſſes* at the head of it; but the more difficult way being moſt conducive to his honour, he rejects all eaſy methods, ſhews him ſtruggling with infinite hazards, out of which he extricates himſelf perſonally by his wiſdom and courage. By theſe means he compleats the character of his Hero, leaves a noble image of his worth upon the minds of the Spectators, and makes him go off the ſtage with the utmoſt applauſe.

V. 1. *Then fierce the Hero o'er the threſhold ſtrode*, &c.] *Plato* was particularly ſtruck with the beauty of theſe lines: In his Dialogue intituled *Ion*, p. 145. *Socrates* thus ſpeaks: "When you repeat "the Verſes of *Homer* emphatically, and raviſh the whole Audi- "ence, whether it be the paſſage where he ſings how *Ulyſſes* leaps "upon the threſhold, diſcovers himſelf to the Suitors, and pours "his arrows before his feet: or where *Achilles* ruſhes upon *Hector*; "or where he paints the Lamentations of *Hecuba*, *Priam*, or *An-* "*dromache*; tell me, are you any longer maſter of your own paſ- "ſions? are you not tranſported? and raviſh'd with divine fury, "think yourſelf preſent at the very actions, either in *Ithaca* or "*Troy*?" It muſt indeed be allow'd, that *Homer* here paints to the Life; we ſee *Ulyſſes*, his motion, his attitude, and the noble fury with which he begins the onſet. The Poet intereſts us in the cauſe of his Hero, and we fight on his ſide againſt his enemies.

Euſtathius obſerves, that inſtead of ἔαχος the *Æolians* wrote ϝέαχος; an obſervation of too little importance to have been regarded, if he had not given us a fragment of *Sappho* as a proof of it.

Τὶς

Another mark our arrow muſt attain.
Phœbus aſſiſt! nor be the labour vain.
Swift as the word the parting arrow ſings,
And bears thy fate, *Antinous*, on its wings:
Wretch that he was, of unprophetic ſoul!
High in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl;

Τὶς δ' ἀγροιώτις θέλγει νόον
Οὐκ ἐπισαμένη τὰ βέλτερα εἰδέναι
Ἐπὶ τῶν σφυρῶν;

which he thus explains,

What ruſtic beauty dreſs'd in awkward charms
Detains my lover from his Sappho's *arms?*

The circumſtance of throwing the arrows before his feet is not inſerted without a reaſon; *Ulyſſes* could reach them from thence with more facility and expedition, than if they had hung at his ſhoulder in the Quiver.

V. 20. Phœbus *aſſiſt!*] *Ulyſſes* addreſſes a prayer to *Apollo* to give ſucceſs to his preſent enterprize; he directs it to him, becauſe he is the God of Archery; and he concludes in four words, in compliance with the exigence of the time, which will not permit him to ſpeak at large. This prayer to *Apollo* confirms my obſervation, that *Penelope* propos'd the tryal of the Bow in honour of that Deity, and we find that it was cuſtomary from a remarkable paſſage in the *Iliad*, Lib. 4.

But firſt to ſpeed thy ſhaft, addreſs thy vow
To Lycian Phœbus *with the ſilver bow:*
And ſwear the firſtlings of the flock to pay
On Zelia's *altars, to the God of day.*

It is from the urgency of the time that the ſpeech of *Ulyſſes*, as well as the prayer, is conciſe: It would have been very injudicious, when he was ready to aſſault his enemies unexpectedly, to have prefaced the onſet with a long oration; this would have given them an alarm, and time to make an oppoſition.

Ev'n then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath;
Chang'd to the deep, the bitter draught of death:
For Fate who fear'd amidſt a feaſtful band?
And Fate to numbers by a ſingle hand.
Full thro' his throat *Ulyſſes'* weapon paſt,
And pierc'd the neck. He falls, and breathes his laſt.
The tumbling goblet the wide floor o'erflows,
A ſtream of gore burſt ſpouting from his noſe;
Grim in convulſive agonies he ſprawls:
Before him ſpurn'd, the loaded table falls,
And ſpreads the pavement with a mingled flood
Of floating meats, and wine, and human blood.
Amaz'd, confounded, as they ſaw him fall,
Uproſe the throngs tumultuous round the hall;

V. 18. *And Fate to numbers by a ſingle hand.*] This particular is very artful: the Poet while he writes, ſeems to be ſurpriz'd at the difficulty of the enterprize he is about to relate. He is in doubt of the great event, and ſtands ſtill in admiration of it. This has a double effect; it ſets the courage of *Ulyſſes* in a ſtrong point of light, who executes what might be almoſt thought an impoſſibility; and at the ſame time it excellently contributes to make the ſtory credible; for *Homer* appears to be held in ſuſpenſe by the greatneſs of the action; an intimation that nothing but the real truth and deference to veracity could extort from him a belief of it: thus by ſeeming to make the relation improbable, the Poet eſtabliſhes the probability of it. *Euſtathius.*

V. 22. *A ſtream of gore burſt ſpouting* ———] The word in the original is αὐλὸς, which commonly ſignifies a pipe or muſical inſtrument: The Antients (obſerves *Euſtathius*) uſed it to denote a fountain; here therefore it implies a flux or fountain of blood, χεῦνος ἐξακόντισμα αἵματος, the word therefore very happily paints the blood ſpouting from the Noſtrils, as from a fountain; and in this ſenſe, it gives us a full image of the nature of the wound; the blood ſprung as from a pipe, through the mouth of the wound, or from the veins, through the noſtrils.

O'er

O'er all the dome they caſt a haggard eye,
Each look'd for arms in vain; no arms were nigh:
Aim'ſt thou at Princes? (all amaz'd they ſaid)
Thy laſt of games unhappy haſt thou play'd;
Thy erring ſhaft has made our braveſt bleed,
And death, unlucky gueſt, attends thy deed.
Vulturs ſhall tear thee —— Thus incens'd they ſpoke,
While each to Chance aſcrib'd the wond'rous ſtroke,
Blind as they were; for death ev'n now invades
His deſtin'd prey, and wraps them all in ſhades.
Then grimly frowning with a dreadful look,
That wither'd all their hearts, *Ulyſſes* ſpoke.

Dogs, ye have had your day; ye fear'd no more
Ulyſſes vengeful from the *Trojan* ſhore;

While

V. 35. —— *thus incens'd they ſpoke,*
While each to Chance aſcrib'd the wond'rous ſtroke.]

This paſſage was look'd upon as ſpurious by the Antients; for they thought it impoſſible that all the Suitors ſhould ſpeak the ſame ſentiment, as by compact, like a *Chorus* in a Tragedy: they appeal'd to the cuſtom of *Homer* himſelf, who continually wrote

Ὣδε τὶς εἴπεσκεν.

Euſtathius anſwers, that the Poet ſpeaks thus confuſedly, to repreſent the confuſion of the Suitors at the death of *Antinous*. *Dacier* defends him by ſaying, that all the Suitors imagined that *Antinous* was ſlain by accident, and therefore the whole aſſembly having the ſame ſentiment, the Poet might aſcribe to every member of it the ſame expreſſion. Either of theſe ſolutions explains the difficulty.

V. 42. Ulyſſes *vengeful from the* Trojan *ſhore.*] The mention of the return of *Ulyſſes* from *Troy* is not inſerted caſually: He ſpeaks thus to intimidate his enemies, by recalling to their minds all the brave

While to your luſt and ſpoil a guardleſs prey,
Our houſe, our wealth, our helpleſs handmaids lay:
Not ſo content, with bolder frenzy fir'd,
Ev'n to our bed preſumptuous you aſpir'd:
Laws or divine or human fail'd to move,
Or ſhame of men, or dread of Gods above;
Heedleſs alike of infamy or praiſe,
Or Fame's eternal voice in future days:
The hour of vengeance, wretches, now is come,
Impending Fate is yours, and inſtant doom.
Thus dreadful he. Confus'd the Suitors ſtood,
From their pale cheeks recedes the flying blood;
Trembling they ſought their guilty heads to hide,
Alone the bold *Eurymachus* reply'd.
If, as thy Words import, (he thus began)
Ulyſſes lives, and thou the mighty man,
Great are thy wrongs, and much haſt thou ſuſtain'd
In thy ſpoil'd Palace, and exhauſted land;
The cauſe and Author of thoſe guilty deeds,
Lo! at thy feet unjuſt *Antinous* bleeds.

brave actions that he perform'd before it. Were not this his intention, he would have varied his expreſſion, for in reality he has been abſent from *Troy* near ten years, and returns from the *Phæacian*, not the *Trojan* ſhores. *Euſtathius.*

Not love, but wild ambition was his guide,
To ſlay thy ſon, thy kingdoms to divide,
Theſe were his aims, but juſter *Jove* deny'd.
Since cold in death th' offender lies; oh ſpare
Thy ſuppliant people, and receive their pray'r!
Braſs, gold, and treaſures ſhall the ſpoil defray,
Two hundred oxen ev'ry Prince ſhall pay:
The waſte of years refunded in a day.
'Till then thy wrath is juſt——*Ulyſſes* burn'd
With high diſdain, and ſternly thus return'd.

V. 64. *To ſlay thy ſon, thy kingdoms to divide.*] This expreſſion is judiciouſly inſerted, and with good reaſon put into the mouth of one of the Suitors, namely *Eurymachus*. The Poet is now puniſhing them for their crimes; it is therefore very neceſſary that the Reader ſhould be ſatisfied that they deſerve puniſhment; for if it be not an act of juſtice, it is murder. The Poet therefore brings them all confeſſing themſelves guilty by the mouth of *Eurymachus*; their crime is the intended murder of *Telemachus*, and the uſurpation of the throne of *Ulyſſes*. If this had not been ſet in a clear light, there might have been room for a ſuſpicion that *Ulyſſes* inflicted a puniſhment too great for the guilt of the Suitors. For was it a crime that deſerved death, to aim at the marriage of *Penelope*? This is not to be ſuppoſed; for they took her to be a widow, and might therefore without a crime aſk her in marriage. Was death due for the waſte and profuſion of the riches of *Ulyſſes*? This might have been redreſs'd, by a full repayment, and a juſt equivalent. *Homer* therefore, to ſhew that there is a cauſe for the ſeverity of the puniſhment, ſets their crimes in open view, which are an intentional murder, and an actual treaſon. The place likewiſe where he inſerts this circumſtance is well choſen, *viz.* in the place where the puniſhment is related; and by this method we acknowledge the equity of it. 'Tis true, *Eurymachus* throws the guilt upon *Antinous* as the chief offender; but all the Suitors have been his aſſociates, and approved of all his violent and bloody deſigns through the *Odyſſey*, and therefore are juſtly involv'd in the ſame puniſhment; ſo that *Ulyſſes* puniſhes rebellious ſubjects by the authority of a King. *Homer* likewiſe obſerves juſtice in the death of *Antinous*; he is the firſt in guilt, and the firſt that falls by his Hero's hands.

All,

All, all the treaſures that enrich'd our throne
Before your rapines, join'd with all your own,
If offer'd, vainly ſhould for mercy call;
'Tis you that offer, and I ſcorn them all;
Your blood is my demand, your lives the prize,
'Till pale as yonder wretch each Suitor lies,
Hence with thoſe coward terms; or fight or fly,
This choice is left ye, to reſiſt or die;
And die I truſt ye ſhall. ——— He ſternly ſpoke:
With guilty fears the pale aſſembly ſhook.
Alone *Eurymachus* exhorts the train:
Yon Archer, comrades, will not ſhoot in vain;
But from the threſhold ſhall his darts be ſped,
(Who e'er he be) till ev'ry Prince lie dead.
Be mindful of your ſelves, draw forth your ſwords,
And to his ſhafts obtend theſe ample boards,
(So need compells.) Then all united ſtrive
The bold invader from his poſt to drive;
The City rouz'd ſhall to our reſcue haſte,
And this mad archer ſoon have ſhot his laſt.

Swift

V. 88. *And to his ſhafts obtend theſe ample boards.*] *Eurymachus* exhorts the Suitors to make uſe of the tables to oppoſe *Ulyſſes* in the manner of ſhields; from whence obſerves *Euſtathius*, it may be gathered that every Suitor had a peculiar table. This may be confirm'd from this book; for when *Antinous* falls, he overturns a table; which, if there had been but one, would have been too large to be thus overthrown; beſides he ſpeaks in the plural number, τραπέζας.

V. 91. *The City rouz'd ſhall to our reſcue haſte.*] It is impoſſible but that the Suitors muſt have many friends amongſt the *Ithacans*.

Intereſt

Swift as he ſpoke, he drew his traytor ſword,
And like a lion ruſh'd againſt his Lord:
The wary Chief the ruſhing foe repreſt,
Who met the point, and forc'd it in his breaſt:
His failing hand deſerts the lifted ſword,
And prone he falls extended o'er the board!
Before him wide, in mix'd effuſion roll
Th' untaſted viands, and the jovial bowl.
Full thro' his liver paſt the mortal wound,
With dying rage his forehead beats the ground,
He ſpurn'd the ſeat with fury as he fell,
And the fierce ſoul to darkneſs div'd, and hell.
Next bold *Amphinomus* his arm extends
To force the paſs: The god-like man defends.
Thy ſpear, *Telemachus!* prevents th' attack,
The brazen weapon driving thro' his back,

Thence

Intereſt or ill humour engages men in faction; but this is not the full import of the ſenſe of *Homer*: The *Ithacans* were ignorant that *Ulyſſes* was return'd, and no wonder therefore if they engaged in defence of the Princes of their land, againſt a ſtranger and a beggar; for ſuch in appearance was *Ulyſſes*.

V. 108. *The brazen weapon driving thro' his back.*] *Euſtathius*, and *Spondanus* from him, interpret this paſſage very much to the diſadvantage of the courage of *Telemachus*: They obſerve that he is yet new to the horrors of war, and therefore wanting the heart to meet his enemy in the front, gives him this wound between the ſhoulders: That as ſoon as he has given the blow, out of fear he leaves the ſpear in the wound; an action as diſreputable, as to throw away the ſhield in battle; and laſtly, that it is fear that ſuggeſts to his mind the expedient to fetch the arms, a pretext to be diſtant from danger. But it is not difficult to defend *Telemachus*. *Amphinomus* was aſſaulting *Ulyſſes*, and conſequently his back was turn'd towards *Telemachus*, and this occaſions the wound in that part. This combat is not a

combat

Thence thro' his breaſt its bloody paſſage tore;
Flat falls he thund'ring on the marble floor,
And his cruſh'd forehead marks the ſtone with gore.
He left his jav'lin in the dead, for fear
The long incumbrance of the weighty ſpear
To the fierce foe advantage might afford,
To ruſh between and uſe the ſhorten'd ſword.
With ſpeedy ardour to his Sire he flies,
And, Arm, great father! arm (in haſte he cries)

Lo

combat of honour, where points of ceremony are obſerv'd; *Telemachus* was therefore at liberty to deſtroy his enemy by any methods, without any imputation of cowardice; eſpecially conſidering the inequality of the parties. Neither is it out of fear that he quits his ſpear; but from a dictate of wiſdom: he is afraid leſt ſome of the Suitors ſhould attack him while he is diſingaging it, and take him at an advantage, while he has no weapon to uſe in his own defence; beſides he has no farther occaſion for it, he haſtes away to provide other arms; not only for himſelf, but for *Ulyſſes* and his friends; and this is ſo far from being the ſuggeſtion of fear, that it is the reſult of wiſdom.

There is ſome difficulty in the expreſſion προσρήϊ τύψας, the meaning of it is, Leſt he ſhould receive a deſcending blow: The word is an adjective, and *Euſtathius* tells us, that χειρὶ is to be underſtood; I ſhould rather chuſe φασγάνῳ, which immediately precedes, it being as good ſenſe to ſay, A wound is given by a deſcending ſword, as a deſcending hand.

V. 117. ——— *arm (in haſte he cries) Homer* almoſt conſtantly gives the epithet πτερόεντα to ἔπεα; *winged words*. *Plutarch* in his treatiſe upon Garrulity gives us the meaning of it. A word (ſays that author) while it remains unſpoken is a ſecret, but being communicated, it changes its name into common rumour; it is then *flown* from us; and this is the reaſon why *Homer* calls words *winged*: He that lets a bird fly from his hand, does not eaſily catch it again; and he that lets a word ſlip from his tongue cannot recall it; it flies abroad, and flutters from place to place every moment. It has indeed in ſome paſſages a ſtill cloſer meaning; when a perſon ſpeaks with precipitation, the epithet expreſſes the ſwiftneſs of

Lo hence I run for other arms to wield,
For miſſile jav'lins, and for helm and ſhield;
Faſt by our ſide let either faithful ſwain
In arms attend us, and their part ſuſtain.
Haſte and return (*Ulyſſes* made reply)
While yet th' auxiliar ſhafts this hand ſupply;
Leſt thus alone, encounter'd by an hoſt,
Driv'n from the gate, th' important paſs be loſt.
With ſpeed *Telemachus* obeys, and flies
Where pil'd on heaps the royal armour lies;
Four brazen helmets, eight refulgent ſpears,
And four broad bucklers, to his Sire he bears:
At once in brazen Panoply they ſhone,
At once each Servant brac'd his armour on;
Around their King a faithful guard they ſtand,
While yet each ſhaft flew deathful from his hand:
Chief after Chief expir'd at ev'ry wound,
And ſwell'd the bleeding mountain on the ground.
Soon as his ſtore of flying fates was ſpent,
Againſt the wall he ſet the bow unbent:

of the ſpeech, the words are winged: It is here applied with particular propriety; *Telemachus* aſks a queſtion in the compaſs of four lines, and receives an anſwer in two from *Ulyſſes*; the time not allowing any delay.

V. 137. *Againſt the wall he ſet the bow unbent.*] The Poet may be thought too circumſtantial in the diſpoſal of the bow; but there is a reaſon for it; he ſhews *Ulyſſes* placed it out of the reach of the Suitors, who, if they had ſeized the bow, might have furniſh'd themſelves with arrows from the dead bodies of their friends, and employ'd them againſt *Ulyſſes*: This caution was therefore neceſſary. *Euſtathius.*

And

And now his ſhoulders bear the maſſy ſhield,
And now his hands two beamy jav'lins wield:
He frowns beneath his nodding plume, that play'd
O'er the high creſt, and caſt a dreadful ſhade.
There ſtood a window near, whence looking down
From o'er the porch, appear'd the ſubject town.

A double

V. 142. *There ſtood a window near, whence looking down,*
From o'er the porch appear'd the ſubject town.]

The word in the *Greek* is ὀρσοθύρη, *janua ſuperior*, and it is likewiſe uſed a little lower. It has given great trouble to the commentators to explain the ſituation of theſe two paſſages. *Dacier* imagines that by the former there was a deſcent into the court-yard, and ſo to the ſtreet; but this cannot be true: For *Agelaus* exhorting his aſſociates to ſeize this paſſage, makes uſe of the word ἀναβάινω, which ſignifies to *aſcend*, and not to *deſcend* into the court-yard: Beſides, he bids them raiſe the people by *ſhouting to them*, which ſeems to imply, that this place overlook'd the ſtreets, from whence a ſhout might be heard by the people. Ὀρσοθύρη (obſerves *Euſtathius*) is θύρη εἰς ἣν ὄρνυται τὶς θέλων ἴδειν ἐκεῖθεν, that is, *a door by which a perſon aſcends to obtain a proſpect*. This probably led to the roof of the porch of the palace fronting the ſtreet, from whence a perſon ſtanding in the open air and ſhouting might raiſe the City; or as for greater clearneſs it is here tranſlated a window, which anſwers all theſe purpoſes.

But there is ſtill a difficulty ariſing from the word λαύρην, which is thus ſolved by *Euſtathius*, λαύρη ἐστὶν ὁ πρὸς τὴν ὀρσοθύρην ἄγων στενωπὸς, that is, a narrow paſſage leading to this private window or door, and he afterwards interprets it by στενὴ ὁδὸς.

From what has been obſerv'd, it appears evidently that there was another paſſage to the upper apartments of the palace; for this was guarded by *Eumæus*, and was inacceſſible, and conſequently *Melanthius* conveys the arms to the Suitors by ſome other ſtair caſe. This *Homer* expreſſes by ἀναῤῥώγας μεγάροιο; the former word is very well explained by *Heſychius*, it ſignifies the paſſages of the palace leading from chamber to chamber, or the διοδοὶ of the apartments. Ῥωγὴ properly denotes a rupture, and here repreſents the openings

of

A double ſtrength of valves ſecur'd the place,
A high and narrow, but the only paſs:
The cautious King, with all preventing care,
To guard that outlet, plac'd *Eumæus* there:
When *Agelaüs* thus: Has none the ſenſe
To mount yon window, and alarm from thence
The neighbour town? the town ſhall force the door,
And this bold Archer ſoon ſhall ſhoot no more.
Melanthius then: That outlet to the gate
So near adjoins, that one may guard the ſtrait.
But other methods of defence remain,
My ſelf with arms can furniſh all the train;
Stores from the royal magazine I bring,
And their own darts ſhall pierce the Prince and King.

of the paſſages from room to room. The Antients thought this whole paſſage ſo obſcure, that they drew a plan of theſe inward paſſages of the palace, as *Euſtathius* informs us; in this they figur'd the porch, the higher aperture, the other ſtair-caſe, and the room where the arms were laid. But *Dacier* ſtarts another difficulty: If *Melanthius* could go up to the room where the arms lay, why could he not go from thence into the courts of the palace, and raiſe the city? The anſwer is, becauſe the arms were placed in an inward apartment, and there was no paſſage from thence into the palace-yards. Her miſtake aroſe from her opinion that there was an entry into the palace by the ὀρσοθύρη, which opinion is refuted in the beginning of this annotation. If indeed *Telemachus* had brought down the arms this way, then there muſt have been a paſſage for *Melanthius* to the place from whence *Agelaus* bids him raiſe the city; for if *Telemachus* had paſſed to the armory by it, why might not *Melanthius* from it? But this is not the caſe, for this door or window is not mentioned till *Telemachus* has furniſhed *Ulyſſes* and his Friends with armour; and conſequently *Homer* cannot intend that we ſhould underſtand that *Telemachus* aſcended to the armory by it.

He

He ſaid; and mounting up the lofty ſtairs,
Twelve ſhields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets bears:
All arm, and ſudden round the hall appears
A blaze of bucklers, and a wood of ſpears.
The Hero ſtands oppreſt with mighty woe,
On ev'ry ſide he ſees the labour grow:
Oh curſt event! and oh unlook'd-for aid!
Melanthius or the women have betray'd———
Oh my dear ſon!——The father with a ſigh!
Then ceas'd; the filial virtue made reply.
Falſhood is folly, and 'tis juſt to own
The fault committed; this was mine alone;
My haſte neglected yonder door to bar,
And hence the villain has ſupply'd their war.
Run good *Eumæus* then, and (what before
I thoughtleſs err'd in) well ſecure that door:

Learn

V. 159. *Twelve ſhields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets bears.*] *Ariſtarchus*, remarks *Euſtathius*, blamed this deſcription as incredible; for how could one perſon be able to carry ſuch a load of armour at one time? But we are not to make this ſuppoſition; the Poet ſpeaks indefinitely, and leaves us at liberty to conjecture that *Melanthius* brought them at ſeveral times; thus a little lower we find him going again for arms to furniſh the reſt of the Suitors.

V. 172. *Run good* Eumæus, *&c.*] This paſſage, where *Telemachus* bids *Eumæus* go and ſee who brings the arms, proves that *Telemachus* did not before abſent himſelf from the battle out of cowardice: Here he chuſes to partake the danger with *Ulyſſes*, and ſends *Eumæus* and *Philætius* to execute his orders; a ſign that he does not conſult his ſafety at the expence of his honour. *Euſtathius.*

But it may ſeem extraordinary, that *Ulyſſes* and *Telemachus* ſhould be in doubt to know the perſon who brought the arms to the Suitors; eſpecially when *Agelaus* had held a publick conference with *Melanthius*

Learn if by female fraud this deed were done,
Or (as my thought miſgives) by *Dolius'* ſon.
While yet they ſpoke, in queſt of arms again
To the high chamber ſtole the faithleſs ſwain,
Not unobſerv'd. *Eumæus* watchful ey'd,
And thus addreſs'd *Ulyſſes* near his ſide.
The miſcreant we ſuſpected takes that way;
Him, if this arm be pow'rful, ſhall I ſlay?
Or drive him hither, to receive the meed
From thy own hand, of this deteſted deed?
Not ſo (reply'd *Ulyſſes*) leave him there,
For us ſufficient is another care:
Within the ſtricture of this palace wall
To keep inclos'd his maſters till they fall.

thius in order to it; but, anſwers *Euſtathius*, they ſpoke with a low voice, and at a proper diſtance from *Ulyſſes*. It may alſo be objected that *Melanthius* could not poſſibly bring the arms without the obſervation of *Ulyſſes* and his friends. To ſolve this difficulty we muſt have recourſe to the ſecond private door, or ὀρσοθύρη, mentioned in a former annotation: By this paſſage he aſcends and deſcends without a diſcovery; that paſſage ſtanding in ſuch a ſituation, as not to be viſible to thoſe who were on the oppoſite ſide of the palace. What may ſeem to contradict this obſervation is, what *Homer* afterwards adds, for he directly tells us, that *Eumæus* obſerv'd that the perſon who brought the arms was *Melanthius*; but that expreſſion may only imply, that he ſaw *Melanthius* going from the reſt of the company, and haſting towards that aſcent, and therefore juſtly concludes him to be the perſon.

V. 187. *To keep inclos'd his maſters* ——] It may be aſk'd, when *Eumæus* retires from the guard of the paſſage, what hinders the Suitors from ſeizing it, and by it giving notice to the city of their danger? What *Ulyſſes* here ſays obviates this objection. He tells *Eumæus*, that he and *Telemachus* will defend it againſt all the efforts of his enemies: By this expreſſion he gives us to underſtand, that *Telemachus* ſhall poſt himſelf in the place of *Eumæus*, and make it good till he has executed juſtice upon *Melanthius*.

Go

Go you and ſeize the felon; backward bind
His arms and legs, and fix a plank behind;
On this, his body by ſtrong cords extend,
And on a column near the roof ſuſpend;
So ſtudy'd tortures his vile days ſhall end.
The ready ſwains obey'd with joyful haſte,
Behind the felon unperceiv'd they paſt,
As round the room in queſt of arms he goes:
(The half-ſhut door conceal'd his lurking foes)
One hand ſuſtain'd a helm, and one the ſhield
Which old *Laertes* wont in youth to wield,
Cover'd with duſt, with dryneſs chapt and worn,
The braſs corroded, and the leather torn:
Thus laden, o'er the threſhold as he ſtept,
Fierce on the villain from each ſide they leapt,
Back by the hair the trembling daſtard drew,
And down reluctant on the pavement threw.

V. 197. *One hand ſuſtain'd a helm, and one the ſhield.*] We ſee *Melanthius* after a diligent ſearch finds only one helm and one ſhield; and the ſhield is deſcribed as almoſt ſpoil'd with age: From hence *Euſtathius* gathers that there were no more left in the armory; for it is probable that *Melanthius* would not have return'd with ſo few arms if he could have found more; nor would he have brought the decay'd ſhield, if he could have ſupply'd himſelf with a ſtronger; ſo that all the arms of *Ulyſſes* were ſeventeen helmets, twelve at firſt deliver'd to the Suitors by *Melanthius*, one more he was now bringing, and *Ulyſſes* and his friends were in poſſeſſion of four: There were the ſame number of ſhields, and twenty ſpears, twelve given to the Suitors, and eight to the aſſiſtants of *Ulyſſes*. This was his private armory for the defence of his palace: and we are not to conclude, that theſe were the whole arms of the nation; there probably was a publick repoſitory for armour for the publick uſe of their armies againſt their enemies.

Active and pleas'd, the zealous ſwains fulfill
At ev'ry point their maſter's rigid will:
Firſt, faſt behind, his hands and feet they bound,
Then ſtreighten'd cords involv'd his body round:
So drawn aloft, athwart the column ty'd,
The howling felon ſwung from ſide to ſide.
Eumæus ſcoffing then with keen diſdain:
There paſs thy pleaſing night, oh gentle ſwain!
On that ſoft pillow, from that envy'd height
Firſt may'ſt thou ſee the ſpringing dawn of light;
So timely riſe, when morning ſtreaks the eaſt,
To drive thy victims to the Suitors feaſt.
This ſaid, they left him, tortur'd as he lay,
Secur'd the door, and haſty ſtrode away:
Each, breathing death, reſum'd his dang'rous poſt
Near great *Ulyſſes*; Four againſt an hoſt.
When lo! deſcending to her Hero's aid
Jove's daughter *Pallas*, War's triumphant maid:
In *Mentor*'s friendly form ſhe join'd his ſide;
Ulyſſes ſaw, and thus with tranſport cry'd.
Come, ever welcome, and thy ſuccour lend;
Oh ev'ry ſacred name in one! my friend!
Early we lov'd, and long our loves have grown:
What-e'er thro' life's whole ſeries I have done
Or good, or grateful, now to mind recall,
And aiding this one hour, repay it all.

Thus he; but pleaſing hopes his boſom warm
Of *Pallas* latent in the friendly form.
The adverſe hoſt the phantom warrior ey'd,
And firſt loud threat'ning, *Agelaüs* cry'd.
Mentor beware, nor let that tongue perſuade
Thy frantic arm to lend *Ulyſſes* aid;
Our force ſucceſsful ſhall our threat make good,
And with the ſire's and ſon's commix thy blood.
What hop'ſt thou here? Thee firſt the ſword ſhall ſlay,
Then lop thy whole poſterity away;
Far hence thy baniſh'd conſort ſhall we ſend;
With his, thy forfeit lands and treaſures blend;
Thus, and thus only, ſhalt thou join thy friend.
His barb'rous inſult ev'n the Goddeſs fires,
Who thus the warrior to revenge inſpires.
Art thou *Ulyſſes?* where then ſhall we find
The patient body and the conſtant mind?

That

V. 246. *Art thou* Ulyſſes, *&c*] *Pallas* is here an allegorical Deity, and repreſents the courage and wiſdom which was exerted by *Ulyſſes* in the deſtruction of the Suitors: The poet puts the words into the mouth of a Goddeſs, to give ornament and dignity to his Poetry; but they are only the ſuggeſtions of his own heart, which reproaches him for being ſo ſlow in puniſhing the inſolence of his adverſaries. If we take them in this ſenſe they will be in the nature of a ſoliloquy: The Poet indeed was obliged to introduce a Deity, to give importance to the deciſive action of his whole Poem: Thus *Jupiter* aſſiſts *Æneas* in *Virgil*; *Minerva*, *Achilles* in the *Iliad*, and the ſame Goddeſs *Ulyſſes* here in the *Odyſſey*. I very well know that all theſe paſſages have been blam'd by ſome Critics, as derogatory to the courage of theſe Heroes, who cannot conquer their enemies but thro' the aſſiſtance of a Deity. The Reader may be pleas'd to look back

That courage, once the *Trojans* daily dread,
Known nine long years, and felt by Heroes dead?
And where that conduct, which reveng'd the luſt
Of *Priam*'s race, and laid proud *Troy* in duſt?
If this, when *Helen* was the cauſe, were done,
What for thy country now, thy Queen, thy ſon,
Riſe then in combat, at my ſide attend;
Obſerve what vigour Gratitude can lend,
And foes how weak, oppos'd againſt a friend!
She ſpoke; but willing longer to ſurvey
The ſire and ſon's great acts, with-held the day;
By farther toils decreed the brave to try,
And level pois'd the wings of Victory:
Then with a change of form eludes their ſight,
Perch'd like a ſwallow on a rafter's height,
And unperceiv'd, enjoys the riſing fight.

Damaſtor's

for a full vindication of *Homer* and *Virgil*, to *Lib.* 3. *Note* 43. of the *Odyſſey*.

We may obſerve that a Deity deſcends to aſſiſt *Ulyſſes*, but that the Suitors are left to their own Conduct: This furniſhes us with a very juſt and pious moral, and teaches us that Heaven guards and aſſiſts good men in adverſity, but abandons the wicked, and lets them periſh for their follies.

V. 262. *Perch'd like a ſwallow* ———] We have ſeen the Deities, both in the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey*, changing themſelves into the ſhape of birds: thus *Lib.* 7. *v.* 67. of the *Iliad*,

Th' Athenian *maid, and glorious God of day*
With ſilent joy the ſettling hoſts ſurvey,
In form like vultures, on the beech's height
They ſit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.

This

Damaſtor's ſon, bold *Agelaüs*, leads
The guilty war; *Eurynomus* ſucceeds;
With theſe, *Piſander* great *Polyctor*'s ſon,
Sage *Polybus*, and ſtern *Amphimedon*,
With *Demoptolemus*: theſe ſix ſurvive,
The beſt of all the ſhafts had left alive.
Amidſt the carnage deſp'rate as they ſtand,
Thus *Agelaüs* rous'd the lagging band.

The hour is come, when yon' fierce man no more
With bleeding Princes ſhall beſtrow the floor:
Lo! *Mentor* leaves him with an empty boaſt;
The four remain, but four againſt an hoſt.
Let each at once diſcharge the deadly dart,
One ſure of ſix ſhall reach *Ulyſſes*' heart:
Thus ſhall one ſtroke the glory loſt regain:
The reſt muſt periſh, their great leader ſlain.

Then all at once their mingled lances threw,
And thirſty all of one man's blood they flew;
In vain! *Minerva* turn'd them with her breath,
And ſcatter'd ſhort, or wide, the points of death;

This perhaps may be the occaſion of all ſuch fictions. The ſuperſtition of the heathen world induc'd the Antients to believe that the appearance of any Bird in a critical hour was a ſign of the preſence of a Divinity, and by degrees they began to perſuade themſelves, that the Gods appear'd to them in the form of thoſe birds. Hence aroſe all the honours paid to Augurs, and the reliance upon divination drawn from the flight of birds; and almoſt every Deity had a bird ſacred to him. The Eagle to *Jupiter*, the Peacock to *Juno*, &c. *Pallas* here takes the form of a ſwallow, becauſe it is a domeſtic Bird, and therefore may be ſaid to appear within the walls of the palace with moſt probability.

With deaden'd ſound, one on the threſhold falls,
One ſtrikes the gate, one rings againſt the walls;
The ſtorm paſt innocent. The godlike man
Now loftier trod, and dreadful thus began.
'Tis now (brave friends) our turn, at once to throw
(So ſpeed 'em heav'n) our jav'lins at the foe.
That impious race to all their paſt miſdeeds
Would add our blood. Injuſtice ſtill proceeds.
He ſpoke: at once their fiery lances flew:
Great *Demoptolemus*, *Ulyſſes* flew;
Euryades receiv'd the Prince's dart;
The Goatherd's quiver'd in *Piſander*'s heart;
Fierce *Elatus* by thine, *Eumæus*, falls;
Their fall in thunder echoes round the walls.
The reſt retreat: the victors now advance,
Each from the dead reſumes his bloody lance.
Again the foe diſcharge the ſteely ſhow'r;
Again made fruſtrate by the virgin pow'r.
Some, turn'd by *Pallas*, on the threſhold fall,
Some wound the gate, ſome ring againſt the wall;

V. 298. ——— *the victors now advance,*
Each from the dead reſumes his bloody lance.]

The danger beginning to abate by the fall of the chief of the enemy, *Ulyſſes* advances from his ſtand: There was a neceſſity for this conduct: *Ulyſſes* and his three aſſiſtants had kill'd four enemies with their ſpears; and conſequently the Poet was oblig'd to ſupply them with freſh weapons, otherwiſe, if they had diſcharged their ſpears once more, they muſt have been left naked and defenceleſs, having only two a-piece brought by *Telemachus*. This obſervation ſhews the exactneſs which *Homer* maintains in his relation.

Some

Some weak, or pond'rous with the brazen head,
Drop harmleſs, on the pavement ſounding dead.
Then bold *Amphimedon* his jav'lin caſt;
Thy hand, *Telemachus*, it lightly raz'd:
And from *Cteſippus*' arm the ſpear elanc'd
On good *Eumæus*' ſhield and ſhoulder glanc'd;
Not leſſen'd of their force (ſo ſlight the wound)
Each ſung along, and drop'd upon the ground.
Fate doom'd thee next, *Eurydamus*, to bear
Thy death, ennobl'd by *Ulyſſes*' ſpear.
By the bold ſon *Amphimedon* was ſlain:
And *Polybus* renown'd the faithful ſwain.
Pierc'd thro' the breaſt the rude *Cteſippus* bled,
And thus *Philætius* gloried o'er the dead.
There end thy pompous vaunts and high diſdain;
Oh ſharp in ſcandal, voluble and vain!
How weak is mortal pride! To heav'n alone
Th' event of actions and our fates are known:
Scoffer, behold what gratitude we bear:
The victim's heel is anſwer'd with this ſpear.

Ulyſſes

V. 323. *The victim's heel is anſwer'd with this ſpear.*] This refers to a paſſage in the latter end of the twentieth Book of the *Odyſſey*, where *Cteſippus* throws the foot of a bullock at *Ulyſſes*. *Philætius* here gives him a mortal wound with his ſpear, and tells him it is a return for the foot of the bullock. *Euſtathius* informs us that this became a Proverb, τῦτο τὸ ἀντὶ ποδὸς ξεινήϊον, to expreſs a return of evil for evil; the like may be obſerved of the death of *Antinous*, who was killed as he lifted the bowl to drink.

Ulyſſes brandiſh'd high his vengeful ſteel,
And *Damaſtorides* that inſtant fell;
Faſt by *Leocritus* expiring lay,
The Prince's jav'lin tore its bloody way
Thro' all his bowels: down he tumbles prone,
His batter'd front and brains beſmear the ſtone.
Now *Pallas* ſhines confeſs'd; aloft ſhe ſpreads
The arm of vengeance o'er their guilty heads;
The dreadful *Ægis* blazes in their eye;
Amaz'd they ſee, they tremble, and they fly:

Πολλὰ μεταξὺ πέλει κύλικος καὶ χείλεος ἄκρου.

Which is exactly render'd by our Proverb. *Many things happen between the cup and the lip.* Thus likewiſe the kindneſs of *Cyclops* was uſed proverbially, to denote a ſevere injury diſguiſed under a ſeeming civility; that Monſter having promis'd *Ulyſſes* mercy, but it was only the mercy to devour him laſt. Theſe little inſtances prove the great veneration the Antients had for *Homer*.

V. 332. *The dreadful* Ægis ————] This ſhield is at large deſcrib'd, *Lib.* 5. of the *Iliad*.

—— *round the margin roll'd,*
A fringe of ſerpents, hiſſing, guard the gold:
Here all the terrors of grim war appear;
Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear;
Here ſtorm'd Contention, and here fury frown'd,
And the dire orb portentous Gorgon *crown'd.*

We ſee the terrible effects which the ſhield cauſes are created by the Poet into a kind of Beings, and animated to fight on the ſide of his Hero.

Confus'd,

Confus'd, diſtracted, thro' the rooms they fling,
Like oxen madden'd by the breeze's ſting,
When ſultry days, and long, ſucceed the gentle ſpring.

Not

V. 335. *Like oxen,* &c.] The fury of the battle being now over, *Homer* pauſes with the action; and letting his fancy rove in ſearch of foreign ornaments, beautifies and enlivens the horrors of it with two ſimilitudes, drawn from ſubjects very diſtant from the terrors they are brought to illuſtrate. The former of an herd of cattle, repreſents the confuſion and affright of the Suitors; the latter of the birds, their weakneſs and unavailing flight. The Gadfly ſhews the fury and cloſe purſuit of *Ulyſſes* and his aſſiſtants, the Hawks their courage, and ſuperior pow'r. *Euſtathius. Virgil* at large deſcribes this Breeze-fly, *Georg.* 3.

About th' Alburnian *groves, with holly green,*
Of winged inſects mighty ſwarms are ſeen:
This flying plague, to mark its quality,
Oeſtros *the* Grecians *call,* Aſilus, *we:*
A fierce loud buzzing Breeze: their ſtings draw blood;
And drive the cattle gadding thro' the wood,
Seiz'd with unuſual pains they loudly cry, &c.

Dryden.

This deſcription ſhews that it is no ill-choſen ſimilitude; it very well paints the Suitors flying in an herd, and *Ulyſſes* wounding them as they fly.

The latter ſimile from the Hawks, affords ſome curioſity in regard to the antient manner of that ſport. It is evident, ſays *Dacier*, that this paſſage is an inſtance, that flying of birds of prey, in the nature of our hawking, was practis'd by the Antients: The nets call'd by *Homer* νέφεα, were fix'd in the plain ground; the fowlers with their falcons took their ſtation upon the adjoining eminences; when the birds, driven from this riſing ground, flew to the plain, they met with the nets, and endeavouring to eſcape them, crowded into flocks: Then the Hawk or Vultur was loos'd, and deſcending upon his prey, ſlew them in multitudes; for the birds were incapable of reſiſting, and at the ſame time were afraid of the nets, and therefore could not eſcape: This is the reaſon why the fowlers are ſaid to rejoice at the ſport: A plain indication, that the Poet intended to deſcribe the ſportman's flying his bird at the prey. That the

Not half ſo keen, fierce vulturs of the chace
Stoop from the mountains on the feather'd race,
When the wide field extended ſnares beſet,
With conſcious dread they ſhun the quiv'ring net: 340

word νέφεα ſignifies *Nets*, is evident from *Ariſtophanes*, μὰ νεφέλας, μὰ δίκτυα, that is, *I ſwear by my nets: Heſychius* is of the ſame opinion, νέφεα, ſays that Author, ſignifies the *Clouds*, καὶ λίνα θηρατικὰ, *Hunters Nets*. *Euſtathius* directly affirms, that in his time this ſport was practiſed in many countries; and the place where the nets were fix'd was call'd νεφελοσασία. That Author conſtrues theſe words νέφεα πλώσσουσαι ἴενται, as if ἐπὶ were to be underſtood, to expreſs the ruſhing of the birds againſt the net; but there is no occaſion for this violence to the text, for by joining νέφεα with πλώσσουσαι, the period will be plain, and ſignify, that thro' fear of the net they fly with violence to avoid it. Monſieur *Dacier* has a pretty obſervation upon this ſport; and ſhews us that the Antients were uſed to take even deer with nets, by flying at them birds of prey, in conformity to this deſcription of *Homer*: This is manifeſt from a paſſage in *Arrian*, *lib.* 2. *c.* 1. where he ſpeaks of men placing their fears where they have nothing to fear: Λοιπὸν ἡμεῖς τὸ τῶν ἐλάφων πάσχομεν ὅτε φοβοῦνται φεύγουσαι ἀὶ ἔλαφοι τὰ πτηνὰ, πῇ τρέπονται; κ᾽ πρὸς τινὰ (τόπον) ἀναχωρῆσιν ὡς ἀσφαλῆ; πρὸς τὰ δίκτυα, καὶ ὕτως ἀπόλλυνται, ἐναλλάξασαι τὰ φοβερὰ κ᾽ τὰ θαρραλέα; "For what remains, we are like "deer, for they fearing the birds that are flown at them, what "courſe do they take? To what place of refuge do they run to be "in ſecurity? To the nets, and ſo periſh, miſtaking their danger "for their greateſt ſafety." *Minerva* in this ſimilitude is the bird of prey deſcending from the mountain, for ſhe it is who ſcatters the Suitors by diſplaying her *Ægis* from the roof of the palace: This is the opinion of *Euſtathius*: But in the winding up of the compariſon, *Homer* plainly by the vulture denotes *Ulyſſes* and his aſſiſtants (tho' perhaps not excluſively of the Goddeſs) for in the application he writes:

Ὣς ἄρα τοὶ μνηστῆρας ἐπισσύμενοι κατὰ δῶμα
Τύπτον. ——————

No

No help, no flight: but wounded ev'ry way,
Headlong they drop: the fowlers ſeize the prey.
On all ſides thus they double wound on wound,
In proſtrate heaps the wretches beat the ground,
Unmanly ſhrieks precede each dying groan,
And a red deluge floats the reeking ſtone.
Liodes firſt before the victor falls:
The wretched Augur thus for mercy calls.
O gracious hear, nor let thy ſuppliant bleed:
Still undiſhonour'd or by word or deed
Thy houſe, for me, remains; by me repreſs'd
Full oft was check'd th' injuſtice of the reſt:
Averſe they heard me when I counſell'd well,
Their hearts were harden'd, and they juſtly fell.
Oh ſpare an Augur's conſecrated head,
Nor add the blameleſs to the guilty dead.

V. 347. Liodes *firſt before the Victor falls:*
The wretched Augur ————].

This *Liodes* is the laſt perſon who ſurvives of the Suitors; he was an Augur and a Prophet, and ought therefore to have follow'd wiſer counſels: He tells *Ulyſſes* that he endeavour'd to reſtrain the Suitors from their inſolence; but he himſelf aſpir'd to the bed of *Penelope*, and conſequently was an aſſociate in their conſpiracies. *Liodes* falls without reſiſtance; and indeed it would have been very improper to have repreſented him encountring *Ulyſſes* in a ſingle combat, when above an hundred had not been able to ſtand before him: beſides, fighting is out of the character of *Liodes*; he was not a man of the ſword, but an Augur: It would therefore have been contrary to his function, to have drawn him engaging *Ulyſſes*; and conſequently it is with great propriety that he is deſcrib'd falling not as a warrior, but as a ſuppliant.

Prieſt

Prieſt as thou art! for that deteſted band
Thy lying prophecies deceiv'd the land:
Againſt *Ulyſſes* have thy vows been made;
For them, thy daily oriſons were paid:
Yet more, ev'n to our bed thy pride aſpires:
One common crime one common fate requires.

Thus ſpeaking, from the ground the ſword he took
Which *Agelaüs'* dying hand forſook;
Full thro' his neck the weighty faulchion ſped:
Along the pavement roll'd the mutt'ring head.

Phemius alone the hand of vengeance ſpar'd,
Phemius the ſweet, the heav'n inſtructed bard.
Beſide the gate the rev'rend minſtrel ſtands;
The lyre, now ſilent, trembling in his hands;
Dubious to ſupplicate the chief, or fly
To *Jove*'s inviolable altar nigh,

Where

V. 371. *Dubious* ——— *if to fly*
To Jove's *inviolable altar nigh*, &c.]

This altar of *Jupiter Hercæus* ſtood in the Palace-yard; ſo call'd from ἕρκος, *the out-wall encloſing the Court-yard.* It ſtood in the open air, where they ſacrificed to *Jupiter*, the Guardian, or Protector; and within the Palace to Ζεὺς ἑρκεῖος.

Jupiter was worſhipp'd under the ſame Name by the *Romans*. Thus *Ovid*,

Cui nihil Hercæi profuit ara Jovis.

The Altar mention'd by *Virgil*, *Æneid.* 2. was of the ſame nature: To which *Priam* fled at the taking of *Troy*.

Uncover'd

Where oft *Laertes* holy vows had paid,
And oft *Ulysses* smoking victims laid.

His

Uncover'd but by Heav'n, there stood in view
An Altar; near the hearth a laurel grew,
Dodder'd with age; whose boughs encompass round
The houshold Gods, and shade the holy ground.

These Altars were places of sanctuary, and by flying to them the person was thought to be under the immediate protection of the Deity, and therefore in some cases inviolable. The same practice prevail'd amongst the *Jews*, for we find frequently in the scriptures that it was customary to fly to the Altar as to a place of refuge, which is evident from the expression of laying hold on the horns of the Altar. This is the reason why *Phemius* entertains an intention to fly to the Altar of *Jupiter Hercæus*. *Plutarch*, in his treatise upon Music, informs us, that *Demodocus* was reported to have wrote a Poem, intitled, *The destruction of* Troy: And *Phemius* another, call'd, *The return of the* Grecian *Captains:* But by these Poets, *Homer* probably means only himself, who was Author of two Poems, the *Iliad*, and the *Odyssey*. *Homer* (remarks *Eustathius*) plainly shews us the notion he had of the great qualifications that were necessary to form a good Poet. He must sing of men and Gods; that is, be thoroughly acquainted with all things both human and divine; he must be αὐτοδίδακτος, or *self-taught*; that is, as we express it, he must be a Genius; he must have a natural ability, which is indeed to be improv'd, but not capable of being learn'd, by study: He adds, that besides this felicity of nature, he must have an heavenly inspiration; this implies that he must have a kind of enthusiasm, an elevation of soul which is not to be obtain'd by labour and industry, and consequently is the gift of heaven. Thus *Pindar*,

——— σοφὰς ὁ πολ-
λὰ εἰδὼς φυᾷ.
Μαθόντες δὲ, λάβροι.
Παγγλωσσίᾳ, κόρακες ὣς,
Ἄκραντα γαρύετον.

The bards, whom true poetic flame inspires,
Receive from nature more than human fires;
In vain from arts alone they tune the voice,
Like crows they croak, nor is it song, but noise.

This

His honour'd harp with care he firſt ſet down,
Between the laver and the ſilver throne;
Then proſtrate ſtretch'd before the dreadful man,
Perſuaſive, thus, with accent ſoft began.
O King! to mercy be thy ſoul inclin'd,
And ſpare the Poet's ever-gentle kind.
A deed like this thy future fame would wrong,
For dear to Gods and Men is ſacred ſong.
Self-taught I ſing; by heav'n, and heav'n alone
The genuine ſeeds of Poeſy are ſown;
And (what the Gods beſtow) the lofty lay,
To Gods alone, and god-like worth, we pay.

This is the *Mens Divinior* of *Horace:* By induſtry men may become great Scholars and Philoſophers; but no man was ever a great Poet, without being in the ſtricteſt ſenſe a great Genius. I will only add, that *Ariſtotle* in his *Rhet.* 1. 7. quotes this Hemiſtic αὐτοδίδακτος, *&c.* as an inſtance that natural are more excellent than acquired abilities; he gives the reaſon of it; namely, becauſe they are more uncommon, and not to be obtain'd by human induſtry. *Maximus Tyrius* has a criticiſm upon it. How (objects that Author) can it be ſaid that the Poet is ſelf-taught, if the Gods teach him to ſing? The anſwer is eaſy, *Homer* means that he has no human inſtructor, and only oppoſes natural to acquired abilities. It is obſervable that *Maximus Tyrius* erroneouſly quotes the verſe. *Diſſert.* 22. for he writes, Θεὸς δέ μοι ὤπασαν ὁμφὴν, inſtead of

——— Θεὸς δὲ μοὶ ἐν φρεσὶν οἵμας
Παντοίας ἀνέφυσεν ———

He likewiſe puts the words in the mouth of *Demodocus*, which are here ſpoken by *Phemius*; he undoubtedly quoted by memory.

What *Homer* adds after all this, to raiſe the character of his Poet, is very remarkably moral. That he never turned his talents to flattery, nor was it voluntarily that he ſerved or entertain'd unworthy men, but was merely compell'd to it by their violence.

Save

Save then the Poet, and thy ſelf reward;
'Tis thine to merit, mine is to record.
That here I ſung, was force and not deſire;
This hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire:
And let thy ſon atteſt, nor ſordid pay
Nor ſervile flatt'ry ſtain'd the moral lay.
The moving words *Telemachus* attends,
His fire approaches, and the bard defends.
Oh mix not, Father, with thoſe impious dead
The man divine; forbear that ſacred head;
Medon the herald too our arms may ſpare,
Medon, who made my infancy his care;
If yet he breathes, permit thy ſon to give
Thus much to gratitude, and bid him live.
Beneath a table, trembling with diſmay,
Couch'd cloſe to earth, unhappy *Medon* lay,
Wrapt in a new ſlain Oxe's ample hide:
Swift at the word he caſt his ſkreen aſide,
Sprung to the Prince, embrac'd his knee with tears,
And thus with grateful voice addreſs'd his ears!
O Prince! O friend! lo here thy *Medon* ſtands;
Ah ſtop the Hero's unreſiſted hands,
Incens'd too juſtly by that impious brood,
Whoſe guilty glories now are ſet in blood.

To

To whom *Ulyſſes* with a pleaſing eye:
Be bold, on friendſhip and my ſon rely;
Live, an example for the world to read,
How much more ſafe the good than evil deed:
Thou, with the heav'n-taught bard, in peace reſort
From blood and carnage to yon open court:
Me other work requires —— With tim'rous awe
From the dire ſcene th' exempted two withdraw,
Scarce ſure of life, look round, and trembling move
To the bright altars of Protector *Jove*.

Mean while *Ulyſſes* ſearch'd the dome, to find
If yet there live of all th' offending kind.
Not one! compleat the bloody tale he found,
All ſteep'd in blood, all gaſping on the ground.

V. 413, *Live, an example for the world to read,*
How much more ſafe the good than evil deed.]

The moral intended to be taught by the fable of the *Odyſſey* is, to ſhew virtue, though long in diſtreſs, at length triumphant; and vice, though long ſucceſsful, unfortunate in the concluſion: It is to this effect that *Ulyſſes* here ſpeaks; and to give his words more weight, he throws them into a ſentence. It is with excellent judgment that it is here placed by *Homer*: The puniſhment is no ſooner over but *Ulyſſes* declares the equity of it; he ſpeaks to all mankind, and lays it down as an univerſal truth, that virtue is to be preferr'd before vice, and invites us to the practice of the former, by ſhewing the ſucceſs of it in his own victory; and deters us from the latter, by repreſenting the ill conſequences of it in the deſtruction of the Suitors.

So;

So, when by hollow ſhores the fiſher train
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main,
And ſcarce the meſhy toils the copious draught contain,
All naked of their element, and bare,
The fiſhes pant, and gaſp in thinner air;
Wide o'er the ſands are ſpread the ſtiff'ning prey
'Till the warm ſun exhales their ſoul away.

And now the King commands his ſon to call
Old *Euryclea*, to the deathful hall:
The ſon obſervant not a moment ſtays;
The aged Governeſs with ſpeed obeys:
The ſounding portals inſtant they diſplay;
The matron moves, the Prince directs the way.

V. 425. *So when by hollow ſhores the fiſher train*
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main.]

The Antients, remarks *Euſtathius*, obſerve that this is the only place where *Homer* manifeſtly ſpeaks of catching fiſh with nets: For thoſe words, *lib.* 5. *v.* 595. of the *Iliad*,

——— *and ſweep away*
Sons, Sires, and Wives, an undiſtinguiſh'd prey;

which in the *Greek* is expreſs'd by ἀψῖσι λίνα ἁλόντε παναίρει, may be apply'd to the taking of beaſts or birds by nets, and conſequently ought not to be appropriated to fiſhing. Thus it is evident that this art was practiſed very antiently amongſt the *Grecians*; it was likewiſe known early to the *Hebrews* and *Ægyptians*. Thus *Iſaiah* xix. 8. *The fiſhers* (of *Ægypt*) *ſhall mourn, all they that caſt the angle into the brook ſhall lament, and they that ſpread nets upon the waters ſhall languiſh.* And that they fiſh'd the ſeas with nets is evident from *Ezekiel* xxvi. 5. *It ſhall be a place for the ſpreading of nets in the midſt of the ſea.* The compariſon is very juſt; and the laſt line of it gives a peculiar honour and diſtinction to *Ulyſſes*: That Hero is the Sun who kills the Suitors, in application of the ſimilitude.

On

On heaps of death the ſtern *Ulyſſes* ſtood,
All black with duſt, and cover'd thick with blood.
So the grim Lion from the ſlaughter comes,
Dreadful he glares, and terribly he foams,
His breaſt with marks of carnage painted o'er,
His jaws all dropping with the bull's black gore.
Soon as her eyes the welcome object met,
The guilty fall'n, the mighty deed compleat;
A ſcream of joy her feeble voice eſſay'd:
The Hero check'd her, and compos'dly ſaid.
Woman, experienc'd as thou art, controul
Indecent joy, and feaſt thy ſecret ſoul.
T'inſult the dead is cruel and unjuſt;
Fate, and their crime, have ſunk them to the duſt;

Nor

V. 440. *So the grim Lion*, &c.] *Euſtathius* agrees with an obſervation which has been made concerning the ſimilitudes of the *Odyſſey*, *lib.* 16. He here remarks that compariſons are as rare in the *Odyſſey* as they are frequent in the *Iliad*; and that the difference ariſes from the difference of the ſubjects: The ſubject of the *Iliad* is great, and therefore properly illuſtrated by noble Images, and a variety of ſublime compariſons: The ſubject of the *Odyſſey* requires to be related in a leſs exalted ſtyle, and with greater ſimplicity. This book is an undeniable teſtimony of the truth of this obſervation: The ſtory of it approaches nearer to the nature of the *Iliad* than any other book of the *Odyſſey*, and we find it is more adorn'd with compariſons than almoſt all the reſt of the Poem.

V. 450. *T' inſult the dead is cruel and unjuſt.*] The word in the original is ὀλόλυζα, and here ſignifies a voice of joy. In other places it is uſed to denote a ſorrowful lamentation. See Note 49. of the third *Odyſſey*. I am wonderfully pleas'd with the noble ſentiment of *Ulyſſes* contain'd in theſe lines. It is full of piety and humanity: good nature feels for the ſufferings of any of its fellow creatures. Even in puniſhment we are to remember, that thoſe we

puniſh

Nor heeded theſe the cenſure of mankind,
The good and bad were equal in their mind.
Juſtly the price of worthleſsneſs they paid,
And each now wails an unlamented ſhade.
But thou ſincere! Oh *Euryclea*, ſay,
What maids diſhonour us, and what obey?
Then ſhe. In theſe thy kingly walls remain
(My ſon) full fifty of the handmaid train,

puniſh are men, and inflict it as a neceſſary juſtice, not as a triumph. Such here is the conduct of *Ulyſſes*; he is ſo far from rejoicing in his ſucceſs, that he reſtrains others from it; and ſeems to be a mourner at the funeral of his enemies. He falls into the ſame thought with *Job.* xxxi. 29. *If I rejoiced at the deſtruction of him that hated me, or lifted up myſelf when evil found him: If I ſuffered my mouth to ſin, by wiſhing a curſe to his ſoul*, &c.

Were a Prince, who makes war for glory, to ſtand upon a field of battle immediately after victory, amidſt the horrors of the dead, and the groans of the dying; it would ſurely mortify his ambition to ſee ſuch horrible monuments of his glory. If the death of thouſands of brave men were weigh'd in a ſcale againſt a name, a popular empty breath of a multitude, and if reaſon held the ballance, how eaſily would the diſproportion be diſcover'd?

V. 453. *The good and bad were equal in their mind.*] There is ſome obſcurity in theſe words, *they neither reſpected the good nor the bad man*; or as *Homer* expreſſes it.

Οὐ κακὸν οὐδὲ μὲν ἐσθλὸν.

A reverence is due to a good man, and conſequently it is a crime to deny it; but why ſhould it be objected to the Suitors as a fault that they deſpiſed the bad man, whoſe actions deſerved to be deſpiſed? *Euſtathius* anſwers, κακὸς may ſignify ταπεινὸς, or a perſon of a low condition, the poor man, or the ſtranger; and this juſtifies the aſſertion: But perhaps the Poet uſes it to ſhew that they deſpiſed and outraged all men univerſally without diſtinction, whether perſons of probity or diſhoneſty; they conſider'd not the condition of others, but were inſolent to all mankind.

Taught

Taught by my care to cull the fleece, or weave,
And ſervitude with pleaſing taſks deceive;
Of theſe, twice ſix purſue their wicked way,
Nor me nor chaſte *Penelope* obey;
Nor fits it that *Telemachus* command
(Young as he is) his mother's female band.
Hence to the upper chambers let me fly,
Where ſlumbers ſoft now cloſe the royal eye;

V. 462. *Of theſe, twice ſix purſue their wicked way.*] It is remarkable, obſerves Monſieur *Bayle*, that of fifty women, ſo few as twelve only ſhould yield to the deſires of the Suitors. But it is not indeed affirm'd that the reſt were ever tempted by any importunities. *Plutarch*, in his treatiſe of Education, informs us, that *Bion* wittily apply'd this paſſage to the ſtudy of the ſciences: When the Suitors fail'd in their attempts upon *Penelope*, they condeſcended to addreſs her maids: ſo men who are not capable of underſtanding Philoſophy, buſy themſelves with ſtudies of no value.

V. 464. *Nor fits it that* Telemachus *command*
(Young as he is) his mother's female band.]

This, remarks *Euſtathius*, is an inſtance of the maternal wiſdom of *Penelope*; and at the ſame time a vindication of *Telemachus* for not reſtraining the inſolence and immodeſty of theſe female ſervants; they were out of his juriſdiction, and immediately under the protection of *Penelope*. But is not this removal of the fault from *Telemachus*, an imputation upon the Queen? and if the ſon wanted an excuſe for not puniſhing their crimes, is the mother unblameable, who not only permits the diſorder of their lives, but forbids *Telemachus* to redreſs it? Is it to be ſuppoſed that this chaſte matron was more indulgent to female frailty than *Telemachus*? The true reaſon is, *Telemachus* could not, and *Penelope* durſt not, ſhew a juſt reſentment againſt theſe criminals: they had too great an intereſt in the chief of the Suitors to ſtand in awe of the Queen, or fear her vengeance. This is evident, for *Penelope* herſelf was in a great meaſure in their power, and the ſame authority that ſupported the Suitors in their inſolence againſt the Queen, would ſupport theſe females againſt her revenge for their immodeſty.

There wake her with the news——The matron cry'd;
Not ſo *(Ulyſſes* more ſedate reply'd)
Bring firſt the crew who wrought theſe guilty deeds,
In haſte the matron parts: The King proceeds.
Now to diſpoſe the dead, the care remains
To you, my ſon, and you, my faithful ſwains;
Th' offending females to that taſk we doom,
To waſh, to ſcent, and purify the room.
Theſe (ev'ry table cleans'd, and ev'ry throne,
And all the melancholy labour done)
Drive

V. 469. *Not ſo* (Ulyſſes *more ſedate reply'd.*] *Ulyſſes* gives this injunction, becauſe he is unwilling to wound the eyes of *Penelope* with a ſpectacle of ſuch horror as the dead bodies and blood of the Suitors. It was indeed neceſſary to find ſome reaſonable pretext for not introducing the Queen immediately; this might be expected from the fondneſs and affection of an huſband towards a beloved wife, and therefore *Ulyſſes* makes even his fondneſs for her a reaſon why he delays his diſcovery, namely, his care not to grieve her with ſuch a terrible ſcene of ſlaughter: Beſides, the death of the female ſervants is to ſucceed, and it would have been indecent to have made her aſſiſting or preſent at their execution. The Poet reaps a further advantage from this conduct; for by it he introduces the diſcovery to *Penelope,* in a time of leiſure, and finds an opportunity to deſcribe at large that ſurpriſing and tender incident.

V. 477. —— *the melancholy labour done)*
Drive to yon' court ——]

It would in theſe ages, obſerves *Dacier,* be thought barbarous in a King to command his ſon to perform an execution of ſo much horror: but antiently it was thought no diſhonour: Thus in the Scriptures, *Gideon* having taken *Zeba* and *Salmana,* two *Midian* Kings, commands his ſon to kill them with the ſword in his preſence: But, continues that Author, I wiſh *Homer* had deviated from this cuſtom, that he had given both *Ulyſſes* and *Telemachus* ſentiments of more humanity, and ſpared his Reader a deſcription of ſuch a terrible execution. I am not delighted with any thing that has a tendency to Inhumanity

Drive to yon' court, without the Palace wall,
There the revenging ſword ſhall ſmite them all;
So with the Suitors let them mix in duſt,
Stretch'd in a long oblivion of their luſt.

He ſaid: The lamentable train appear,
Each vents a groan, and drops a tender tear;
Each heav'd her mournful burthen, and beneath
The porch, depos'd the ghaſtly heaps of death.
The Chief ſevere, compelling each to move,
Urg'd the dire taſk imperious from above.
With thirſty ſponge they rub the tables o'er,
(The ſwains unite their toil) the walls, the floor
Waſh'd with th' effuſive wave, are purg'd of gore.
Once more the palace ſet in fair array,
To the baſe court the females take their way;

humanity more than that Lady; but it may be anſwer'd, that *Homer* was obliged to write according to the cuſtom of the age. *Virgil* has aſcribed an act more cruel to the pious *Æneas*, who ſacrifices ſeveral unfortunate young men who were his captives. *Æn.* 11. *v.* 15.

Then, pinion'd with their hands behind appear
Th' unhappy captives marching in the rear;
Appointed off'rings in the victor's name,
To ſprinkle with their blood the funeral flame.

Dryden.

This act is to be aſcrib'd to the manner of the age, and the cuſtoms of war in the days of *Æneas*, and not to his inhumanity: But here it may ſeem eſſential to the very nature of Epic Poetry to relate this act of juſtice: The moral of it is, to ſee the good rewarded and the wicked puniſhed, in the concluſion of the Fable. Theſe criminals had been as guilty in their ſeveral capacities as the Suitors themſelves; it was therefore neceſſary that their puniſhment ſhould be ſet before the Reader, as well as that of the Suitors.

There

There compaſs'd cloſe between the dome and wall,
(Their life's laſt ſcene) they trembling wait their fall.
Then thus the Prince. To theſe ſhall we afford
A fate ſo pure, as by the martial ſword?
To theſe, the nightly proſtitutes to ſhame,
And baſe revilers of our houſe and name?
Thus ſpeaking, on the circling wall he ſtrung
A ſhip's tough cable, from a column hung;
Near the high top he ſtrain'd it ſtrongly round,
Whence no contending foot could reach the ground.
Their heads above connected in a row,
They beat the air with quiv'ring feet below:
Thus on ſome tree hung ſtruggling in the ſnare,
The doves or thruſhes flap their wings in air.
Soon fled the ſoul impure, and left behind
The empty corſe to waver with the wind.
Then forth they led *Melanthius*, and began
Their bloody work: They lopp'd away the man,

V. 505. *Thus on ſome tree hung ſtruggling in the ſnare.*] Nothing can better repreſent to us the Image of theſe ſufferers than this ſimilitude of a bird taken by the neck in a gin or ſnare. *Hobbs* in his verſion has omitted it; and *Dacier* has abridg'd the whole deſcription.

Euſtathius is pleaſant upon the death of theſe wantons. What a certain perſon, ſays he, once ſpoke of a fig tree, on which his clamorous wife had hang'd herſelf, *viz. I wiſh all trees bore ſuch fruit*, may be applied to theſe ropes, *It were to be wiſh'd that all nooſes could catch ſuch birds.* This remark has eſcaped the notice of Madam *Dacier*; becauſe the race of clamorous women has been long extinct, and therefore there was no occaſion to preſcribe a remedy for a diſeaſe unknown to theſe happy ages.

Morſel

Morſel for dogs! then trimm'd with brazen ſheers
The wretch, and ſhorten'd of his noſe and ears;
His hands and feet laſt felt the cruel ſteel:
He roar'd, and torments gave his ſoul to hell ———
They waſh, and to *Ulyſſes* take their way,
So ends the bloody buſineſs of the day.
To *Euryclea* then addreſt the King:
Bring hither fire, and hither ſulphur bring,
To purge the Palace: then the Queen attend,
And let her with her matron-train deſcend;
The matron train with all the virgin band
Aſſemble here, to learn their Lord's command.
Then *Euryclea*; Joyful I obey,
But caſt thoſe mean diſhoneſt rags away;
Permit me firſt thy royal robes to bring:
Ill ſuits this garb the ſhoulders of a King.
" Bring ſulphur ſtrait and fire (the Monarch cries)
She hears, and at the word obedient flies.

With

V. 527. *Bring ſulphur ſtrait and fire* ———] The reaſon why *Ulyſſes* orders ſulphur to be brought, is, becauſe every thing was thought to be polluted by a dead body, and he uſes it by way of purification. The ſame opinion prevail'd amongſt the *Hebrews* as well as *Greeks*, as the Scriptures inform us. Thus alſo in *Job* it is ſaid, *Brimſtone ſhall be ſcattered upon his habitation*, xviii. 15. which is thought to allude to this cuſtom. *Livy* mentions this practice amongſt the *Romans*, *lib.* 30. *c.* 15. *Habet & in religionibus locum ad expiandas ſuffitu domus.*

Homer deſcribes the female ſervants deſcending with torches; this is done to ſhew the exact time of the action of this book, which is comprehended in the Evening of the fortieth day.

Ulyſſes

With fire and ſulphur, cure of noxious fumes,
He purg'd the walls and blood-polluted rooms.
Again the matron ſprings with eager pace,
And ſpreads her Lord's return from place to place.
They hear, ruſh forth, and inſtant round him ſtand,
A gazing throng, a torch in ev'ry hand.
They ſaw, they knew him, and with fond embrace
Each humbly kiſt his knee, or hand, or face;
He knows them all; in all ſuch truth appears,
Ev'n he indulges the ſweet joy of tears.

Ulyſſes forbids *Euryclea* to bring a better garment: this little particularity is inſerted with judgment; for the diſguiſe of *Ulyſſes* in the garb of a beggar contributes to increaſe the incredulity of *Penelope*, and conſequently to all thoſe doubts and fears, and that ſtruggle between the love of a Huſband and the dread of an Impoſtor, which are the ſubject of the ſucceeding Book.

THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

The ARGUMENT.

Euryclea *awakens* **Penelope** *with the News of* **Ulyſſes**'s *return, and the death of the Suitors.* **Penelope** *ſcarcely credits her, but ſuppoſes ſome God has puniſh'd them, and deſcends from her apartment in doubt. At the firſt interview of* **Ulyſſes** *and* **Penelope**, *ſhe is quite unſatisfied.* **Minerva** *reſtores him to the beauty of his youth; but the Queen continues incredulous, till by ſome circumſtances ſhe is convinc'd, and falls into all the tranſports of paſſion and tenderneſs. They recount to each other all that has paſt during their long ſeparation. The next morning* **Ulyſſes**, *arming himſelf and his friends, goes from the city to viſit his Father.*

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Interview of Ulysses *and* Penelope, *who at last discovers him to be her Spouse.*

THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

THEN to the Queen, as in repoſe ſhe lay,
The Nurſe with eager rapture ſpeeds her way;
The tranſports of her faithful heart ſupply
A ſudden youth, and give her wings to fly.

And

NOTES.

This book contains the Diſcovery of *Ulyſſes* to *Penelope*. Monſieur *Rapin* is very ſevere upon ſome parts of it; whoſe objections I ſhall here recite.

The diſcovery of *Ulyſſes* to his Queen was the moſt favourable occaſion imaginable for the Poet to give us ſome of the niceſt touches of his art; but as he has managed it, it has nothing but faint and

And sleeps my child? the rev'rend matron cries:
Ulysses lives! arise, my child, arise!

At

weak surprises, cold and languishing astonishments, and very little of that delicacy and exquisiteness which ought to express a conjugal tenderness: He leaves his wife too long in doubt and distrust, and she is too cautious and circumspect; the formalities she observes in being fully assur'd, and her care to act with security, are set down in number and measure, lest she should fall into any mistake; and this particularity makes the story dull, in a place that so much requires briskness and liveliness. Ought not the secret instinct of her love to have inspired her with other sentiments? and should not her heart have told her, what her eyes could not? Love is penetrating, and whispers more to us than the senses can convey; but *Homer* understood not this Philosophy: *Virgil* who makes *Dido* foresee that *Æneas* designs to leave her, would have made better advantage of this favourable opportunity.

The strength of this objection consists chiefly in the long incredulity of *Penelope*, and the slowness she uses to make an undeniable discovery: This *Rapin* judges to be contrary to the passion of love, and consequently that the Poet writes unnaturally.

There is somewhat of the *Frenchman* in this Criticism: *Homer* in his opinion wants vivacity; and if *Rapin* had been to have drawn *Ulysses*, we had seen him all transport and ecstasy. But where there is most fancy, there is often the least judgment. *Penelope* thought *Ulysses* to be dead; he had been absent twenty years; and thro' absence and his present disguise, he was another person from that *Ulysses* whom she knew, when he sail'd to *Troy*; so that he was become an absolute stranger. From this observation we may appeal to the Reader's judgment, if *Penelope*, without full conviction, ought to be persuaded that this person was the real *Ulysses*? And how could she be convinced, but by asking many questions, and descending to particularities, which must necessarily occasion delay in the discovery? If indeed *Ulysses* and *Penelope* had met after a shorter absence, when one view would have assured her that he was her real husband, then too much transport could not have been express'd by the Poet: But this is not the case, she is first to know her husband, before she could or ought to express her fondness for his return, otherwise she might be in danger of misplacing it upon an impostor: But she is no sooner convinced that *Ulysses* is actually return'd, but she receives him with as much fondness as can be express'd, or as *Rapin* could require.

At length appears the long-expected hour!
Ulyſſes comes! the Suitors are no more!

No

While yet he ſpeaks, her pow'rs of life decay,
She ſickens, trembles, falls, and faints away:
At length recov'ring, to his arms ſhe flew,
And ſtrain'd him cloſe, as to his breaſt ſhe grew.

'Till this moment the diſcovery was not evidently made, and her paſſion would have been unſeaſonable; but this is no ſooner done, but ſhe falls into an agony of affection. If ſhe had here appear'd cool and indifferent, there had been weight in *Rapin*'s objections. Beſides, *Ariſtotle* informs us, there was a Play, call'd, *The Falſe Ulyſſes*: It was form'd upon a ſtory of a perſon who deſign'd to ſurprize *Penelope*, and told her, that he was her huſband; and to confirm it, pretended to remember a Bow, which he uſed before he went to the ſiege of *Troy*. This ſhews that *Penelope* had been in danger from impoſtors, and it is therefore very prudent in her to be upon the guard, and not to yield without full conviction.

But there is a diſpute of a different nature mention'd by Monſieur *Bayle*; namely, whether if *Penelope* had yielded to an impoſtor, believing him to be really *Ulyſſes*, ſhe had been guilty of adultery? Monſieur *Baſnage* thus argues: "Let us ſuppoſe a wife tranſported "with love for an huſband, running eagerly to the perſon ſhe miſ- "takes for him: This woman has no deſign to be deceived, one "cannot blame her ardor; it is lawful, if he proves her real huſ- "band: In ſhort, her ignorance is involuntary, and occaſion'd ſolely "by a laudable paſſion for her huſband: Yet if this perſon prove an "adulterer, is the wife entirely inexcuſable? ought her eagerneſs "and precipitation to give her no uneaſineſs? Undoubtedly it ought, "becauſe ſhe is ſuppoſed to act precipitately, without a full exami- "nation: Her paſſion is ſtronger than her reaſon, and therefore ſhe "is blameable." The Author of the General Critique on *Maimbourg* is more indulgent: He judges that if a woman does not refuſe a ſtrict examination out of a blameable motive, ſhe is excuſable, tho' ſhe happens to oblige an impoſtor. "If a wife, deceived by the re- "ſemblance between her huſband and an impoſtor, ſhall allow the "latter all the privileges of the marriage-bed, this action is no ſtain "to her chaſtity; and the huſband would be the moſt unreaſonable "creature breathing, ſhould he blame it as a breach of conjugal fide- "lity, provided ſhe is no way acceſſary to the impoſition." So that according to this Author, tho' the wife is betray'd by her precipitation, yet ſhe is to be accounted innocent; becauſe the precipitation is occaſioned by a vehemence of love for her huſband. But I fear

No more they view the golden light of day;
Ariſe, and bleſs thee with the glad ſurvey!
Touch'd at her words, the mournful Queen rejoin'd,
Ah! whither wanders thy diſtemper'd mind?

few huſbands who ſhould take their wives in ſuch circumſtances would excuſe them, or believe that they had uſed due circumſpection. In ſhort, Monſieur *Bayle* rightly decides the queſtion, by ſaying, that every perſon who acts precipitately is culpable; and that no perſon can act rationally, without a full and ſatisfactory examination. And indeed if this rule were obſerved, there would ſcarce be any room for the aforeſaid ſuppoſition. The reſemblance between man and man is never ſo perfect, but the difference upon a ſtrict obſervation is diſcernible; we may therefore conclude, that a wife who ſhould ſuffer ſuch a deceit, was not very unwilling to be deceived; eſpecially when there muſt be between a man and wife a thouſand particularities, which could only be known to the wife and huſband, which upon a due ſcrutiny would diſcover the impoſture.

I fear I ſhall be tedious to the Reader, by mentioning another difficulty of a ſimilar nature ſtarted by *Seneca*. "If any perſon ſhould make "an aſſignation with his own wife in diſguiſe, ſuppoſing her to be "the wife of another perſon, would he be guilty of adultery?" he anſwers in the affirmative; tho' the wife herſelf would be innocent; for he is guilty intentionally. This may be illuſtrated by the example of *Jacob*, who was blameleſs when he was deceived by *Leah*, who perſonated his wife *Rachel*; but *Leah* was culpable, tho' *Jacob* was innocent, for ſhe very well knew that ſhe was not wife to *Jacob*. But this is the province of a Caſuiſt, not of a Commentator.

V. 6. Ulyſſes *lives!* ——— Ulyſſes *comes!*] In the *Greek* it is literally, *Ulyſſes* is come, he is at length come to his palace. This laſt circumſtance is not a tautology; for, obſerves *Euſtathius*, a perſon may be returned to his country, and yet never arrive at his family: Thus *Agamemnon* reach'd his dominions in ſafety, but was aſſaſſinated before he came to his Palace. We may obſerve in general, that *Euryclea* and *Penelope* thro' their whole conference ſpeak with brevity; *Homer* was too good a judge of human nature, to repreſent them ſpeaking with prolixity. Paſſion is always in haſte, and delivers it ſelf with precipitation; and this is very well painted in this interview: *Euryclea* is in a tranſport of joy for the return of *Ulyſſes*, and *Penelope* has all her affections awaken'd at the news of it.

The

The righteous pow'rs who tread the ſtarry ſkies,
The weak enlighten, and confound the wiſe,
And human thought with unreſiſted ſway,
Depreſs or raiſe, enlarge or take away:
Truth, by their high decree, thy voice forſakes,
And Folly, with the tongue of Wiſdom ſpeaks.
Unkind, the fond illuſion to impoſe!
Was it to flatter or deride my woes?
Never did I a ſleep ſo ſweet enjoy,
Since my dear Lord left *Ithaca* for *Troy*,
Why muſt I wake to grieve, and curſe thy ſhore?
O *Troy*——may never tongue pronounce thee more!
Be gone: another might have felt our rage,
But age is ſacred, and we ſpare thy age.

V. 13. *The righteous pow'rs who tread the ſtarry ſkies,*
The weak enlighten, and confound the wiſe.]

This is an admirable ſentiment: It is conſonant to many expreſſions in the holy Scriptures. God is the Lord of ſpirits, and gives and takes away as ſeems beſt to his infinite wiſdom. The thoughts of man, as well as his life, are equally in the power of the Almighty.

V. 21. *Never did I a ſleep ſo ſweet enjoy*, &c.] *Homer* obſerves *Euſtathius*, very judiciouſly mentions this profound ſleep of *Penelope*; for it might have been thought improbable, that ſhe ſhould not wake at the noiſe and confuſion of the battle. It was ſolely to reconcile it to credibility, that in a preceding book *Pallas* was introduc'd to throw her into it: Beſides, the womens apartment was always in the upper part of the houſe, and was from thence called ὑπερῶον: and conſequently *Penelope* was at a ſufficient diſtance from the place of the combat, and may be eaſily ſuppoſed not to be waked by it.

The circumſtance of *Penelope*'s not being awaked by the cries of the Suitors, furniſhes us with a reaſon why they are not heard by the *Ithacans* that lived near the Palace: for if ſhe who is within the Palace is not diſturb'd by the noiſe, it is credible enough, that the *Greeks* who lived at ſome diſtance from the Palace ſhould not hear it.

To whom with warmth: My ſoul a lie diſdains;
Ulyſſes lives, thy own *Ulyſſes* reigns:
That ſtranger, patient of the Suitors wrongs,
And the rude licence of ungovern'd tongues,
He, he is thine! thy ſon, his latent gueſt
Long knew, but lock'd the ſecret in his breaſt;
With well-concerted art to end his woes,
And burſt at once in vengeance on the foes.
While yet ſhe ſpoke, the Queen in tranſport ſprung
Swift from the couch, and round the matron hung;
Faſt

V. 35. ——— *The Queen in tranſport ſprung*
Swift from the couch ———]

We are not to gather from this tranſport of *Penelope*, that ſhe is fully convinc'd of the return of *Ulyſſes*: She is yet incredulous; but ſhe muſt have been inſenſible if ſhe had continu'd unmov'd at the mention of the arrival of an huſband, whoſe return has been deſcrib'd through the whole *Odyſſey* as the chief object of all her deſires. Beſides, ſhe receives the death of the Suitors with joy; ſhe cannot diſbelieve the teſtimony of *Eurycleа* concerning their deaths; but thinking it impoſſible that they ſhould be ſlain by any one perſon, ſhe aſcribes their deſtruction not to *Ulyſſes*, but a Deity. But then is not ſuch a ſuppoſition extravagant? and can it be reconcil'd to probability, that a God ſhould really be ſuppoſed to deſcend to work their deſtruction? It may be anſwer'd, that the exceſs of the aſſertion ought to be aſcrib'd to the exceſs of joy in the ſpeaker: *Penelope* is in a tranſport, and no wonder if ſhe ſpeaks with amplification: ſhe judges it impoſſible that ſuch a great event ſhould be wrought by a mortal hand; and it is therefore very natural, while ſhe is under a ſurprize, and her thoughts rais'd above the bounds of calm Reaſon, to aſcribe it to a Deity.

It has been believ'd that all the notions of good and bad Dæmons that prevail'd among the Antients were borrow'd from truth, and that they receiv'd them by tradition from the offices of good and bad Angels: If I might be allow'd to make this ſuppoſition, then what *Penelope* here ſpeaks may be reconcil'd to ſtrict verity; then we may find a reaſon why ſhe may without extravagance aſcribe the Suitors deaths

Faſt from her eye deſcends the rolling tear,
Say once more ſay, is my *Ulyſſes* here?
How could that num'rous and outragious band
By one be ſlain, tho' by an Hero's hand?
I ſaw it not, ſhe cries, but heard alone,
When death was buſy, a loud dying groan,
The damſel train turn'd pale at ev'ry wound,
Immur'd we ſat, and catch'd each paſſing ſound;
When death had ſeiz'd her prey, thy ſon attends,
And at his nod the damſel train deſcends;
There terrible in arms *Ulyſſes* ſtood,
And the dead Suitors almoſt ſwam in blood;
Thy heart had leap'd the Hero to ſurvey,
Stern as the ſurly lion o'er his prey,
Glorious in gore! —— now with ſulphureous fires
The dome he purges, now the flame aſpires;
Heap'd lie the dead without the Palace walls, ——
Haſte, daughter haſte, thy own *Ulyſſes* calls!
Thy ev'ry wiſh the bounteous Gods beſtow,
Enjoy the preſent good, and former woe;

deaths to a Dæmon, or Deity. Thus, 2 *Kings, cap.* xix. *v.* 35. *That night the Angel of the Lord went out and ſmote in the camp of the Aſſyrians an hundred fourſcore and five thouſand.* If this ſuppoſition be thought diſallowable, the former will be a ſufficient vindication. I will only add that the Poet artfully turns the incredulity of *Penelope* to the praiſe of *Ulyſſes*; the exploit was ſo great, that no mortal was brave enough to perform it; it muſt therefore be wrought by a God; but this God is at length diſcover'd to be *Ulyſſes*.

Ulyſſes lives his vanquiſh'd foes to ſee;
He lives to thy *Telemachus* and thee!
Ah no! with ſighs *Penelope* rejoin'd,
Exceſs of joy diſturbs thy wand'ring mind;
How bleſt this happy hour, ſhould he appear,
Dear to us all, to me ſupremely dear!
Ah no! ſome God the Suitors deaths decreed,
Some God deſcends, and by his hand they bleed;
Blind! to contemn the ſtranger's righteous cauſe,
And violate all hoſpitable laws!
The good they hated, and the Pow'rs defy'd;
But heav'n is juſt, and by a God they dy'd.
For never muſt *Ulyſſes* view this ſhore;
Never! the lov'd *Ulyſſes* is no more!
What words (the matron cries) have reach'd my ears?
Doubt we his preſence, when he now appears?
Then hear conviction: Ere the fatal day
That forc'd *Ulyſſes* o'er the wat'ry way,
A Boar fierce-ruſhing in the ſylvan war
Plough'd half his thigh; I ſaw, I ſaw the ſcar,
And wild with tranſport had reveal'd the wound;
But ere I ſpoke, he roſe, and check'd the ſound.
Then daughter haſte away! and if a lie
Flow from this tongue, then let thy ſervant die!
To whom with dubious joy the Queen replies,
Wiſe is thy ſoul, but errors ſeize the wiſe;

The

The works of Gods what mortal can ſurvey?
Who knows their motives, who ſhall trace their way!
But learn we inſtant how the Suitors trod
The paths of death, by Man or by a God.
Thus ſpeaks the Queen, and no reply attends,
But with alternate joy and fear deſcends;
At ev'ry ſtep debates, her Lord to prove!
Or ruſhing to his arms, confeſs her love!
Then

V. 83. *The works of Gods what mortal can ſurvey?*] This aſſertion is made with great judgment. *Euryclea* had given almoſt a demonſtrative proof that ſhe was not miſtaken in the perſon of *Ulyſſes*: ſhe had inſtanced in the ſcar which he received by a boar on mount *Parnaſſus*; and this ſeem'd to be an undeniable evidence of her veracity: what method then could the Poet take to carry on *Penelope*'s incredulity, and give her room to reſiſt ſuch evidence with any appearance of reaſon? This is very well explain'd by *Euſtathius*. *Penelope* (obſerves that Author) anſwers with profound wiſdom; her words are ſhort, but contain excellent truth and morality: This is her meaning: "*Euryclea*, you appeal to your ſenſes for the truth "of your affirmation; you ſaw the wound, and touch'd it as you "bath'd him; and he forbad you to make a diſcovery of his per-"ſon: from hence you conclude, that it is *Ulyſſes* who has ſlain the "Suitors; not remembring that the Gods are able thus to ſhew "themſelves to man, and aſſume at their pleaſure ſuch diſguiſes: "How then do you know but this is a God? Are you able to know "the ways of a Deity?" To this *Euryclea* makes no reply; from whence we may gather, that it was believ'd to be an undeniable truth, that the divine Beings ſometimes aſſum'd the ſhape of man, and appear'd viſibly upon earth. Such expreſſions as theſe might almoſt perſuade us of the reality of a former conjecture, that theſe notions were borrow'd from a tradition of the appearances of Angels; they being ſo conſonant to the teſtimony of the holy Scriptures, and ſo agreeable to the manifeſtations of thoſe cœleſtial Beings.

V. 89. *At ev'ry ſtep debates, her Lord to prove!*
Or ruſhing to his arms, confeſs her love!

Penelope apprehends that the perſon mentioned by *Euryclea* is not *Ulyſſes*; yet her apprehenſions are not ſo ſtrong as to exclude all hopes that

Then gliding thro' the marble valves in ſtate,
Oppos'd, before the ſhining Fire ſhe ſate.
The Monarch, by a column high enthron'd,
His eye withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;
Curious

that he is her huſband; in this ſtate of Uncertainty ſhe deſcends, doubtful whether to meet him as ſuch, or firſt to prove him whether he be the real *Ulyſſes*; and this explains her conduct in this place: If he evidently were *Ulyſſes*, ſhe ought to receive him with tranſport; but if he be not *Ulyſſes*, then all ſuch advances would be acts of immodeſty, and a reproach to her prudence. Ladies are beſt judges of what is decent amongſt Ladies, and Madam *Dacier* affirms, that the point of decency is well maintained by *Homer* thro' this whole interview; and that Antiquity can ſhew nothing wherein a ſeverity of manners is better obſerved. And indeed it muſt be allow'd, that in this reſpect *Penelope* proceeds with no more than a neceſſary caution; it would have been very abſurd to have deſcrib'd her flying to the embraces of a ſtranger, merely upon the teſtimony of *Euryclea*, without waiting for a perſonal and ocular demonſtration.

V. 93. *The Monarch, by a column high enthron'd.*] The circumſtance of perſons of figure being plac'd by a column occurs frequently in the *Odyſſey*; it may therefore be neceſſary to explain it: it is mentioned twice in the eighth book, πρὸς κίονα μακρὸν ἐρείσας, but being there apply'd to *Demodocus* who was blind, it may be thought to mean only that he lean'd againſt the pillar by reaſon of his blindneſs; but this is not the full import of the words, they denote dignity; and a ſeat erected near the column was a ſeat of diſtinction. Thus 2 *Kings* xi. 14. *Behold the King ſtood by a pillar,* ἐπὶ τῷ ϛύλῳ, *as the manner was, and the princes, &c. by the King.* Thus we ſee the Royal ſtation was by ſome remarkable Pillar; *Joſephus* expreſſes it by ἐπὶ τῆς σκηνῆς, which probably is a *corruption*; it ought to be ἐπὶ τῆς ϛήλης, *juxta columnam:* Thus again, 2 *Kings* xxiii. 3. *And the King ſtood by a pillar, and made a covenant,* &c. So that by this expreſſion of *Ulyſſes* being ſeated by a column, we are to underſtand that he receiv'd *Penelope* as a King; he took the royal ſeat, to convince her that he was the real *Ulyſſes*.

V. 94. —— *withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;*
Curious to hear his Queen the ſilence break.]

We have all along been vindicating the conduct of *Penelope*, for not immediately acknowledging *Ulyſſes*. Her ignorance of his perſon is her

Curious to hear his Queen the ſilence break:
Amaz'd ſhe ſat, and impotent to ſpeak;
O'er all the man her eyes ſhe rolls in vain,
Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts again.
At length *Telemachus* —— Oh who can find
A woman like *Penelope* unkind?

her vindication; but how then is *Ulyſſes* to be juſtified, who is in no doubt about *Penelope?* Why does he not fly with tranſport to the wife of his affection? The reaſon is very evident: he very well knows that *Penelope* is uncertain about his perſon; he therefore forbears to offer violence to her modeſty by any careſſes, while ſhe is in this ſtate of uncertainty, and which decency requires her to refuſe, till ſhe is aſſur'd that the perſon who offers them is *Ulyſſes*.

Homer tells us, that *Ulyſſes* turn'd his eyes toward the ground. *Euſtathius* imagines, that he does it that *Penelope* may not immediately diſcover him; but perhaps the Poet intended no more than to draw *Ulyſſes* here, as he drew him in the *Iliad, Lib.* 3. and deſcribe him according to his uſual behaviour.

——— *In thought profound,*
His modeſt eyes he fix'd upon the ground.

Thus alſo he is repreſented by *Ovid. Metam. lib.* 13.

Aſſitit atque oculos paulum tellure moratos
Suſtulit ———

Then from his ſeat aroſe Laertes' *ſon,*
Look'd down a while, and paus'd ere he begun.

Dryden.

V. 96. *Amaz'd ſhe ſat, and impotent to ſpeak.*] The Reader will certainly be curious to know how *Penelope* accoſts *Ulyſſes* in this firſt interview, and the Poet manages it with excellent judgment: She muſt be ſuppos'd to be under a great ſurprize and confuſion of thought; this ſurprize takes away her ſpeech; ſhe is toſt between hopes and fears, and conſequently it is very natural, before ſhe ſpeaks, to examine him with her eyes.

Why

Why thus in ſilence? why with winning charms
Thus ſlow, to fly with rapture to his arms?
Stubborn the breaſt that with no tranſport glows,
When twice ten years are paſt of mighty woes:
To ſoftneſs loſt, to ſpouſal love unknown,
The Gods have form'd that rigid heart of ſtone!
O my *Telemachus!* the Queen rejoin'd,
Diſtracting fears confound my lab'ring mind;
Pow'rleſs to ſpeak, I ſcarce uplift my eyes,
Nor dare to queſtion: doubts on doubts ariſe.
Oh deign he, if *Ulyſſes*, to remove
Theſe boding thoughts, and what he is, to prove!
Pleas'd with her virtuous fears, the King replies,
Indulge my ſon, the cautions of the wiſe;

V. 106. *The Gods have form'd that rigid heart of ſtone.*] It has been objected that *Telemachus* here makes too free a remonſtrance to *Penelope*; and that he is wanting in reverence towards his mother. *Euſtathius* anſwers, that he ſpeaks no more than *Ulyſſes* ſays himſelf, in the proceſs of the ſtory, and conſequently he is no more blameable. But the caſe is not the ſame, there is a difference between a ſon and a huſband, and what is decent in the mouth of the latter would be irreverent in the former. *Spondanus* is of opinion, that he offends againſt decency, *juveniliter nimis inſultavit*; and *Ulyſſes* ſeems to repreſs his ardor.

Indulge, my ſon, the cautions of the wiſe ———
No more ———

Dacier anſwers that *Telemachus* being fully aſſur'd that it is the real *Ulyſſes*, ſeems ſhock'd at the indifference of *Penelope*. And indeed the warmth of the expreſſion is to be imputed to the emotion of the ſpeaker; ſo that we are not to look upon it as an outrage of decency towards *Penelope*, but a warm expoſtulation occaſion'd by his zeal for *Ulyſſes*.

Time

Time ſhall the truth to ſure remembrance bring:
This garb of poverty belies the King;
No more. —— This day our deepeſt care requires,
Cautious to act what thought mature inſpires.
If one man's blood, tho' mean, diſtain our hands,
The homicide retreats to foreign lands;

By

V. 116. *This garb of Poverty belies the King.*] This expreſſion furniſhes another cauſe for the incredulity of *Penelope*; *Ulyſſes* imputes it to his diſguiſe, and is far from reſenting it as a want of conjugal affection. I muſt confeſs, that here may ſeem to be an unſeaſonable tranſition: *Homer* brings *Ulyſſes* and *Penelope* together, raiſes our expectations to ſee a warm and tender deſcription at the diſcovery of the huſband to the wife, and all of a ſudden he ſtarts from the ſubject, and leaves us under an uncertainty equal to that of *Penelope*. The ſcene cloſes too abruptly, and *Homer* acts like one who invites his gueſts to an entertainment, and when they were ſat down with an eager appetite, takes away their dinner. But then it may be anſwered, that the occaſion preſſes: *Ulyſſes* finds it neceſſary to provide for his own ſafety, before the people of *Ithaca* are inform'd of the ſlaughter of the Suitors; this is the dictate of good ſenſe; he firſt acts the wiſe man, by guarding againſt an imminent danger; and then ſhews the tender huſband, by his affection to *Penelope*: and this is the reaſon why he adjourns the diſcovery. Beſides, this interval, which is very ſhort, gives time to *Penelope* to recollect her ſpirits from ſurprize, and makes her miſtreſs of her own thoughts. In that view the Reader is to look upon this break, like a pauſe between the acts in a Tragedy, and as an artful interruption to introduce the unravelling more naturally, and with greater probability.

V. 119. *If one man's blood* ——] *Ulyſſes* here argues very concluſively: If the perſon who has ſhed one man's blood only, and that man of inferior ſtation; if he is yet obliged to fly into baniſhment, leſt he ſhould be ſlain by any of the dead perſons relations or friends; what have they to fear, who have not only ſlain one man, but above an hundred, and theſe not Plebeians, but Princes? They muſt neceſſarily have many avengers, who will be ready to purſue our lives.

But it may be objected, that *Ulyſſes* is a King, and therefore above apprehenſions of puniſhment. 'Tis true *Ulyſſes* is a King, yet ſubject to the laws: his government was not ſo deſpotic, as to have no reaſon to fear the reſentments of the chief families of his ſubjects, whoſe

By us, in heaps th' illuſtrious peerage falls,
Th' important deed our whole attention calls.
Be that thy care, *Telemachus* replies,
The world conſpires to ſpeak *Ulyſſes* wiſe;
For wiſdom all is thine! lo I obey,
And dauntleſs follow where you lead the way;
Nor ſhalt thou in the day of danger find
Thy coward ſon degen'rate lag behind.
Then inſtant to the bath, (the Monarch cries)
Bid the gay youth and ſprightly virgins riſe,
Thence all deſcend in pomp and proud array,
And bid the dome reſound the mirthful lay;
While the ſweet Lyriſt airs of rapture ſings,
And forms the dance reſponſive to the ſtrings.

whoſe heirs were ſlain by his hand. I cannot entirely agree with *Dacier* in this laſt ſentiment: *Ulyſſes* had only done an act of juſtice upon theſe offenders, and had tranſgreſs'd no law by it, and ought therefore to apprehend no vengeance from the law. I ſhould rather aſcribe the apprehenſions of *Ulyſſes*, to a fear of a ſudden aſſault from the friends of the Suitors before he could diſcover himſelf to be the real *Ulyſſes*. He is afraid of an aſſaſſination, not a legal puniſhment; the rage of the people, not the juſtice of the law.

V. 122. *Th' important deed our whole attention calls.*] *Ulyſſes*, to prove *Telemachus*, and to form a judgment of his wiſdom, aſks his advice upon the preſent emergence; but the Poet, in his anſwer obſerves a due decency: *Telemachus* pays a laudable deference to the ſuperior wiſdom of *Ulyſſes*, and modeſtly ſubmits to his judgment. What we are to gather from this conduct is, that no perſon ſhould be ſo ſelf-confiding in his own judgment, as to deſpiſe that of other men, tho' thoſe men are inferior in wiſdom.

That

That hence th' eluded paſſengers may ſay,
Lo! the Queen weds! we hear the ſpouſal lay?
The Suitors death unknown, 'till we remove
Far from the court, and act inſpir'd by *Jove*.

V. 135. *That hence th' eluded paſſengers may ſay,*
Lo! the Queen weds ———]

This is an inſtance of the art of *Ulyſſes*, eſſential to his character, and maintain'd thro' the whole *Odyſſey*. *Euſtathius* excellently explains the reaſon of this conduct: The Suitors had been accuſtomed to retire from the Palace, and ſleep in other Places by night: it would therefore have alarm'd the whole city, and made them apprehenſive that ſome calamity had befallen them, if there had not appear'd a ſeeming reaſon why they returned not to their ſeveral houſes as uſual; *Ulyſſes* therefore invents this ſtratagem to deceive them into an opinion that they ſtayed to celebrate the Queen's nuptials. But there appears to be a ſtrong objection againſt this part of the relation: We have already ſeen the Suitors ſlain, without being heard by the *Ithacans* of the city; is it then probable that the ſound of the muſic ſhould be heard abroad, when the cries, ſhouts and groans, during the fight, were not heard out of the Palace? Was the muſic louder than theſe united noiſes? It is not eaſy to ſolve this difficulty, unleſs we are allowed to imagine that the more than uſual ſtay of the Suitors in the Palace had rais'd the curioſity of ſome of the *Ithacans* to enquire the reaſon of it; who conſequently approaching the Palace might hear the muſick and dancing, and conclude that it was occaſion'd by the Queen's marriage. Beſides, in the ſtillneſs of the night, a lower ſound may be further heard, than one more loud, during the noiſe and hurry of the day: it being evident from the preceding book, that the fight was by day.

V. 137. ——— *'Till we remove*
Far from the court ———]

It may be aſk'd, what occaſions this receſs of *Ulyſſes*? Will he be better able to reſiſt his enemies in the country than in the city? The anſwer is, he withdraws that he may avoid the firſt reſentments of the *Ithacans*, upon the diſcovery of the death of the Suitors: Beſides, it is by this method in his power to conceal his perſon, till the violence of the people is ſettled; or raiſe a party to reſiſt their efforts; at the worſt, he is certain to ſecure his flight, if his affairs ſhould be reduc'd to extremities.

Thus

Thus ſpoke the King: Th' obſervant train obey,
At once they bathe, and dreſs in proud array:
The Lyriſt ſtrikes the ſtring; gay youths advance,
And fair-zon'd damſels form the ſprightly dance.
The voice, attun'd to inſtrumental ſounds,
Aſcends the roof; the vaulted roof rebounds;
Not unobſerv'd: the *Greeks* eluded ſay
Lo! the Queen weds! we hear the ſpouſal lay!
Inconſtant! to admit the bridal hour.
Thus they —— but nobly chaſte ſhe weds no more.
Mean-while the weary'd King the bath aſcends;
With faithful cares *Eurynomè* attends,
O'er ev'ry limb a ſhow'r of fragrance ſheds:
Then dreſt in pomp, magnificent he treads.
The Warrior-Goddeſs gives his frame to ſhine
With majeſty enlarg'd, and grace divine.
Back from his brows in wavy ringlets fly
His thick large locks, of *Hyacinthine* dye.
As by ſome artiſt to whom *Vulcan* gives
His heav'nly ſkill, a breathing image lives;
By *Pallas* taught, he frames the wond'rous mold,
And the pale ſilver glows with fuſile gold:
So *Pallas* his heroic form improves
With bloom divine, and like a God he moves;
More high he treads, and iſſuing forth in ſtate,
Radiant before his gazing Conſort ſate.

And

And oh my Queen! he cries; what pow'r above
Has ſteel'd that heart, averſe to ſpouſal love!
Canſt thou, *Penelope*, when heav'n reſtores
Thy loſt *Ulyſſes* to his native ſhores,
Canſt thou, oh cruel! unconcern'd ſurvey
Thy loſt *Ulyſſes*, on this ſignal day?
Haſte, *Euryclea*, and diſpatchful ſpread
For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed:
My weary nature craves the balm of reſt:
But heav'n with Adamant has arm'd her breaſt.

V. 171. *Diſpatchful ſpread*
For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed.]

Theſe words have given occaſion of cenſure from Monſieur *de la Mothe de Vayer*: According to whom the precaution of *Penelope* is not much to be admired; "*Ulyſſes* made himſelf ſuſpicious by expreſſing ſo much eagerneſs to go to bed with *Penelope*; ſhe was ſo far from having time enough to know him, that ſhe had ſcarce ſpoke three words to him, but he bluntly commands *Euryclea* to get the bed ready for them." So that, according to this Author, *Penelope* miſtruſts his impatience; ſhe imagines the reaſon why he is ſo haſty, is becauſe, he fears that a longer time would diſcover his impoſture, and fruſtrate his deſires. And indeed if *Ulyſſes* had given ſuch a command, the objection had not been without a foundation. But *La Mothe* is deceived: *Ulyſſes* does not aſk a bed for himſelf and *Penelope*, but for himſelf alone, becauſe his wife vouchſafed not to come near him, and uſed him with a ſeeming cruelty.

Ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι μαῖα στόρεσον λέχος· ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὸς
Λέξομαι ———

which is literally enough render'd in the tranſlation.

Haſte Euryclea, *and diſpatchful ſpread*
For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed.

Ah

Ah no! ſhe cries, a tender heart I bear,
A foe to pride; no adamant is there;
And now, ev'n now it melts! for ſure I ſee
Once more *Ulyſſes* my belov'd in thee!
Fix'd in my ſoul as when he ſail'd to *Troy*,
His image dwells: then haſte the bed of joy!
Haſte, from the bridal bow'r the bed tranſlate,
Fram'd by his hand, and be it dreſt in ſtate!
Thus ſpeaks the Queen, ſtill dubious with diſguiſe;
Touch'd at her words, the King with warmth replies,
Alas,

V. 175. *Ah no! ſhe cries, a tender heart I bear,*
A foe to pride; no adamant is there.]

It is not eaſy to tranſlate this paſſage literally.

——ὅτ᾽ ἄρτι μεγαλίζομαι, ἠδ᾽ ἀθερίζω,
Οὐδὲ λίην ἄγαμαι.

Euſtathius explains μεγαλίζομαι to ſignify, *I am not of a proud heart*; ἀθερίζω, *I deſpiſe not your poverty*; ἄγαμαι, *I am no longer under an aſtoniſhment*; or ἠδὲ λίην ἐκπλήττομαι, *I ceaſe to be ſurprized at what I ſee and hear.* Thus *Penelope* ſpeaks negatively, and the meaning of her words are, that ſhe is not influenced by pride and cruelty, to perſiſt in her incredulity, but by a laudable care and caution. *Euſtathius* propoſes *Penelope* as a pattern to all women upon the like occaſion; her own eyes perſuade her that the perſon with whom ſhe confers is *Ulyſſes*; *Euryclea* acknowledges her maſter; *Telemachus* his father; yet ſhe dares not immediately credit her own eyes, *Euryclea* or *Telemachus*: and the ſame Author concludes with a pretty obſervation, that *Ulyſſes* found it eaſier to ſubdue above an hundred enemies than the diffidence and incredulity of *Penelope*.

V. 183. *Thus ſpeaks the Queen, ſtill dubious* ——] It muſt be allow'd that this is a very artful turn of thought in *Penelope*. *Ulyſſes* commands a bed to be prepared, *Penelope* catches the word, and ſeeming to conſent, orders *Eurytha* to carry the bed out of the bri-

dal

Alas for this! what mortal ſtrength can move
Th' enormous burthen, who but heav'n above?

It

dal apartment, and prepare it. Now this bed was of ſuch a nature as to be inwrought into the ſubſtance of the apartment it ſelf, and could not be removed: If therefore *Ulyſſes* had acquieſced in the injunction given by *Penelope*, and not diſcovered the impoſſibility of it, ſhe might very juſtly have concluded him an impoſtor, being manifeſtly ignorant of the ſecret of his own marriage-bed.

But *Euſtathius* ſtarts an objection againſt this whole proceſs of the diſcovery, which he calls inſolvible; and indeed if *Homer* fails in the unravelling of his Poem, he is to be ſeverely blamed: *Tully* is of this opinion, *Illic enim debet toto animo a poetâ in diſſolutionem nodi agi; eaque præcipua fabulæ pars eſt, quæ requirit diligentiam.* The difficulty raiſed by *Euſtathius* is as follows: *Penelope* imagines that the perſon who pretends to be her huſband, is not really *Ulyſſes*, but a God, who not only aſſumes his form, but, to favour the impoſture, the reſemblance of the wound received from the boar: Now if he be a God, how is it poſſible ſhe ſhould conceive him to be ingorant of the ſecret of the marriage bed, and conſequently how can ſhe be convinced of the reality of *Ulyſſes* from his knowledge of it, when it muſt neceſſarily be known to a God, as well as to the real *Ulyſſes*? all that ſhe ought to gather from it is, that the perſon with whom ſhe ſpeaks is *Ulyſſes*, or a God. *Euſtathius* replies, that *Penelope* upon the diſcovery of the ſecret makes no ſcruple to yield; becauſe whether it be *Ulyſſes*, or a God, her caſe is happy; if he prove to be *Ulyſſes*, ſhe has her wiſhes; if a God, it is no ſmall piece of good fortune. *Dacier* condemns this ſolution, and tells us, that *Penelope* was ſo faithful to her huſband, that ſhe would not have received even a God in the place of *Ulyſſes:* The true anſwer (continues that Author) is to be drawn from the Pagan Theology, according to which the inferior Deities were ſuppoſed to have a finite knowledge, and conſequently *Penelope* might think the diſcovery of the nuptial-bed a full conviction of the reality of *Ulyſſes*, it being ſo great a ſecret that even a God might be ignorant of it. But this is all fancy; for allowing this perſon to be a God, why might not *Penelope* imagine him to be a Deity of the ſuperior order, and for that reaſon well acquainted with the ſecrets of this nuptial bower? eſpecially becauſe *Jupiter* himſelf was notorious for ſuch amorous illuſions. *Dacier* her ſelf confeſſes this to be no juſt ſolution, but gives a very different reaſon: How is it poſſible (ſays ſhe) that this bed and whole apartment ſhould be built by the ſingle hand of *Ulyſſes*, without being ſeen by any perſon while he builds it? or how can any one be aſſured that a ſecret that is known to a third perſon *(Actoris)* is not thro' weakneſs or intereſt diſcover'd to others? 'Tis

true

It mocks the weak attempts of human hands;
But the whole earth muſt move, if heav'n commands.

Then

true the manner of the diſcovery entirely depends upon the choice of the Poet; but I could wiſh that he had choſen a method more probable than this of the nuptial bed, which in my judgment (continues the ſame Author) is unworthy of the *Odyſſey*. I am perſuaded that this is one of the places where (as *Horace* writes) *Homer* nods.

I will lay together what occurs to me by way of reply. The firſt objection is, that *Penelope* imagines *Ulyſſes* to be a God, and conſequently his knowledge of the nuptial bed ought not to have induced her to believe him to be the real *Ulyſſes*. The anſwer is, *Penelope* thought him a God only during her firſt tranſport; it is to be imputed to her ſurprize, that ſhe at all thinks him a Deity. This is very evident, for from the moment ſhe ſaw him, the thought of his divinity vaniſhes, and ſhe never mentions one word concerning ſuch a ſuppoſition, nay from the firſt glance ſhe almoſt believes him to be the real *Ulyſſes*.

O'er all the man her eyes ſhe rolls in vain,
Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts again.

She is ſo far from thinking him a Deity, that ſhe is almoſt perſuaded that he is her Huſband. If this be allow'd, the firſt difficulty ceaſes: For granting her belief that the perſon before her is a real man, and no man but *Ulyſſes* was acquainted with the nuptial bed; it follows, that this man is the real *Ulyſſes*, and that this incident is not ill choſen by the Poet, in the diſcovery of *Ulyſſes*.

Dacier objects, that this apartment could not poſſibly be erected without being known to other perſons; but we have ſeen *Ulyſſes* build a ſhip in a ſolitary Iſland, without the aſſiſtance of any man, in the fifth *Odyſſey*; and why may he not then be allow'd to do the ſame, with reſpect to this nuptial bower? All kinds of arts in Mechanics were antiently practiſed by the greateſt perſonages, and their knowledge and dexterity in them was eſteem'd a glory. This conſideration may perhaps reconcile the Reader to this part of the diſcovery.

The only difficulty that now remains is this: *Actoris* a female ſervant, is allow'd to be in the ſecret; how then can *Penelope* be aſſured that ſhe has not betray'd it? *Homer* himſelf obviates this objection; he has in a very ſolemn manner told us, that only twelve of all the female train were guilty of a breach of truſt, and therefore *Penelope* may ſafely rely upon the fidelity of *Actoris*. Beſides, it adds no ſmall weight to this vindication of *Homer*, to obſerve, that

Then hear ſure evidence, while we diſplay
Words ſeal'd with ſacred truth, and truth obey:
This hand the wonder fram'd; An olive ſpread
Full in the court its ever verdant head.
Vaſt as ſome mighty column's bulk on high
The huge trunc roſe, and heav'd into the ſky;

Around

the whole procedure of the diſcovery is accidental; how could *Ulyſſes* foreknow that the proof of his veracity would depend upon his knowledge of the bridal bower; and conſequently it is not to be imagined that he ſhould have made any clandeſtine enquiries about it: It may be added, that *Ulyſſes* has been no more than five days upon the *Ithacan* ſhores, and probably had never ſeen *Actoris*, who alone was acquainted with the nature of this bed: no perſon was antiently permitted to enter the womens apartment, but fathers, huſbands, or brothers; this therefore was the greateſt ſecret in all families; this ſecret *Penelope* propoſes in the trial of *Ulyſſes*, and upon his knowledge of it receives him as her huſband. To inſtance almoſt in a parallel caſe; *Oreſtes* in *Euripides* tells *Iphigenia*, that the lance which *Pelops* uſed in the combat againſt *Ænomaus* was lodg'd in her apartment; this circumſtance convinces her that the perſon who knew this ſecret muſt be her brother *Oreſtes*, no perſons of a more diſtant relation being admitted into ſuch privacies.

V. 193. *Vaſt as ſome mighty column's bulk on high*
The huge trunc roſe ———]

I will not promiſe that the Reader will be pleaſed with this deſcription of the nuptial bower: the *Greek* is noble, and the words ſounding and harmonious; an happineſs that is wanting in our language. In this and the like caſes the tranſlator muſt ſay with *Lucretius* upon a like occaſion,

——— *Graiorum obſcura reperta*
Difficile illuſtrare Latinis verſibus eſſe,
Propter Egeſtatem linguæ, & rerum novitatem.

Beſides, it muſt be allow'd that the relation itſelf is very wonderful; for it is not eaſy to conceive that the bole of an olive tree ſhould be ſo large as to contain upon the dimenſions of it a whole bedſtead. I would willingly imagine that it is only a ſupporter of it. It is like-

Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial bow'r
And roof'd defenſive of the ſtorm and ſhow'r;
The ſpacious valve, with art inwrought, conjoins;
And the fair dome with poliſh'd marble ſhines.
I lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain
Sever'd the bole, and ſmooth'd the ſhining grain;
Then poſts, capacious of the frame, I raiſe,
And bore it, regular from ſpace to ſpace:
Athwart the frame, at equal diſtance lie
Thongs of tough hides, that boaſt a purple dye;
Then poliſhing the whole, the finiſh'd mold
With ſilver ſhone, with elephant, and gold.

wiſe ſomewhat extraordinary that this olive-tree is not fell'd, or cut up from the roots; for *Euſtathius* informs us, that προλάμων ſignifies *to cut aſunder at ſome diſtance from the earth*; ſo that a great part of the trunc is left ſtanding, upon which *Ulyſſes* builds his bridal bed. What occurs to me upon this incident is, that *Homer* muſt be imagin'd to write according to the cuſtoms of the age in which he lived, unleſs we can ſuppoſe he unneceſſarily invented an abſurdity: I therefore doubt not but there were antiently ſuch beds as this of *Ulyſſes*. Beſides, the more wonderful this bed is, the better it ſerves for the purpoſe of *Homer*, in convincing us that the perſon who was acquainted with a matter ſo uncommon muſt be the real *Ulyſſes*, and not an impoſtor: it is for this purpoſe that the Poet deſcribes the bower built round the olive tree, before the framing of the bed is at all mention'd.

Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial bow'r,
And roof'd defenſive of the ſtorm and ſhow'r;
Then lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain
Sever'd the bole, and ſmooth'd the ſhining grain.

This I ſay is particularly deſcribed by *Homer*, to convince us that the place where the bed ſtood was entirely ſecret; it being cloſed up from obſervation before this particular apartment was undertaken, and therefore the knowledge of it was a ſtrong argument that the perſon who was acquainted with it muſt be the real *Ulyſſes*.

But if o'erturn'd by rude, ungovern'd hands,
Or ſtill inviolate the olive ſtands,
'Tis thine, oh Queen, to ſay: And now impart,
If fears remain, or doubts diſtract thy heart?
While yet he ſpeaks, her pow'rs of life decay,
She ſickens, trembles, falls, and faints away:
At length recov'ring, to his arms ſhe flew,
And ſtrain'd him cloſe, as to his breaſt ſhe grew:
The tears pour'd down amain: And oh, ſhe cries,
Let not againſt thy ſpouſe thine anger riſe!
O vers'd in every turn of human art,
Forgive the weakneſs of a woman's heart!
The righteous pow'rs that mortal lots diſpoſe,
Decree us to ſuſtain a length of woes,
And from the flow'r of life, the bliſs deny
To bloom together, fade away, and dye.
O let me, let me not thine anger move,
That I forbore, thus, thus, to ſpeak my love;
Thus in fond kiſſes, while the tranſport warms,
Pour out my ſoul, and die within thy arms!
I dreaded fraud! Men, faithleſs men, betray
Our eaſy faith, and make the ſex their prey:
Againſt the fondneſs of my heart I ſtrove,
'Twas caution, oh my Lord! not want of love:

Like me had *Helen* fear'd, with wanton charms
Ere the fair Miſchief ſet two worlds in arms,
Ere *Greece* roſe dreadful in th' avenging day,
Thus had ſhe fear'd, ſhe had not gone aſtray.

V. 231. *Like me had* Helen *fear'd*———] This paſſage occaſion'd great diſputes amongſt the antient Critics; ſome contended for the common punctuation; others thus read it,

Εἰ ἤδη, ———

Then the meaning of the paſſage is thus to be underſtood. *Helen* would not have yielded to a ſtranger, if ſhe had known that ſtranger, εἰ ἤδη, ἀνδρὰ is to be underſtood according to this interpretation. The ſame Critics thus conſtrue the following words,

Ὅ μιν αὖτις ἀρήϊοι υἷες Ἀχαιῶν,

Ὅ is the ſame with ὅι ὅ, *propter hanc cauſam*, and the whole paſſage is thus to be tranſlated, *If* Helen *had known the ſtranger, ſhe would not have yielded to him; therefore the* Greeks *roſe in arms to free her from the impoſtor.* They defend this application by having recourſe to a tradition, that *Paris* could never have obtain'd the conſent of *Helen* if *Venus* had not given him the reſemblace of *Menelaus*, in whoſe form he prevail'd upon that fatal beauty: otherwiſe the inſtance is no way parallel; for if *Helen* was not deceived, how can her example be brought to induce *Penelope* to act with caution, leſt ſhe take an impoſtor to her bed inſtead of an huſband? I confeſs this conſtruction of the *Greek* appears to me very obſcure; contrary to the ſtyle of *Homer*, which is always clear and natural. Beſides, it contradicts the whole ſtory of *Helen* thro' the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey*, and ſhe her ſelf no where alledges this deceit as her excuſe, but frequently condemns her own conduct in forſaking the bed of *Menelaus*. But granting that ſhe was thus deceived originally, the deceit muſt neceſſarily ſoon appear, and yet ſhe voluntarily cohabits many years with *Paris*. The other interpretation may therefore perhaps be preferable; namely, if *Helen* had conſider'd what evils might enſue from her injury to *Menelaus*, ſhe would have acted more wiſely: This *Penelope* introduces to vindicate her conduct in acting with ſo much caution; ſhe oppoſes her warineſs to the inconſiderateneſs of *Helen*, and aſcribes all the calamities of *Greece* to it.

But heav'n, averſe to *Greece*, in wrath decreed
That ſhe ſhould wander, and that *Greece* ſhould bleed:
Blind to the ills that from injuſtice flow,
She colour'd all our wretched lives with woe.
But why theſe ſorrows when my Lord arrives?
I yield, I yield! my own *Ulyſſes* lives!
The ſecrets of the bridal bed are known
To thee, to me, to *Actoris* alone,
(My father's preſent in the ſpouſal hour,
The ſole attendant on our genial bow'r.)
Since what no eye has ſeen thy tongue reveal'd,
Hard and diſtruſtful as I am, I yield.
Touch'd to the ſoul the King with rapture hears,
Hangs round her neck, and ſpeaks his joy in tears.
As to the ſhipwreck'd mariner, the ſhores,
Delightful riſe, when angry *Neptune* roars,
Then, when the ſurge in thunder mounts the ſky,
And gulph'd in crouds at once the ſailors die,
If one more happy, while the tempeſt raves
Out-lives the tumult of conflicting waves,
All pale, with ooze deform'd, he views the ſtrand,
And plunging forth with tranſport graſps the land.
The raviſh'd Queen with equal rapture glows,
Claſps her lov'd Lord, and to his boſom grows.

Nor had they ended till the morning ray:
But *Pallas* backward held the riſing day,
The wheels of night retardiug, to detain
The gay *Aurora* in the wavy main:
Whoſe flaming ſteeds, emerging thro' the night,
Beam o'er the eaſtern hills with ſtreaming light.
At length *Ulyſſes* with a ſigh replies:
Yet Fate, yet cruel Fate repoſe denies;
A labour long, and hard, remains behind;
By heav'n above, by hell beneath enjoin'd:
For, to *Tireſias* thro' th' eternal gates
Of hell I trod, to learn my future fates.

V. 260. *But* Pallas *backward held the riſing day.*] We are not to look upon this merely as a poetical ornament, there is no neceſſity for it. The battle between the Suitors and *Ulyſſes* happen'd in the evening; ſince then we have ſeen the Palace purify'd, the dead Suitors carried away, and the female ſervants puniſh'd; *Euryclea* has held a long conference with *Penelope*, there has been ſinging and dancing in the Palace, and an interview at large deſcribed between *Ulyſſes* and *Penelope*; then the Poet proceeds to re-capitulate the ſtory of the whole *Odyſſey*: Now all theſe incidents could not be comprehended in the compaſs of one night: *Homer* therefore, to reconcile it to probability, introduces *Minerva* to protract it, and make the time proportionable to the incidents. But perhaps it may be thought a violent machine, and contrary to the eſtabliſh'd laws of Nature, to ſuppoſe the courſe of the night alterable: the anſwer is, Poets are allow'd to write according to common fame, and what *Homer* here relates could not ſhock the ears of the Antients, who had before heard of the like ſtory at the conception of *Hercules*. I will only obſerve, that *Homer* gives no more than two horſes to *Aurora*'s Chariot, *Lampus* and *Phaethon*; whereas the Chariot of the Sun is deſcribed with four: Thus *Ovid*,

Interea volucres Pyroeis, Eous, & Æthon,
Solis equi, quartuſque Phlegon.

But

But end we here —— the night demands repoſe,
Be deck'd the couch! and peace a while, my woes!
To whom the Queen. Thy word we ſhall obey,
And deck the couch; far hence be woes away;
Since the juſt Gods, who tread the ſtarry plains
Reſtore thee ſafe, ſince my *Ulyſſes* reigns.
But what thoſe perils heav'n decrees, impart;
Knowledge may grieve, but fear diſtracts the heart.

V. 278. *Knowledge may grieve, but fear diſtracts the heart.*]

Ulyſſes had ſaid in the ſentence immediately preceding,

A labour long, and hard, remains.

This could not fail of alarming *Penelope*, and raiſing all her curioſity to know it. *Homer* would greatly have offended againſt nature, if he had not deſcribed her under an impatience upon the mention of it; her fondneſs is too ſincere to be indifferent upon ſuch a ſuggeſtion, but her anſwer to *Ulyſſes* chiefly demands obſervation.

If heav'n a kind releaſe from ills foreſhows,
Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes!

This diſcovers a greatneſs of ſpirit worthy of a Queen and Heroine: ſhe is threatned to loſe *Ulyſſes* by a ſecond abſence, ſhe is alarm'd with a new train of his ſufferings; but being inform'd that all theſe calamities will end in a proſperous iſſue, that long life and happineſs attend him, ſhe not only takes courage perſonally, but comforts her huſband. *Homer* was too good a judge of decency to aſcribe the weakneſs that attends the generality of that ſex to *Penelope*; ſhe has a bravery of ſoul worthy of a Heroine in Epic Poetry. Beſides, this is a further inſtance of *Homer*'s judgment: the event of the *Odyſſey* is to ſhew *Ulyſſes* happy; now if the Poet had not fully ſatisfied the Reader in this reſpect, he had not reinſtated his Hero in proſperity, and conſequently had defeated the Moral of the *Odyſſey*, which is to ſhew wiſdom and virtue triumphant, by repreſenting his Hero after all difficulties ſettled in full tranquillity.

To this the King. Ah why muſt I diſcloſe
A dreadful ſtory of approaching woes?
Why in this hour of tranſport wound thy ears,
When thou muſt learn what I muſt ſpeak with tears?
Heav'n, by the *Theban* ghoſt, thy ſpouſe decrees
Torn from thy arms, to ſail a length of ſeas;
From realm to realm a Nation to explore
Who ne'er knew ſalt, or heard the billows roar,
Nor ſaw gay veſſel ſtem the ſurgy plain,
A painted wonder, flying on the main;
An Oar my hand muſt bear; a ſhepherd eyes
The unknown inſtrument with ſtrange ſurprize,
And calls a Corn-van: This upon the plain
I fix, and hail the Monarch of the main;
Then bathe his altars with the mingled gore
Of victims vow'd, a ram, a bull, a boar:
Thence ſwift re-ſailing to my native ſhores,
Due victims ſlay to all th' ætherial pow'rs.
Then heav'n decrees in peace to end my days,
And ſteal myſelf from life by ſlow decays;
Unknown to pain in age reſign my breath,
When late ſtern *Neptune* points the ſhaft of death;
To the dark grave retiring as to reſt;
My people bleſſing, by my people bleſt.
Such future ſcenes th' all-righteous pow'rs diſplay,
By their dread * Seer, and ſuch my future day. * *Tireſias.*

To

To whom thus firm of ſoul: If ripe for death,
And full of days, thou gently yield thy breath:
While heav'n a kind releaſe from ills foreſhows,
Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes!
But *Euryclea* with diſpatchful care,
And ſage *Eurynomè*, the couch prepare:
Inſtant they bid the blazing torch diſplay
Around the dome an artificial day;
Then to repoſe her ſteps the Matron bends,
And to the Queen *Eurynomè* deſcends;
A torch ſhe bears to light with guiding fires
The royal pair; ſhe guides them, and retires.
Then inſtant his fair ſpouſe *Ulyſſes* led
To the chaſte love-rites of the nuptial bed.

And

V. 317. ——— *His fair ſpouſe* Ulyſſes *led*
To the chaſte love-rites of the nuptial bed.]

The Reader may be pleas'd to conſult the Annotations on book XI. *p.* 136. concerning the anſwer of *Ulyſſes* to *Penelope*; it being a repetition from that part of the *Odyſſey*.

Euſtathius informs us, that *Ariſtarchus*, and *Ariſtophanes* the *Grammarian*, thought the verſe quoted at the head of this remark to be the concluſion of the *Odyſſey*, and conſequently they judged the remaining part of this book and the whole 24th ſuppoſititious: thoſe who were of a contrary opinion reply'd, that by ending the Poem with that verſe, many incidents of great importance would be rejected; for inſtance, the recapitulation of the whole *Odyſſey*, and eſpecially the diſcovery of *Ulyſſes* to his father *Laertes*, with all the beautiful fictions contain'd in it. They add, that if the little relation that the beginning of that book bears to the ſubject of the Poem be a reaſon for the rejection of it, we muſt for the ſame reaſon abridge the Poem, and reject a multitude of the Fables which are ſcatter'd thro' the whole courſe of it. It may therefore be conjectured that *Ariſtarchus* and *Ariſtophanes* were not of opinion that

And now the blooming youths and ſprightly fair
Ceaſe the gay dance, and to their reſt repair;
But

the Poem ended with this verſe, but only the moſt neceſſary and important Incidents. *Caſaubon* in a remark upon a paſſage of *Strabo*, favours the opinion of *Ariſtarchus*, for he there ſpeaks of the laſt book as if he ſuſpected it to be ſpurious; and *Rapin* joins in the ſame judgment. *Homer* is to be defended in another manner, than by ſuch arguments as are brought in anſwer to *Ariſtarchus*. The ſame objection has been made againſt the two laſt books of the *Iliad*, as againſt theſe of the *Odyſſey*; the former ought to have ended with the deciſive action in the death of *Hector*, and the latter with the diſcovery of *Ulyſſes* to *Penelope*, when his happineſs ſeems to be eſtabliſhed. But there is no weight in theſe objections. There is a difference between the *unravelling* of the action, and the full *accompliſhment* of it; the Action is unravell'd by the death of the Suitors; but there are conſequences ariſing from their deaths that hinder the accompliſhment of the action, namely, the danger of the reſentments of their friends, who riſe in arms to revenge their ſlaughter; and till their inſurrection is pacify'd, *Ulyſſes* cannot be ſaid to be in a ſtate of ſecurity. The ſubject of the *Iliad* is the Anger of *Achilles*: that of the *Odyſſey*, the Re-eſtabliſhment of *Ulyſſes* in his dominions: Now the anger of *Achilles* ends not with the death of *Hector*, nor is *Ulyſſes* fully re-eſtabliſh'd by the death of the Suitors; he has another obſtacle to overcome, and till the commotions of the *Ithacans* are appeaſed, the deſign of the Poem is not executed, which is to ſhew *Ulyſſes* in peaceful poſſeſſion of his Palace and Authority. We ſee in this very book, that *Ulyſſes* is forced to fly from his own Palace; can he then be ſaid to be re-eſtabliſh'd in tranquillity? this very action demonſtrates, that what follows is part of the ſubject of the Poem, and ſuch a part, as, if it had not been related, would have given us room to have imagined that *Homer* had never finiſh'd it, or that the concluſion of it had been loſt. The beginning of the Action is his ſailing from *Troy* toward his country; the middle contains all the calamities he ſuſtains in his return, the diſorders of his family before and after it; and the end of the Action is his re-eſtabliſhment in the peaceful poſſeſſion of his kingdoms, when he is acknowlrdged by his wife, father, family, and ſubjects: Now this is not compleated till the very end of the laſt book, and conſequently that book is not ſpurious, but eſſential. The Poet had ended very injudiciouſly, if he had ſtopped before; for the Reader would have remain'd unſatisfy'd in two neceſſary points, *viz.* how he was made known to *Laertes*, and what vengeance the chief families of the nation endeavour'd to take againſt the deſtroyers of their ſons; but this

ſtorm

But in diſcourſe the King and Conſort lay,
While the ſoft hours ſtole unperceiv'd away;
Intent he hears *Penelope* diſcloſe
A mournful ſtory of domeſtic woes,

His

ſtorm being once blown over, and all his ſubjects who had taken arms being either vanquiſh'd or appeaſed, the action is compleated in all its parts, and conſummates the *Odyſſey*.

V. 324. *A mournful ſtory of domeſtic woes.*] It is with great judgment that the Poet paſſes thus briefly over the ſtory of *Penelope*; he makes her impatience to hear the hiſtory of *Ulyſſes* the pretended occaſion of her conciſeneſs; the true reaſon is, he is unwilling to tire his Reader by repeating what he already knows: It is likewiſe remarkable, that *Ulyſſes* does not begin his own adventures by a detail of his ſufferings during the war of *Troy*; for this would have been foreign to the deſign of the *Odyſſey*; but with his ſailing from *Troy* to the *Cicons*, and enters directly into the ſubject of it. He likewiſe concludes an Epitome of the whole *Odyſſey* in the compaſs of one and thirty lines: and purpoſely contracts it, becauſe we are already acquainted with the whole relation.

Lycophron has given us a ſummary of the wandrings of *Ulyſſes*; which if any one is deſirous to compare with this of *Homer*, he will ſee the difference between a clear and an obſcure Writer. *Tibullus* in his *Panegyric* on *Meſſala*, has been more ſucceſsful than *Lycophron*, he follows the order of *Homer*, and treads directly in his footſteps.

Nam Ciconumque manus adverſis repulit armis,
Non valuit Lotos captos avertere curſus;
Ceſſit & Etnææ Neptunius incola rupis,
Victa Maronæo fœdatus lumina Baccho,
Vexit & Æolios placidum per Nerea ventos;
Inculios adiit Læſtrygonas, &c.

Dacier is of opinion, that this recapitulation in *Homer* has a very good effect. I will tranſlate her obſervation. We learn from it, that the ſubject of the *Odyſſey* is not alone the return of *Ulyſſes* to his country, and his re-eſtabliſhment in it; but that it comprehends all his wandrings and all his voyages; all that he ſaw, or ſuffer'd in his return to it; in a word, all that he underwent after he ſet ſail from the ſhores of *Troy*: Another advantage we reap from it is, that we

ſee

His ſervants inſults, his invaded bed,
How his whole flocks and herds exhauſted bled,
His generous wines diſhonour'd ſhed in vain,
And the wild riots of the Suitor-train.
The King alternate a dire tale relates,
Of wars, of triumphs, and diſaſtrous fates;
All he unfolds: His liſt'ning ſpouſe turns pale
With pleaſing horror at the dreadful tale,
Sleepleſs devours each word; and hears, how ſlain
Cicons on *Cicons* ſwell th' enſanguin'd plain;
How to the land of *Lote* unbleſt he ſails;
And images the rills, and flow'ry vales!
How daſh'd like dogs, his friends the *Cyclops* tore,
(Not unreveng'd) and quaff'd the ſpouting gore;
How the loud ſtorms in priſon bound, he ſails
From friendly *Æälus* with proſp'rous gales;
Yet fate withſtands! a ſudden tempeſt roars
And whirls him groaning from his native ſhores:

ſee the order and train of the adventures of his Hero, as they really happen'd, naturally and hiſtorically: for in his relation of them in his Poem, he uſes an artificial order; that is, he begins at the latter end, and finds an opportunity to inſert all that precedes the opening of his Poem by way of narration to the *Phæacians:* Here he ſets every event in its natural order, ſo that with a glance of the eye we may diſtinguiſh what gives continuity to the action, and what is comprehended in it. By this method we are able to ſeparate the time of the duration of the Poem, from the time of the duration of the Action; for in reality the Poem begins many years before the return of *Ulyſſes*; but *Homer* begins his action but thirty-five days before he lands in his own country. In the courſe therefore of the *Odyſſey*, *Homer* gave us the artificial, here the natural order; which is an eaſe and aſſiſtance to the memory of the Reader.

How

How on the barb'rous *Læſtrigonian* coaſt,
By ſavage hands his fleet and friends he loſt;
How ſcarce himſelf ſurviv'd: He paints the bow'r,
The ſpells of *Circe*, and her magic pow'r;
His dreadful journey to the realms beneath,
To ſeek *Tireſias* in the vales of death;
How in the doleful manſions he ſurvey'd
His royal mother, pale *Anticlea*'s ſhade;
And friends in battle ſlain, heroic ghoſts!
Then how unharm'd he paſt the *Siren*-coaſts,
The juſtling rocks where fierce *Charybdis* raves,
And howling *Scylla* whirls her thund'rous waves,
The cave of death! How his companions ſlay
The oxen ſacred to the God of day,

'Till

V. 355. —— *How his companions ſlay*
The oxen ſacred to the God of day.]

The ſtory of theſe oxen is fully related, *lib.* 12. I refer to the Annotations. The crime of the companions of *Ulyſſes* was ſacrilege, they having deſtroyed the herds ſacred to a God. Theſe herds were ſaid to be immortal: I have there given the reaſon of it, but too conciſely, and will therefore add a ſupplement from the *Polyhymnia* of *Herodotus*; I ought to have mention'd, that the body of ſoldiers call'd Immortal, was a ſelect number of men in the army of *Xerxes*: ſo nam'd, becauſe upon the death of any one of their number, whether by war or ſickneſs, another was immediately ſubſtituted into his room, ſo that they never amounted to more or leſs than ten thouſand. If we apply this piece of Hiſtory to the herds of *Apollo*, it excellently explains *Homer*'s Poetry: they are call'd Immortal, becauſe upon the death of any one of the whole herd, another was brought into its place; they are ſaid neither to increaſe nor decay, becauſe they were always of a fix'd number, and continually ſupply'd upon any vacancy.

The Reader will be appriz'd of the heinouſneſs of the crime in killing theſe oxen, from an obſervation of *Bochart*, *p.* 314. The *Phœnicians*

'Till *Jove* in wrath the rattling Tempeſt guides,
And whelms th' offenders in the roaring tydes:
How ſtruggling thro' the ſurge, he reach'd the ſhores
Of fair *Ogygia*, and *Calypſo*'s bow'rs;
Where the gay blooming Nymph conſtrain'd his ſtay,
With ſweet reluctant amorous delay;

And

Phœnicians and *Ægyptians* ſo ſuperſtitiouſly abſtain'd from the fleſh of the ox, that as *Porphyry* affirms, they would ſooner feed upon human fleſh than that of ſuch beaſts. *Ælian* tells us, that it was death amongſt the *Phrygians* to kill a labouring ox; and *Varro*, *Ruſt. lib.* 2. *cap.* 5. thus writes; *ab hoc antiqui manus ita abſtineri voluerunt, ut capite ſanxerint, ſi quis occidiſſet.* Thus alſo *Columella*, in *præfat. lib.* 7. *Cujus tanta fuit apud antiquos veneratio, ut tam Capitale eſſet bovem necâſſe, quam civem.*

I have been the more full upon this head, to ſhew that *Homer*'s fiction is built upon a foundation of truth, and that he writes according to the religion of the Antients: *Rapin* is very ſevere upon him for aſcribing the death of the companions of *Ulyſſes*, to the violation of theſe herds of *Apollo*. "The reaſon (ſays he) why they "are deſtroy'd is very ridiculous, becauſe, *lib.* 1.

——— *they dar'd to prey*
On herds devoted to the God of day.

"This is certainly a far-fetch'd deſtruction: The Hero or the Poet "was willing to be freed from them." But from this obſervation, they will be found to be guilty of ſacrilege, and a violation of what was regarded by the world with the utmoſt veneration; and conſequently the crime is adequate to the puniſhment. Beſides, *Horace Epiſt. lib.* 1. gives ſentence againſt theſe companions of *Ulyſſes*.

——— *Cærite cerâ*
Digni, remigium vitioſum Ithacenſis Ulyſſei;
Cui potior patriâ fuit interdicta voluptas.

V. 361. *Where the gay blooming Nymph conſtrain'd his ſtay.*] This is a circumſtance (obſerves Madam *Dacier*) that *Ulyſſes* ought by no means to forget; for it gives him an opportunity to pay an high compliment to his wife, by letting her know he prefer'd her Perſon to that of *Calypſo* a Goddeſs: this is the reaſon why he enlarges upon it

And promis'd, vainly promis'd, to beſtow,
Immortal life exempt from age and woe:
How ſav'd from ſtorms *Phæacia*'s coaſt he trod,
By great *Alcinous* honour'd as a God,
Who gave him laſt his country to behold,
With change of raiment, braſs, and heaps of gold.
He ended, ſinking into ſleep, and ſhares
A ſweet forgetfulneſs of all his cares.
Soon as ſoft ſlumber eas'd the toils of day,
Minerva ruſhes thro' th' aereal way,
And bids *Aurora* with her golden wheels
Flame from the Ocean o'er the eaſtern hills:
Uproſe *Ulyſſes* from the genial bed,
And thus with thought mature the Monarch ſaid.
My Queen, my conſort! thro' a length of years,
We drank the cup of ſorrow mix'd with tears,
Thou, for thy Lord; while me th' immortal pow'rs
Detain'd reluctant from my native ſhores.
Now, bleſt again by heav'n, the Queen diſplay,
And rule our Palace with an equal ſway:
Be it my care, by loans, or martial toils,
To throng my empty folds, with gifts or ſpoils,

it in five verſes; whereas he concludes moſt of the other adventures in little more than one. But (adds that Lady) we may eaſily believe that he was ſilent about the nature of his converſation with that Nymph; and indeed it would have leſſen'd the compliment, and perhaps his welcome home, if he had not been able to keep a ſecret; he is very cautious in this reſpect; he enlarges upon the fondneſs of *Calypſo* for his perſon, but ſuppreſſes, for a very obvious reaſon, the kind returns he made for her civilities.

But

But now I haſte to bleſs *Laertes'* eyes
With ſight of his *Ulyſſes* ere he dies;
The good old man to waſting woes a prey,
Weeps a ſad life in ſolitude away.
But hear, tho' wiſe! This morning ſhall unfold
The deathful ſcene, on Heroes, Heroes roll'd;
Thou with thy Maids within the Palace ſtay,
From all the ſcene of tumult far away!
He ſpoke, and ſheath'd in arms, inceſſant flies
To wake his ſon; and bid his friends ariſe.
To arms! aloud he cries: His friends obey,
With glitt'ring arms their manly limbs array,
And paſs the City-gate; *Ulyſſes* leads the way.
Now flames the roſy dawn, but *Pallas* ſhrouds
The latent warriors in a veil of clouds.

V. 398. —— Pallas *ſhrouds*
The latent warriors in a veil of clouds.]

Ulyſſes, to avoid obſervation, leaves the City at the point of day, before the darkneſs was quite diſpell'd; this is the ſuggeſtion of his own wiſdom, which is figured by *Minerva*.

This book ends in the morning of the forty-firſt day. There are but few verſes in the tranſlation, more than in *Homer*: I ſpeak it not as if this were a beauty, it may as well be a fault; our Heroic verſe conſiſts but of ten ſyllables, the *Greek* oftentimes of ſeventeen, as in this verſe,

Αυτις ἔπειτα πόδωκὺς κυλίνδετο λᾶας ἀναιδὴς.

We therefore write with the diſadvantage of ſeven ſyllables, which makes it generally impoſſible to comprehend the ſenſe of one line in *Homer* within the compaſs of one line in a tranſlation, with any tolerable beauty; but in ſome parts, where the ſubject ſeem'd to hang heavy, this has been attempted; with what ſucceſs, muſt be left to the Reader.

THE

THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

The ARGUMENT.

The ſouls of the Suitors are conducted by Mercury *to the infernal ſhades.* Ulyſſes *in the country goes to the retirement of his father* Laertes; *he finds him buſyed in his garden all alone: The manner of his diſcovery to him is beautifully deſcribed. They return together to his lodge, and the King is acknowledged by* Dolius *and the ſervants. The* Ithacenſians, *led by* Eupithes *the father of* Antinous, *riſe againſt* Ulyſſes, *who gives them battle, in which* Eupithes *is killed by* Laertes: *And the Goddeſs* Pallas *makes a laſting peace between* Ulyſſes *and his ſubjects, which concludes the* Odyſſey.

MUSEUM

THE

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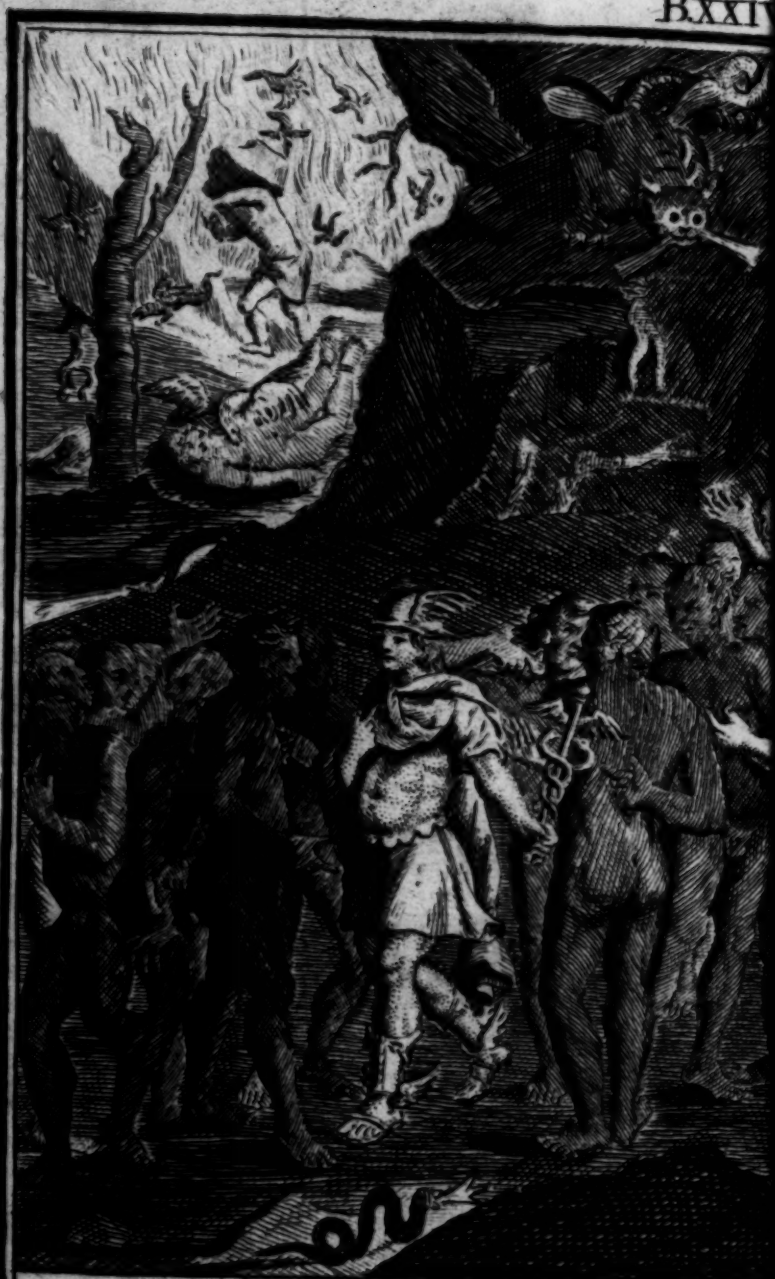

Mercury *conducts to Hell, the souls of the Princes kill'd by* Ulysses.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

CYLLENIUS now to *Pluto*'s dreary reign
Conveys the dead, a lamentable train!
The golden wand, that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumber ſeals the wakeful eye,

That

NOTES.

It has been already prov'd, that this book is the genuine work of *Homer*; but perhaps the Reader may not be diſpleas'd to ſee the reaſons why it was rejected by ſo great a Critic as *Ariſtarchus*: I ſhall therefore lay them before him from *Didymus* and *Spondanus*.

Ariſtarchus affirms, that this is the only place in *Homer* where *Mercury* performs the office of conducting the ſouls of the dead; and

That drives the ghosts to realms of night or day,
Points out the long, uncomfortable way.

Trembling

and that there is no proof he was known so early by the title of ψυχοπομπὸς; that this is the only passage where he is called *Cyllenius*; that the ceremony of his guiding the souls is contrary to other descriptions of *Homer*, where they all descend without a guide into the mansions of the dead, even before the funeral rites. That it is absurd to imagine a *white rock* in these kingdoms of darkness, *&c.* To these *Didymus* thus replies. If a single mention of any incident in *Homer* were a reason for its rejection, abundance of passages must be rejected. He thinks it a sufficient argument, that *Mercury* was called ψυχοπομπὸς, and *Cyllenius*, in the days of *Homer*, that he is here mentioned under these titles; but this is begging the question. He adds, that altho' the souls of the dead descend without a guide in other places, this hinders not but they may descend with one; for they are in other places only said in general to descend, whereas here the manner of their descent is particularized. Neither is it any objection against this book, to say that it is contrary to the manner of *Homer* to describe the shades of the dead receiv'd immediately into the state of *Achilles*, *Agamemnon*, &c. before the performance of their funeral ceremonies; this (says he) is a favour granted by *Mercury* to *Ulysses*, who was descended from that Deity, he being the father of *Arcisius*, and consequently great grandfather to *Ulysses*. It was the opinion of the antients, that the shades of the deceased could visit the earth before the obsequies were finished, but not afterwards; this is evident from the words of *Patroclus*, *Iliad* 23.

——— *To the further shore,*
When once we pass, the soul returns no more.

It is therefore out of favour to *Ulysses*, that *Mercury* introduces these shades into the region where *Agamemnon* resided, before the funeral ceremonies, that they might not return to earth and disquiet *Ulysses*. But there may be a stronger objection made against the former part of this book; namely, that this is an Episode which has no relation to the principal subject, and that we may retrench it without destroying any part of the Action essential to the *Odyssey*: But it may be answer'd, that tho' it makes no part of the principal Action, yet it has a sufficient connection with it: it is the sequel of the death of the Suitors, and consequently the principal Action is the cause of it; it is drawn and deduc'd from it, and *Homer* makes a very happy use of it to adorn and diversify his Poem, with the history of what happen'd before *Troy*, after the conclusion of the *Iliad*; and in particular,

Trembling the Spectres glide, and plaintive vent
Thin, hollow ſcreams, along the deep deſcent.
As in the cavern of ſome rifted den,
Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obſcene;

lar, with the death of *Achilles*, and a deſcription of his funeral ceremonies. *Didymus*, *Dacier*.

Plato in the beginning of his third Dialogue, *de Repub.* brings an heavy charge againſt *Homer*, for the diſadvantageous character he gives of a future ſtate. He quotes the ſimilitude of the Bats, and affirms that the dreadful deſcription of the condition of the dead, muſt deter mankind from hazarding their lives, even in the cauſe of their country. "Let us then (ſays that Author) with the permiſ-"ſion of *Homer* and other Poets, reject ſuch relations, not becauſe "they are unpoetical, not becauſe they are unpleaſant to read, but "becauſe by how much they are more pleaſant and poetical, by ſo "much they are more dangerous, and to be kept from our youth, "and men, who are born to aſſert their liberty with the hazard of "their lives, and prefer death to ſlavery." It muſt be allow'd that this is ſtrong reaſoning, and 'tis not eaſy to guard the Doctrine of *Homer* from ſuch unhappy conſequences; for why ſhould men chuſe to die, rather than be ſlaves, when by death they fall into a worſe condition? It will not be an anſwer to ſay that *Homer* aſſerts a three-fold ſtate in futurity, *viz.* of the ſoul, the εἴδωλον, or *vehicle*, and the body: and that while the *vehicle* is in this condition of horrors, the ſoul may be happy; for ſtill the ſtate of the dead is repreſented as a ſtate of horror, and man is in part (namely, in his εἴδωλον) miſerable after death: Nay, ſo miſerable, that even *Hercules*, who was a God and receiv'd amongſt the Deities, is yet tormented in Hell; *lib.* XI.

Here hov'ring ghoſts, like fowl, his ſhade ſurround,
And clang their pinions with terrific ſound,
Gloomy as night he ſtands, in act to throw
Th' aerial arrow from the twanging bow.

It will indeed be a vindication of *Homer* as a Poet, to ſay that he wrote according to the opinion of his age; and that ſuch as was the notion of the Antients of a future ſtate, ſuch is his deſcription of it. I will only add, that we may collect from *Plato*, that he judg'd this book genuine, for he quotes this paſſage as *Homer*'s.

Cluſter'd

Cluſter'd they hang, till at ſome ſudden ſhock,
They move, and murmurs run through all the rock:
So cow'ring fled the ſable heaps of ghoſts,
And ſuch a ſcream fill'd all the diſmal coaſts.
And now they reach'd the *Earth*'s remoteſt ends,
And now the gates where ev'ning *Sol* deſcends,
And *Leucas*' rock, and *Ocean*'s utmoſt ſtreams,
And now pervade the duſky land of *Dreams*,

And

V. 17. *And* Leucas' *rock* ——] This deſcription of the deſcent into hell is more particular than that in the XIth *Odyſſey*; and each particular is well ſuited to the ſubject; the deſcent is fabled to be by the Ocean, becauſe the ſun ſeems to deſcend thro' it into Night or the region of darkneſs, in the weſtern parts of Heaven. *Milton* fables the Sun to riſe thro' the gates of light, after the manner of the Antients.

——— *'Till morn,*
Wak'd by the circling hours, with roſy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light ———

The circumſtance likewiſe of going thro' the region of *dreams* is well choſen; Dreams are the attendants of ſleep, the brother of Death; they come by night, and are therefore well imagin'd to have relation to the kingdom of death, and to be introductory to it; *Virgil* in the deſcent of *Æneas* into hell, has borrow'd this image,

——— *Quam ſedem ſomnia vulgo*
Vana tenere ferunt ———

The God of ſleep there hides his heavy head,
And empty dreams on every leaf are ſpread.

The only circumſtance liable to objection is, the *Leucadian*, or *white* rock, which *Ariſtarchus* thought improperly placed in the road to the realms of darkneſs; but (replies *Euſtathius*) this is only meant of a rock ſtanding on the extremities of the earth, or a rock on which the laſt rays of the Sun fall. *Dacier* imagines, that there is a further meaning in the expreſſion: "There is an Iſland over againſt "*Acarnania*,

And reſt at laſt, where ſouls unbodied dwell
In ever flowing meads of *Aſphodel.*
The empty *Forms* of men inhabit there,
Impaſſive ſemblance, Images of air!
Nought elſe are all that ſhin'd on earth before;
Ajax, and great *Achilles* are no more!
Yet ſtill a maſter ghoſt, the reſt he aw'd,
The reſt ador'd him, tow'ring as he trod;
Still at his ſide is *Neſtor*'s ſon ſurvey'd,
And lov'd *Patroclus* ſtill attends his ſhade.
New as they were to that infernal ſhore,
The Suitors ſtopp'd, and gaz'd the Hero o'er,
When, moving ſlow, the regal form they view'd
Of great *Atrides:* Him in pomp purſu'd

" *Acarnania*, on the weſt of *Ithaca*, called *Leucas*, from a white " rock ſtanding in it; this rock was famous in antiquity, becauſe " lovers in deſpair threw themſelves from the top of it into the " ocean; it was called *the Lover's leap*, and being thus remarkable " for the deaths of numbers of people, *Homer* places it here." This is no ill explication; for a rock may well be feign'd to ſtand at the entrance of the region of death, by which ſo many perſons had enter'd into it.

Ovid in his *Epiſtles* mentions this *Leucadian* rock.

——— *O you that love in vain,*
Fly hence, and ſeek the fair Leucadian *main:*
There ſtands a rock from whoſe impending ſteep,
Apollo's *fame ſurveys the rolling deep;*
There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
Their flames extinguiſh, and forget to love.

And

And ſolemn ſadneſs thro' the gloom of hell,
The train of thoſe who by *Ægyſthus* fell.
O mighty chief! *(Pelides* thus began)
Honour'd by *Jove* above the lot of man!

King

V. 35. *O mighty chief!* (Pelides *thus began)* &c.] This appears to be introduc'd ſomewhat unnaturally: *Achilles* had now been dead about ten years, and *Agamemnon* almoſt as long; it can therefore ſcarce be reconcil'd to probability, to imagine that they ſhould not have met before this time, and mutually have ſatisfied their curioſities, by relating their ſeveral ſtories at ſome former interview: *Dacier* indeed remarks, that we are not to imagine this conference was held at the time when the Suitors deſcended, but upon ſome preceding occaſion, immediately after the death of *Agamemnon*. If this be allow'd, yet the objection remains, that the introduction is forced and unnatural, for then the deſcent of *Mercury* and the ſhades of the Suitors will be no reaſon why this conference ſhould be here repeated: for ſo, neither *Mercury* nor the Suitors hear it. But *Dacier* is undoubtedly in an error; for εὗρον in the original is the third perſon plural, and abſolutely refers to *Mercury* and the ſhades of the Suitors; and therefore it follows that this conference happen'd at the time of their entrance.

The ſhades of the Suitors (obſerves *Dacier)* when they are ſummoned by *Mercury* out of the Palace of *Ulyſſes*, emit a feeble plaintive, inarticulate ſound, τρίζουσι, *ſtrident:* Whereas *Agamemnon* and the ſhades that have long been in the ſtate of the dead ſpeak articulately. I doubt not but *Homer* intended to ſhew by the former deſcription, that when the ſoul is ſeparated from the organs of the body, it ceaſes to act after the ſame manner, as while it was join'd to it; but how the dead recover their voices afterwards is not eaſy to underſtand. In other reſpects *Virgil* paints after *Homer*.

——— *pars tollere vocem*
Exiguam: inceptus clamor fruſtratur hiantes.

They rais'd a feeble cry, with trembling notes,
But the weak voice deceiv'd their gaſping throats.

Dryden.

But why ſhould we ſuppoſe with *Dacier*, that theſe ſhades of the Suitors have loſt the faculty of ſpeaking; I rather imagine, that the ſounds

King of a hundred Kings! to whom reſign'd
The ſtrongeſt, braveſt, greateſt of mankind.
Com'ſt thou the firſt, to view this dreary ſtate?
And was the nobleſt the firſt mark of fate?
Condemn'd to pay the great arrear ſo ſoon,
The lot, which all lament, and none can ſhun;
Oh! better hadſt thou ſunk in *Trojan* ground,
With all thy full-blown honours cover'd round!
Then grateful *Greece* with ſtreaming eyes might raiſe
Hiſtoric marbles to record thy praiſe:
Thy praiſe eternal on the faithful ſtone
Had with tranſmiſſive glories grac'd thy ſon.
But heavier fates were deſtin'd to attend:
What man is happy, till he knows his end?
O ſon of *Peleus!* greater than mankind!
(Thus *Agamemnon*'s kingly ſhade rejoin'd)

ſounds they utter'd were ſigns of complaint and diſcontent, and proceeded not from an inability to ſpeak: After *Patroclus* was ſlain, he appears to *Achilles*, and ſpeaks very articulately to him; yet to expreſs his ſorrow at his departure he acts like theſe Suitors: for *Achilles*

Like a thin ſmoke beholds the ſpirit fly,
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.

Dacier conjectures, that the power of ſpeech ceaſes in the dead, till they are admitted into a ſtate of reſt; but *Patroclus* is an inſtance to the contrary in the *Iliad*, and *Elpenor* in the *Odyſſey*, for they both ſpeak before their funeral rites are performed, and conſequently before they enter into a ſtate of repoſe amongſt the ſhades of the happy.

Thrice happy thou! to preſs the martial plain
Midſt heaps of heroes in thy quarrel ſlain:
In clouds of ſmoke, rais'd by the noble fray,
Great, and terrific ev'n in death you lay,
And deluges of blood flow'd round you ev'ry way.
Nor ceas'd the ſtrife, 'till *Jove* himſelf oppos'd,
And all in tempeſts the dire evening clos'd.
Then to the fleet we bore thy honour'd load,
And decent on the funeral bed beſtow'd.
Then unguents ſweet and tepid ſtreams we ſhed;
Tears flow'd from ev'ry eye, and o'er the dead
Each clipt the curling honours of his head.
Struck at the news, thy azure mother came;
The ſea-green ſiſters waited on the dame:
A voice of loud lament thro' all the main
Was heard, and terror ſeiz'd the *Grecian* train:

Back

V. 56. *Great, and terrific ev'n in death* ——] There is a very peculiar beauty in the verſification of *Homer* in this place:

——— σὺ δὲ ϛροφάλιϛγι κονίης
Κεῖσο μέγας μεγαλωϛὶ.

The words μέγας μεγαλωϛὶ ſet the largeneſs of the body of *Achilles* ſtretched out upon the ground full before our eyes; we ſee him in the deſcription; the repetition forces it upon our obſervation, ſo that the mind has time to dwell upon it, and admire the extent of the limbs of that Hero.

V. 68. ——— *Terror ſeiz'd the* Grecian *train.*] This deſcription furniſh'd *Ariſtarchus* with another objection to this book: He thought it improbable that the appearance of *Thetis* and her Sea-nymphs ſhould terrify the whole *Grecian* army; they ſay in anſwer, that all the

Back to their ſhips the frighted hoſt had fled;
But *Neſtor* ſpoke, they liſten'd, and obey'd.
(From old experience *Neſtor*'s counſel ſprings,
And long viciſſitudes of human things).
" Forbear your flight: Fair *Thetis* from the main
" To mourn *Achilles* leads her azure train.

the ocean was in a great commotion as *Thetis* aſcended, or as *Homer* expreſſes it,

——— Βοὴ δ' ἐπὶ πόντον ὄρωρεν
Θεσπεσίη. ———

This uproar occaſion'd their fear; the *Greeks* were ignorant of the cauſe of it, and conſequently apprehended ſome dreadful event; this is evident, for *Neſtor* appeaſes their conſternation by unfolding the reaſon of the tumult, and ſhewing them that it was occaſion'd by the aſcent of *Thetis*.

The Reader has undoubtedly obſerved how excellently *Homer* ſuſtains his characters; *Neſtor* is the wiſeſt man, both in the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey*: he has the experience of a very great age, and may therefore be ſuppoſed to be acquainted with all the moſt uncommon appearances in nature: The Poet accordingly deſcribes him as the only perſon not afraid in the *Grecian* army; there were others undoubtedly as brave as *Neſtor*, but not one ſo wiſe; his intrepidity is therefore to be imputed to his wiſdom, not bravery; and this furniſhes us with an excellent moral; That ignorance is uſually the ſource of fear.

The character of *Achilles* is no leſs happily ſupported; the ſame love of glory is viſible in all he ſpeaks, that diſtinguiſhed his character through the *Iliad*: he ſtill prefers a ſhort life with fame, before old age without it.

Ὡς ὄφελες τιμῆς ἀπονήμενος ἦς περ ἄνασσες,
Δήμῳ ἐνὶ Τρώων θάνατον καὶ πότμον ἐπισπεῖν.

The ſentiment is truly heroic; diſhonour is worſe than death, the happineſs or miſery of which is not to be meaſured by time, but glory; long life is but lengthen'd mortality, and they who live the longeſt have but the ſmall privilege of creeping more leiſurely than others to their graves.

Around thee ſtand the daughters of the deep,
Robe thee in heav'nly veſts, and round thee weep,
Round thee, the *Muſes*, with alternate ſtrain,
In ever-conſecrating verſe, complain.
Each warlike *Greek* the moving muſic hears,
And iron-hearted Heroes melt in tears.
'Till ſev'nteen nights and ſev'nteen days return'd,
All that was mortal or immortal mourn'd.
To flames we gave thee, the ſucceeding day,
And fatted ſheep and ſable oxen ſlay;
With oils and honey blaze th' augmented fires,
And like a God adorn'd, thy earthly part expires.
Unnumber'd warriors round the burning pyle
Urge the fleet courſer's or the racer's toil;

V. 77. *Round thee, the* Muſes ———] It is impoſſible (obſerves *Dacier*) not to be ſtruck with the noble fictions of *Homer* in honour of *Achilles*; every circumſtance is great. A whole army is in tears; the *Muſes* celebrate his glory; a Goddeſs and her Nymphs ennoble it with their preſence and lamentations. At the funerals of other Heroes, women and captives are the mourners; here the *Muſes* perſonally appear. Heaven and Earth, Men and Gods intereſt themſelves in the obſequies of ſo great an Hero! Yet from this place *Ariſtarchus* draws an argument for rejecting this book: *Homer* (ſays he) no where elſe gives the number of the nine *Muſes*, inſinuating that their number was not fix'd in his age; but *Homer* frequently invokes the *Muſes*, why then ſhould he be ignorant of the number; and if not ignorant of it, why might he not mention it? *Ariſtarchus* further adds, that it is abſurd to imagine the body of *Achilles* could be preſerv'd ſeventeen days without burial; but this may be aſcribed to the power of *Thetis*, who may eaſily be ſuppoſed to preſerve it. Beſides, why might not the body be embalm'd? and then there will be no occaſion for a miracle, and the interpoſition of a Goddeſs: We muſt remember what ſhe did to the body of *Patroclus* in the *Iliad*.

Thick

Thick clouds of duſt o'er all the circle riſe,
And the mix'd clamour thunders in the ſkies.
Soon as abſorpt in all-embracing flame
Sunk what was mortal of thy mighty name,
We then colleſt thy ſnowy bones, and place
With wines and unguents in a golden vaſe,
(The vaſe to *Thetis Bacchus* gave of old,
And *Vulcan*'s art enrich'd the ſculptur'd gold)
There we thy relicks, great *Achilles!* blend
With dear *Patroclus*, thy departed friend:

V. 97. *There we thy relicks, great* Achilles! *blend*
With dear Patroclus, *thy departed friend.*]

This is agreeable to the requeſt made to *Achilles* by the ghoſt of *Patroclus*, in the *Iliad.*

Hear then! and as in fate and love we join,
Ah ſuffer that my bones may reſt with thine!
That Golden Urn thy Goddeſs mother gave,
May mix our aſhes in one common grave!

It is likewiſe aſſerted by *Homer*, that the bones of *Antilochus* were repoſited in the ſame urn with thoſe of *Patroclus* and *Achilles*; where then is the peculiar honour paid to *Patroclus*, if *Antilochus* was partaker of it? The difference is, the bones of *Achilles* and *Patroclus* were mix'd in the urn, thoſe of *Antilochus* lay ſeparately.

Homer adds, that the whole army raiſed a monument to *Achilles*; this is done according to his own injunctions in the *Iliad*, for ſpeaking of the tomb of *Patroclus*, he thus proceeds;

Mean time erect the tomb with pious hands,
A common ſtructure on the humble ſands;
Hereafter Greece, *ſome nobler work may raiſe,*
And late poſterity record our praiſe.

Achilles means, that when he is dead the *Greeks* ſhould raiſe one common monument to himſelf and *Patroclus*, which we ſee here effected.

In the ſame urn a ſep'rate ſpace contains
Thy next belov'd, *Antilochus'* remains.
Now all the ſons of warlike *Greece* ſurround
Thy deſtin'd tomb, and caſt a mighty mound:
High on the ſhore the growing hill we raiſe,
That wide th' extended *Helleſpont* ſurveys;
Where all, from age to age who paſs the coaſt,
May point *Achilles'* tomb, and hail the mighty ghoſt.
Thetis her ſelf to all our peers proclaims
Heroic prizes and exequial games;
The Gods aſſented; and around thee lay
Rich ſpoils and gifts that blaz'd againſt the day.
Oft have I ſeen with ſolemn funeral games
Heroes and Kings committed to the flames;
But ſtrength of youth, or valour of the brave
With nobler conteſt ne'er renown'd a grave.
Such were the games by azure *Thetis* giv'n,
And ſuch thy honours, oh belov'd of heav'n!
Dear to mankind thy fame ſurvives, nor fades
Its bloom eternal in the *Stygian* ſhades.
But what to me avail my honours gone,
Succeſsful toils, and battles bravely won?
Doom'd by ſtern *Jove*, at home to end my life,
By curſt *Ægyſthus*, and a faithleſs wife!
Thus they; while *Hermes* o'er the dreary plain
Led the ſad numbers by *Ulyſſes* ſlain.

Or

On each majeſtic form they caſt a view,
And tim'rous paſs'd, and awfully withdrew.
But *Agamemnon*, thro' the gloomy ſhade,
His antient hoſt *Amphimedon* ſurvey'd;
Son of *Melanthius!* (he began) O ſay!
What cauſe compell'd ſo many, and ſo gay,
To tread the downward, melancholy way?
Say, could one city yield a troop ſo fair?
Were all theſe partners of one native air?
Or did the rage of ſtormy *Neptune* ſweep
Your lives at once, and whelm beneath the deep?
Did nightly thieves, or Pirates cruel bands,
Drench with your blood your pillag'd country's ſands?
Or well-defending ſome beleaguer'd wall,
Say, for the publick did ye greatly fall?
Inform thy gueſt; for ſuch I was of yore
When our triumphant navies touch'd your ſhore;

V. 127. *But* Agamemnon, *thro' the gloomy ſhade,*
His antient hoſt Amphimedon *ſurvey'd.*]

An objection has been raiſed againſt this paſſage, and it has been thought an abſurdity that *Agamemnon* ſhould be the gueſt of *Amphimedon*, and not of *Ulyſſes*, when he came to make an addreſs to him, and was within his territories. *Didymus* anſwers, that this conduct in *Agamemnon* was occaſion'd by the refuſal of *Ulyſſes* to aſſiſt in the war of *Troy*: *Agamemnon* reſented his denial, and went to the houſe of *Amphimedon*.

Forc'd a long month the wintry ſeas to bear,
To move the great *Ulyſſes* to the war.
O King of Men! I faithful ſhall relate
(Reply'd *Amphimedon*) our hapleſs fate.

V. 142. *Forc'd a long month* ——
To move the great Ulyſſes *to the war.*]

It is not obvious why *Ulyſſes*, who was a perſon of the greateſt bravery, ſhould be unwilling to engage in ſuch an action of glory, as the war of *Troy*: Was it becauſe he foreſaw that it would be a work of danger, (as *Euſtathius* imagines) or was he diſſatisfy'd in the ground of it, which was only to revenge the rape of *Helen*, and nothing but a private injury? the former is a reaſon unworthy of his heroic character, the latter is no more than a conjecture. It may poſſibly be a truer reaſon that he was unwilling to forſake his wife, of whom he was very fond, and whom he newly had married; but then it muſt be allow'd, that he prefers his love to his glory. *Euſtathius* recites the manner how he was drawn to engage in the war of *Troy*: *Ulyſſes*, to deliver himſelf from the importunities of his friends to aſſiſt *Agamemnon*, pretended madneſs, and yoked two animals of a different kind to a plough, and began to work with them; *Palamedes*, who ſuſpected the impoſture, took his ſon *Telemachus*, an infant, and laid him in the furrow before the plow; *Ulyſſes* turn'd aſide not to hurt his child, and this diſcover'd the impoſition. *Ariſtotle* takes notice of the great judgment of *Homer* in ſuppreſſing this incident concerning *Ulyſſes*, it being unworthy of the bravery of an Hero: He is proving, *Chap.* 8. of his Poetics, that all the actions of an Hero's life are not to be inſerted in an Epic Poem, for the actions of the ſame man are ſo many and different, that we can never reduce them to unity: For this reaſon *Homer* mentions not all the adventures of *Ulyſſes*, but only ſuch as have relation to the ſubject of the *Odyſſey*; he knew that this counterfeit madneſs had no connexion either in truth or probability with the ſubject of his Poem, and therefore he forbears the mention of it. The Reader will underſtand the meaning of *Ariſtotle*, if he conſiders that the ſubject of the *Odyſſey* is the ſtory of a perſon who ſuffers great calamities in the return to his country, before he eſtabliſhes himſelf in his dominions: Now the counterfeited madneſs of *Ulyſſes* has no connexion with theſe ſufferings, and conſequently is judiciouſly omitted by *Homer* as foreign to the deſign of the Poem, and contrary to the unity of the action. A detail of all the adventures of an Hero's life is the province of Hiſtory; the relation of one ſingle, great, and ſurprizing action, is the ſubject of Epic Poetry.

Ulyſſes

Ulyſſes abſent, our ambitious aim
With rival loves purſu'd his royal Dame:
Her coy reſerve, and prudence mix'd with pride,
Our common ſuit nor granted, nor deny'd;
But cloſe with inward hate our deaths deſign'd;
Vers'd in all arts of wily womankind.
Her hand, laborious, in deluſion, ſpread
A ſpacious loom, and mix'd the various thread;
Ye Peers (ſhe cry'd) who preſs to gain my heart
Where dead *Ulyſſes* claims no more a part,
Yet a ſhort ſpace, your rival ſuit ſuſpend,
'Till this funereal web my labours end:
Ceaſe, till to good *Laertes* I bequeath
A taſk of grief, his ornaments of death:
Leſt, when the Fates his royal aſhes claim,
The *Grecian* matrons taint my ſpotleſs fame;
Should he, long honour'd with ſupreme command,
Want the laſt duties of a daughter's hand.
The fiction pleas'd: our gen'rous train complies,
Nor fraud miſtruſts in virtue's fair diſguiſe.
The work ſhe ply'd; but ſtudious of delay,
Each following night revers'd the toils of day.
Unheard, unſeen, three years her arts prevail;
The fourth, her maid reveal'd th' amazing tale,
And ſhow'd, as unperceiv'd we took our ſtand,
The backward labours of her faithleſs hand.

Forc'd, ſhe compleats it; and before us lay
The mingled web, whoſe gold and ſilver ray
Diſplay'd the radiance of the night and day.
Juſt as ſhe finiſh'd her illuſtrious toil,
Ill fortune led *Ulyſſes* to our iſle.
Far in a lonely nook, beſide the ſea,
At an old ſwineherd's rural lodge he lay:
Thither his ſon from ſandy *Pyle* repairs,
And ſpeedy lands, and ſecretly confers.
They plan our future ruin, and reſort
Confed'rate to the city and the court.
Firſt came the ſon; the father next ſucceeds,
Clad like a beggar, whom *Eumæus* leads;
Propt on a ſtaff, deform'd with age and care,
And hung with rags, that flutter'd in the air.
Who could *Ulyſſes* in that form behold?
Scorn'd by the young, forgotten by the old,
Ill us'd by all! to ev'ry wrong reſign'd,
Patient he ſuffer'd with a conſtant mind.
But when, ariſing in his wrath t'obey
The will of *Jove*, he gave the vengeance way;
The ſcatter'd arms that hung around the dome
Careful he treaſur'd in a private room:

Then

Then, to her Suitors bade his Queen propoſe 195
The Archer's ſtrife: the ſource of future woes,
And

V. 195. *Then, to her Suitors bade his Queen propoſe*, &c.] We have already ſeen, that it was the contrivance of *Penelope* to propoſe the Bow, to gain time to defer the marriage hour; how then comes *Amphimedon* to aſcribe it to the art of *Ulyſſes*? *Euſtathius* anſwers that *Amphimedon* is in an error, and that tho' the contrivance was from *Penelope*, yet *Amphimedon* could not come to the knowledge of it; and ſuch ſtratagems being agreeable to the character of *Ulyſſes*, he imputes this action to him rather than *Penelope*.

It is impoſſible not to take notice that *Homer* makes repetition after repetition: *Agamemnon* ſpeaks the ſame words as in the eleventh *Odyſſey*: *Amphimedon* the ſame as in the ſecond; and the whole account of the Suitors deſtruction is no more than a recital of what the Reader already knows. Was *Homer* tired at the end of his work, and would not give himſelf the labour of Invention? I confeſs we may loſe our appetite to ſee the ſame entertainment thus continually ſerved up in the very ſame manner, without ſo much as a new garniſhment. I fear the words of *Ulyſſes* may ſometimes be applicable to *Homer*.

And what ſo tedious as a twice-told tale?

Beſides, this whole infernal interview is merely ornamental, which the Poet was at liberty to inſert or omit according to his judgment, without breaking the thread of the principal action; it might therefore be wiſh'd that he had ſubſtituted ſome other incident in the room of it, and given a greater diverſity to the ſtory. If by laying the ſcene in Hell, he deſign'd to raiſe the wonder and curioſity of the Reader, (who cannot fail of having his attention awaken'd to ſee a proſpect open'd beyond the bounds of nature, and to look into the ſtate of departed Heroes) yet it muſt be confeſs'd that this deſign has already been fully executed in the eleventh of the *Odyſſey*. But the Poet ſeems to introduce the deſcent for the information of the dead rather than the living; *Agamemnon* is told how the Suitors were deſtroy'd by *Ulyſſes*; and *Achilles* how nobly the *Greeks* perform'd his funeral obſequies; incidents that very little contribute to the ſtory of the *Odyſſey*. In ſhort, the main action ſtands ſtill during this whole *Epiſode*, which takes up almoſt half the book, and the latter part of the *Epiſode* preſents no new object to amuſe and entertain us. But,

——— *Cynthius aurem*
Vellit ———

I betray

And Omen of our death! In vain we drew
The twanging ſtring, and try'd the ſtubborn yew:
To none it yields but great *Ulyſſes'* hands;
In vain we threat; *Telemachus* commands:
The Bow he ſnatch'd, and in an inſtant bent;
Thro' ev'ry ring the victor arrow went.
Fierce on the threſhold then in arms he ſtood;
Pour'd forth the darts, that thirſted for our blood,
And frown'd before us, dreadful as a God!
Firſt bleeds *Antinous*: thick the ſhafts refound;
And heaps on heaps the wretches ſtrow the ground;
This way, and that, we turn, we fly, we fall;
Some God aſſiſted, and unmann'd us all:
Ignoble cries precede the dying groans;
And batter'd brains and blood beſmear the ſtones.
Thus, great *Atrides!* thus *Ulyſſes* drove
The ſhades thou ſeeſt, from yon fair realms above.
Our mangled bodies now deform'd with gore,
Cold and neglected, ſpread the marble floor.

I betray my own want of judgment, rather than diſcover *Homer*'s errors. I will only add, that the Reader will be fully convinced that this whole *Epiſode* may be omitted, by obſerving how well the ſtory will be carried on with a regular connection by beginning the book with theſe words,

Οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ ἐκ πόλιος κάλλιπον, τάχα δ' ἄγρὸν ἵκοντο, &c.

So that if I could in any part ſubſcribe to the opinion of *Ariſtarchus* for the rejection of this book, it ſhould be only for the former part of it, but I am perſuaded from the nobleneſs of the verſes, that the whole is genuine.

No

No friend to bathe our wounds! or tears to ſhed
O'er the pale corſe! the honours of the dead.
Oh bleſt *Ulyſſes* (thus the King expreſt
His ſudden rapture) in thy Conſort bleſt!
Not more thy wiſdom, than her virtue, ſhin'd;
Not more thy patience, than her conſtant mind.
Icarius' daughter, glory of the paſt,
And model to the future age, ſhall laſt:
The Gods, to honour her fair fame, ſhall raiſe
(Their great reward) a Poet in her praiſe.
Not ſuch, oh *Tyndarus!* thy daughter's deed,
By whoſe dire hand her King and Huſband bled:
Her ſhall the Muſe to infamy prolong,
Example dread! and theme of tragic ſong!
The gen'ral ſex ſhall ſuffer in her ſhame,
And ev'n the beſt that bears a Woman's name.
Thus in the regions of eternal ſhade
Conferr'd the mournful Phantoms of the dead.

While

V. 232. *Thus in the regions of eternal ſhade.*] I think it will not be improper here to particularize from whence Antiquity raiſed the fictions concerning Hell, and the nature of it, as we have it in *Diodorus Siculus*.

Pluto (obſerves that Author) was the firſt that introduced the rites of ſepulture, and other ceremonies beſtow'd on the dead: This is the reaſon why the Antients imagined him to be the King of the dead.

Rhadamanthus is ſaid to have been the moſt juſt man in the world, he ſeverely puniſh'd robbers and other notorious offenders, and from his ſingular reputation for integrity was feign'd to be the judge of the good and bad after death; and for the ſame reaſon *Minos* was join'd with him in the ſame dignity.

Homer

While from the town, *Ulyſſes*, and his band,
Paſt to *Laertes'* cultivated land.

The

Homer borrow'd his fictions from *Orpheus*, *Orpheus* from the *Ægyptians*: It was *Orpheus* who introduc'd the opinion of the pains of the damn'd, and of the *Elyſian* fields, and taught that the ſouls of the dead were conducted by *Mercury* into the infernal manſions: (a proof that he was call'd ψυχοπομπὸς before the days of *Homer.*) *Diodorus* proceeds, and mentions the beginning of this book, how *Homer* feigns that *Mercury* leads the ſhades of the dead by the Ocean, the *Leucadian* rock, and the gates of the ſun: A plain inſtance that he look'd upon this book as the genuine work of *Homer*. All theſe fables (continues *Diodorus*) are of *Ægyptian* extract; by the Ocean, *Homer* means *Nilus*; by the gates of the ſun, he means *Heliopolis*, a city ſacred to the Sun; the meadow into which the ſhades are conducted, denotes the pleaſant meadows full of canes adjoining to *Memphis*; and the dead are feign'd to reſide there, becauſe it was the general burial place amongſt the *Ægyptians*. Concerning *Cocytus*, *Acheron*, &c. the Reader may conſult the firſt Note upon the eleventh *Odyſſey*.

Plutarch in his treatiſe of *Iſis* and *Oſyris* agrees with *Diodorus* concerning the extraction of theſe fables from *Ægypt*, and mentions at *Memphis* the gates of lamentation and oblivion; that is, of *Lethe*, and *Cocytus*; which being open'd at the burial of the dead, give a doleful and groaning ſound. From hence they are thus deſcribed by *Homer* in the tenth *Odyſſey*.

And where ſlow rolling from the Stygian *bed*
Cocytus' *lamentable waters ſpread,*
Where the dark rock o'erhangs th' infernal lake,
And mingling ſtreams eternal murmurs make.

Theſe obſervations give light to moſt of *Homer*'s fictions concerning Hell, and ſhew that his Poetry is built upon the cuſtoms of Antiquity.

Macrobius explains all theſe particulars after a different manner: This ſolution ſuppoſes a ſtate of pre-exiſtence of the ſoul: If (ſays that Author) "To die, be the ſame as to go to the infernal regions; to enjoy the ſupernal, is then to live; and therefore before "Philoſophy prevail'd, the body it ſelf was ſuppoſed to be the infernal receptacle of the Soul, into which ſhe deſcended as into a "priſon, from above; this was thought the ſepulchre of the Soul, "and the cave of *Pluto*. The river of Oblivion denotes the error "of

The ground himſelf had purchas'd with his pain,
And labour made the rugged ſoil a plain.
There ſtood his manſion of the rural ſort,
With uſeful buildings round the lowly court:
Where the few ſervants that divide his care,
Took their laborious reſt, and homely fare;
And one *Sicilian* matron, old and ſage,
With conſtant duty tends his drooping age.

" of the ſoul, which forgets the majeſty of the former ſtate ſhe en-
" joy'd before ſhe enter'd the body: *Phlegethon*, the ardor of our
" deſires, and flames of anger; *Acheron* all our words and actions
" that bring us into ſorrows; ſo likewiſe, *Styx* implies our hatred,
" *Cocytus* our grief and lamentation. Thus alſo the puniſhments in
" hell are verify'd upon earth: The Vulture which preys upon the
" liver of *Tityus*, is the ſting of a guilty conſcience; the ambitious
" man is the *Siſyphus*, who is eternally aſpiring, and yet always diſ-
" appointed; the avaritious man is the *Tantalus* who ſtarves amidſt
" his plenty, *&c.*"

By joining theſe two interpretations together, we have at once the double pleaſure of a beautiful fable and inſtructive moral; from the whole we may collect, that altho' the antients were ignorant of the true nature of a future ſtate, yet that they believed it, and expected there would be puniſhments and rewards in it. This note is of uſe to explain ſeveral paſſages in the eleventh *Odyſſey*.

V. 236. *The ground himſelf had purchas'd with his pain.*] *Euſtathius* very well explains theſe words, in which the *Greek* may be conſtrued to ſignify that *Laertes* had purchaſed this place of retirement by his labour and induſtry: But probably *Homer* intends to expreſs an allotment or portion of ground which was aſſign'd *Laertes* by the public, as a reward for his heroic labours in war, and bravery in conquering his enemies, like that mention'd in the *Iliad*.

The Lycians *grant a choſen ſpace of ground,*
With woods, with vineyards, and with harveſts crown'd.

It may either be ſo, or *Homer* intending ſolely to paint the laborious life of *Laertes*, added this circumſtance of his encreaſing his rural cell by his induſtry, as an inſtance of it; tho' the latter is more ſuitable to the character of a King.

Here now arriving, to his ruſtic band
And martial ſon, *Ulyſſes* gave command.
Enter the houſe, and of the briſtly ſwine
Seleſt the largeſt to the pow'rs divine.
Alone, and unattended, let me try
If yet I ſhare the old man's memory:
If thoſe dim eyes can yet *Ulyſſes* know,
(Their light and deareſt object long ago)
Now chang'd with time, with abſence, and with woe?
Then to his train he gives his ſpear and ſhield;
The houſe they enter, and he ſeeks the field;
Thro' rows of ſhade with various fruitage crown'd,
And labour'd ſcenes of richeſt verdure round.
Nor aged *Dolius*, nor his ſons were there,
Nor ſervants, abſent on another care;
To ſearch the woods for ſets of flow'ry thorn,
Their orchard-bounds to ſtrengthen and adorn.
But all alone the hoary King he found;
His habit coarſe, but warmly wrapt around;
His head, that bow'd with many a penſive care,
Fenc'd with a double cap of goatſkin hair:
His buſkins old, in former ſervice torn,
But well repair'd; and gloves againſt the thorn.

In

V. 266. ——— *Gloves againſt the thorn.*] *Caſaubon* in his Remarks upon *Athenæus*, *lib.* 12. *cap.* 2. affirms, that anciently neither the *Greeks* nor the *Romans* ever wore any covering on their hands, which are now uſed ſo univerſally, that they are worn by the meaneſt

In this array the kingly Gard'ner ſtood,
And clear'd a Plant, encumber'd with its wood.
Beneath

meaneſt people; but this place is an inſtance of *Caſaubon*'s miſtake: 'Tis true, *Xenophon* gives this practice as an argument of the luxury and delicacy of the *Perſians*, who ſuffer'd no part of the body to be expos'd to the air, but wore καὶ περὶ ἄκραις ταῖς χερσὶ χειρίδας, καὶ δακτυληθρας ἔχουσι, "gloves upon their hands, and coverings "on their very fingers." *Pliny* the Younger mentions the ſame cuſtom amongſt the *Romans*, *Manus hieme manicis muniebantur! ut ne cæli quidem aſperitas ullum ſtudiis tempus eriperet.* This then is the difference; the *Perſians* wore theſe hand coverings out of effeminacy and delicacy; whereas in *Greece* they were uſed only out of neceſſity, as a defence in rural labour, as appears from *Laertes*, they being never mention'd upon any other occaſion, either in the *Iliad* or *Odyſſey*. *Dacier.*

V. 267. *In this array the kingly Gard'ner ſtood,*
And clear'd a Plant, encumber'd with its wood.]

This is the firſt appearance of *Laertes*, he is the very picture of melancholy, his dreſs, his employ, and ſolitary life, all diſcover a fix'd ſorrow and contempt of the world. It has been a diſpute whether we are to aſcribe this retreat of *Laertes* to a meanneſs of ſpirit, who forſakes his ſtation, and is unequal to adverſity; or to wiſdom, and a noble neglect of the pomp and ſplendor of the world, by which he prefers a little rural retreat to all the magnificence of a Palace, and a ſmall garden to all the dominions of a King. *Plutarch* ſeverely cenſures his conduct: "A perſon (obſerves that writer) who waſtes "his age in his bed, or in trivial affairs, makes himſelf an object of "contempt, as *Homer* teaches by the examples of *Neſtor* and *Laertes*: "*Neſtor*, by engaging in the war of *Troy*, obtain'd the utmoſt ve"neration; while *Laertes*, who abandon'd himſelf to ſolitude, was "deſpiſed univerſally." I am unwilling to ſubſcribe to this obſervation, being of opinion that the ſilent virtues of a good man in ſolitude are more amiable than all the noiſy honours of active life. The picture of *Laertes* is undoubtedly drawn very naturally; a tender father is afflicted for the loſs of a brave and beloved ſon; this bitter ingredient gives a diſreliſh to all the vanities of life; he is deprived of an object that he valued above the world, he therefore neglects it as having nothing worthy of his cares, and abandons it for privacy and tranquillity. *Menedemus* in *Terence* is the very copy of *Laertes* in *Homer*; an inſtance that he thought *Homer*'s an exact repreſentation of human nature; and the applauſe with which that

Comedy

Beneath a neighb'ring tree, the chief divine
Gaz'd o'er his Sire, retracing ev'ry line,
The ruins of himſelf! now worn away
With age, yet ſtill majeſtic in decay!
Sudden his eyes releas'd their wat'ry ſtore;
The much-enduring man could bear no more.
Doubtful he ſtood, if inſtant to embrace
His aged limbs, to kiſs his rev'rend face,
With eager tranſport to diſcloſe the whole,
And pour at once the torrent of his ſoul?

Comedy was received, ſhews that all *Rome* was of the ſame judgment. Sorrow loves to be alone, rather ſeeks for amuſements than buſineſs and glory; and it may perhaps be true, that it ſhews more greatneſs of ſoul to reſign a kingdom than to conquer it. Pride, ambition, and guilty paſſions have raiſed many to the top of human glory; but it evidences that a perſon is not influenced by vicious ſentiments, who knows how to moderate his deſires, and is able to retire from the ſplendor of a Crown into obſcurity. *Tully* mentions the manner of life in *Laertes*, without condemnation; the place is to be found in his *Cato Major*, where he ſpeaks of the innocent amuſements of old age, and illuſtrates his aſſertions by the example of *Laertes*. *Homerus Laertem lamentem deſiderium, quod capiebat e filio, colentem agrum & ſtercoratem facit.* But *Tully* miſtakes *Homer*, for *Laertes* is not found dunging his ground.

Perhaps inſtead of λιπερνήσιλα, he read κοπριήσιλα, as it is uſed in the ſeventeenth *Odyſſey*.

——— Ὀδυσσῆϊ τίμιε μέγα κοπριήσιλις.

Or perhaps he quoted by memory. I will only add, that *Tully* in his retirement at *Tuſculum*, uſed to write to his friends, that he there led the life of *Laertes*: and *Tully* was too ſenſible of his own worth, to ſpeak any thing to the diſparagement of it.

Not

Not ſo: his judgment takes the winding way
Of queſtion diſtant, and of ſoft eſſay,
More gentle methods on weak age employs,
And moves the ſorrows to enhance the joys.
Then to his Sire with beating heart he moves,
And with a tender pleaſantry reproves:
Who digging round the plant ſtill hangs his head,
Nor ought remits the work, while thus he ſaid.
Great is thy ſkill, oh father! great thy toil,
Thy careful hand is ſtamp'd on all the ſoil,

V. 279. *Not ſo: his judgment takes the winding way.*] It has been objected, that *Ulyſſes* here acts contrary to filial piety, and permits a tender father to continue in his ſorrows, when it was in his power immediately to make him happy, by a diſcovery of his perſon; they likewiſe condemn the κερτόμια ἔπεα, which *Homer* puts in the mouth of *Ulyſſes*. It muſt be allow'd, that thoſe words are frequently uſed by the Poet in a bad ſenſe, and ſignify *heart-wounding*, or *reproachful words*; but here they are not ſo to be underſtood; they only imply, *that* Ulyſſes *blamed* Laertes *out of tenderneſs for taking no more care of his perſon:* This is not a reproach, but the language of fondneſs and affection: or perhaps the Poet meant to expreſs that this enquiry raiſed images of ſorrow in the ſoul of *Laertes*, and *wounded his heart* by naming the loſt *Ulyſſes*. *Euſtathius* ſolves the former objection by ſaying that *Ulyſſes* delay'd the diſcovery, leſt the ſuddenneſs of joy ſhould prove fatal to *Laertes*. But *Homer* undoubtedly paints according to nature; *Ulyſſes* burſts into tears at the ſight of his father, yet reſtrains them, and tries if after twenty years abſence he was known by him; this delay raiſes the Reader's curioſity, makes him, as it were, preſent at the interview, and impatient to hear the manner of the diſcovery: Beſides, this procedure excellently agrees with the general character of *Ulyſſes*, who is upon all emergencies maſter of his paſſions, and remarkable for diſguiſe and an artful diſſimulation; this diſguiſe has a very happy effect in this place, it holds us in a pleaſing ſuſpence, and makes us wait with attention to ſee the iſſue of the interview.

Thy

Thy ſquadron'd vineyards well thy art declare,
The olive green, blue fig, and pendant pear;
And not one empty ſpot eſcapes thy care.
On ev'ry plant and tree thy cares are ſhown,
Nothing neglected, but thy ſelf alone.
Forgive me, father, if this fault I blame;
Age ſo advanc'd may ſome indulgence claim.
Not for thy ſloth, I deem thy Lord unkind;
Nor ſpeaks thy form a mean or ſervile mind:
I read a Monarch in that princely air,
The ſame thy aſpect, if the fame thy care;
Soft ſleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine,
Theſe are the rights of age, and ſhould be thine.
Who then thy maſter, ſay? and whoſe the land
So dreſs'd and manag'd by thy ſkilful hand?
But chief, oh tell me! (what I queſtion moſt)
Is this the far-fam'd *Ithacenſian* coaſt?
For ſo reported the firſt man I view'd,
(Some ſurly Iſlander, of manners rude)

V. 298. *I read a Monarch in that princely air.*] The words in the *Greek* are not without obſcurity, and *Euſtathius* explains them two ways; they may either ſignify, that *Laertes* appears to be a perſon of ſuch diſtinction that he ought to live with more delicacy and dignity, *viz. to bathe, and after a due repaſt to ſleep in ſtate*; or they imply, that *Laertes* ſhews the dignity of a King in his perſon, who comes from the bath, and dines in ſtate. *Ulyſſes* cannot compare *Laertes* to a King who is freſh from the bath and dreſt royally, for he tells us, he is cover'd with ſweat and duſt; he therefore means that his perſonage is noble, and like a King, that therefore he ought to live like a King, with reſpect to his food and his bath, and to indulge his age by allowing it eaſe and refreſhment.

Nor farther conference vouchſaf'd to ſtay;
Heedleſs he whiſtl'd, and purſu'd his way.
But thou! whom years have taught to underſtand,
Humanely hear, and anſwer my demand:
A friend I ſeek, a wiſe one and a brave,
Say, lives he yet, or moulders in the grave?
Time was (my fortunes then were at the beſt)
When at my houſe I lodg'd this foreign gueſt;
He ſaid, from *Ithaca*'s fair iſle he came,
And old *Laertes* was his father's name.
To him, whatever to a gueſt is ow'd
I paid, and hoſpitable gifts beſtow'd;
To him ſev'n talents of pure ore I told,
Twelve cloaks, twelve veſts, twelve tunics ſtiff with gold,
A bowl, that rich with poliſh'd ſilver flames,
And, ſkill'd in female works, four lovely dames.
At this the Father, with a father's fears:
(His venerable eyes bedimm'd with tears)
This is the land; but ah! thy gifts are loſt,
For godleſs men, and rude, poſſeſs the coaſt:
Sunk is the glory of this once fam'd ſhore!
Thy antient friend, oh ſtranger, is no more!
Full recompence thy bounty elſe had born;
For ev'ry good man yields a juſt return:
So civil rights demand; and who begins
The track of friendſhip, not purſuing, ſins.

But

But tell me, ſtranger, be the truth confeſt,
What years have circled ſince thou ſaw'ſt that gueſt?
That hapleſs gueſt, alas! for ever gone!
Wretch that he was! and that I am! my ſon!
If ever man to miſery was born,
'Twas his to ſuffer, and 'tis mine to mourn!
Far from his friends, and from his native reign,
He lies a prey to monſters of the main,
Or ſavage beaſts his mangled reliques tear,
Or ſcreaming vulturs ſcatter thro' the air:
Nor could his mother fun'ral unguents ſhed,
Nor wail'd his father o'er th' untimely dead,
Nor his ſad conſort, on the mournful bier,
Seal'd his cold eyes, or drop'd a tender tear!
But tell me, who thou art? and what thy race?
Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place?
Or if a merchant in purſuit of gain,
What port receiv'd thy veſſel from the main:
Or com'ſt thou ſingle, or attend thy train?
Then thus the Son. From *Alybas* I came,
My palace there; *Eperitus* my name.

Not

V. 353. ——— *From* Alybas *I came.*] *Ulyſſes* is inexhauſtible in his fictions; he here accommodates the names of perſons and places to his fortunes: *Alybas* is ſuppoſed to be a city of *Italy*, afterwards call'd *Metapontium*. It is placed by others in *Thrace*. It is here introduced to denote the wandrings of *Ulyſſes* by the ſea, or ἄλη: the word *Aphidas* denotes his generoſity, which *ſpares nothing* towards his friends. He feigns himſelf to be the grandſon of Πολυπήμων,

to

Not vulgar born, from *Aphidas* the King
Of *Polypemon*'s royal line I spring.
Some adverse *Dæmon* from *Sicania* bore
Our wand'ring course, and drove us on your shore:
Far from the town, an unfrequented bay
Reliev'd our weary'd vessel from the sea.
Five years have circled since these eyes pursu'd
Ulysses parting thro' the sable flood;
Prosp'rous he sail'd, with dexter Auguries,
And all the wing'd good omens of the skies.
Well hop'd we then to meet on this fair shore,
Whom heav'n, alas! decreed to meet no more.
Quick thro' the father's heart these accents ran;
Grief seiz'd at once, and wrapt up all the man;
Deep from his soul he sigh'd, and sorrowing spread
A cloud of ashes on his hoary head.

Trembling

to represent the multitude of his sufferings; his name is *Eperitus*, from ἐπήριστος, the same with περιμάχητος, from ἐρίζω, to shew the struggle that he has met with in all his adventures, as well as the toils in the war of *Troy*, and against other enemies. *Eustathius.*

V. 369. ——— *and sorrowing spread*
A cloud of ashes on his hoary head.]

This was a common practice amongst the antient orientals, in token of the extremity of sorrow; it was used amongst the *Hebrews* as well as *Greeks*; thus *Ezek.* xxvii. 30. *They shall cast dust upon their heads.* Job. ii. 12. *They rent every one his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads.* Thus also *Achilles* in the eighteenth of the *Iliad*;

His

Trembling with agonies of strong delight
Stood the great son, heart-wounded with the sight:
He ran, he seiz'd him with a strict embrace,
With thousand kisses wander'd o'er his face,
I, I am he; oh father rise! behold
Thy son, with twenty winters now grown old;

His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
Those he deforms in dust, and these he tears.

Homer calls it κόνιν αἰθαλόεσσαν, which does not mean that *Laertes* threw glowing embers on his head, for he was in his garden, where such ashes were not to be found, but he means ξήραν, or *dry dust*, such as arises from substances consum'd by fire, or resembling ashes. *Eustathius.*

V. 371. *Trembling with agonies, &c.*] The *Greek* expression is remarkable,

——— ἀνὰ ῥῖνας δὲ οἱ ἤδη
Δριμὺ μένος προύτυψε ———

A sharp sensation struck his nostrils. Eustathius judges, that the meaning is, that *Ulysses* perceiv'd himself ready to burst into tears; a kind of a pricking sharp sensation being felt in the nostrils before the eruption of tears. *Casaubon* more fully explains it; he observes that all violent passions cause a sensation in the nostrils, arising from the ebullition of the spirits, which mount toward the brain; and endeavouring to free themselves from restraint find a vent by the nostril, and crouding thro' it, dilate it in their passage; this is evident from animals, and the nobler kinds of them, as the bull, the horse, the lion, whose nostrils always dilate when mov'd to anger. A similar expression is found in the first *Idyllium* of *Theocritus*,

Καί οἱ ἀεὶ δριμεῖα χολὰ ποτὶ ῥινὶ κάθηται.

He speaks of the anger of the God *Pan*, but it is applicable to all violence of passion. *Aristotle* (observes *Dacier*) quotes this verse as apply'd by *Homer* to express anger, *Cap.* 8. of his morals to *Nicomachus*, but he is evidently in an error; for there is here no mention of anger: he undoubtedly trusted to his memory, it being sorrow arising from filial tenderness which moves *Ulysses*. *Dacier.*

Thy

Thy ſon, ſo long deſir'd, ſo long detain'd,
Reſtor'd, and breathing in his native land:
Theſe floods of ſorrow, oh my Sire, reſtrain!
The vengeance is compleat; the Suitor-train,
Stretch'd in our palace, by theſe hands lie ſlain.
Amaz'd, *Laertes.* "Give ſome certain ſign,
"(If ſuch thou art) to manifeſt thee mine."
Lo here the wound (he cries) receiv'd of yore,
The ſcar indented by the tuſky boar,
When by thy ſelf and by *Anticlea* ſent,
To old *Autolychus*'s realms I went.
Yet by another ſign thy offſpring know;
The ſev'ral trees you gave me long ago,
While, yet a child, theſe fields I lov'd to trace,
And trod thy footſteps with unequal pace;

V. 389. *The ſeveral trees you gave me long ago,*
While yet a child ——]

The word in the original is παιδὸς, which ſignifies *a very young boy: Homer* uſes it to expreſs the age, when out of a childiſh ſimplicity *Ulyſſes* aſk'd his father to grant him ſuch trees. Such requeſts are very natural in children, and we ſee (ſays *Dacier*) the ſame practis'd every day; Parents out of fondneſs indulge the requeſts of their children in ſuch little particularities, and a bird, an horſe, *&c.* continues the child's favourite for many years. It muſt be allow'd, that no Poet ever follow'd nature ſo faithfully as *Homer*. *Virgil* perhaps has reach'd his nobleſt elevations and ſublimities, but there is a greater variety of natural incidents, more exact pictures of human life in *Homer* than in all other Poets. Some Painters excel in the boldneſs of their figures, and know how to draw a Hero or a God, but are leſs happy in lower ſubjects; but *Homer* draws univerſally, and is excellent upon all occaſions; he paints the largeſt figures or the leaſt ſketches equally natural, and with equal beauty.

To ev'ry plant in order as we came,
Well-pleas'd you told its nature, and its name,
Whate'er my childiſh fancy aſk'd, beſtow'd;
Twelve pear-trees bowing with their pendent load,
And ten, that red with bluſhing apples glow'd;
Full fifty purple figs; and many a row
Of various vines that then began to blow,
A future vintage! when the *Hours* produce
Their latent buds, and *Sol* exalts the juice.
Smit with the ſigns which all his doubts explain,
His heart within him melts; his knees ſuſtain
Their feeble weight no more; his arms alone
Support him, round the lov'd *Ulyſſes* thrown;
He faints, he ſinks, with mighty joys oppreſt:
Ulyſſes claſps him to his eager breaſt.
Soon as returning life regains its ſeat,
And his breath lengthens, and his pulſes beat;
Yes, I believe (he cries) almighty *Jove!*
Heav'n rules us yet, and Gods there are above.
'Tis ſo —— the Suitors for their wrongs have paid ——
But what ſhall guard us, if the town invade?
If, while the news thro' ev'ry city flies,
All *Ithaca* and *Cephalenia* riſe?
To this *Ulyſſes*. As the Gods ſhall pleaſe
Be all the reſt; and ſet thy ſoul at eaſe.
Haſte to the cottage by this orchard ſide,
And take the banquet which our cares provide:

There

There wait thy faithful band of rural friends,
And there the young *Telemachus* attends.
Thus having ſaid, they trac'd the garden o'er,
And ſtooping enter'd at the lowly door.
The ſwains and young *Telemachus* they found,
The victim portion'd, and the goblet crown'd.
The hoary King his old *Sicilian* maid
Perfum'd and waſh'd, and gorgeouſly array'd.
Pallas attending gives his frame to ſhine
With awful port, and majeſty divine;
His gazing ſon admires the god-like grace,
And air celeſtial dawning o'er his face.
What God, he cry'd, my father's form improves?
How high he treads, and how enlarg'd he moves?
Oh! Would to all the deathleſs pow'rs on high,
Pallas and *Jove*, and him who gilds the ſky!
(Reply'd the King elated with his praiſe)
My ſtrength were ſtill, as once in better days:
When the bold *Cephalens* the leaguer form'd,
And proud *Nericus* trembled as I ſtorm'd.

Such

V. 438. *And proud* Nericus *trembled as I ſtorm'd.*] I doubt not but the Reader has obſerv'd, that *Laertes* uſes the very turn of language and manner of ſelf-commendation ſo remarkable in almoſt all the ſpeeches of *Neſtor*: this is to be aſcribed to the nature of old age in general, which loves a little to boaſt, and relates the exploits of youth with the utmoſt ſatisfaction; or as *Horace* deſcribes it,

——— *Laudator temporis acti*
Se puero ———

Such were I now, not abſent from your deed
When the laſt ſun beheld the Suitors bleed,
This arm had aided yours; this hand beſtrown
Our floors with death, and puſh'd the ſlaughter on;
Nor had the Sire been ſep'rate from the Son.
They commun'd thus; while homeward bent their way
The ſwains, fatigu'd with labours of the day;
Dolius the firſt, the venerable man,
And next his ſons, a long ſucceeding train.
For due refection to the bow'r they came,
Call'd by the careful old *Sicilian* dame,
Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the fire;
They ſee their Lord, they gaze, and they admire.
On chairs and beds in order ſeated round,
They ſhare the gladſome board; the roofs reſound.
While thus *Ulyſſes* to his antient friend:
"Forbear your wonder, and the feaſt attend;
"The rites have waited long." The chief commands
Their loves in vain; old *Dolius* ſpreads his hands,

I will only add, that the reaſon why *Homer* deſcribes *Laertes* enlarg'd with ſtrength and majeſty by *Minerva* is to reconcile the future ſtory to probability; *Laertes* acts the Hero, engages at the head of his friends, and kills the leader of his enemies; this might appear to be an exploit too great for a weak old man waſted away with ſorrows: the Poet therefore knowing that he had loſt his natural vigour thro' age, ſupplies the defect with preternatural ſtrength, and by this method renders him equal to his future action.

V. 451. *Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the fire.*] We are not to imagine that this *Sicilian* was the wife of *Dolius*; *Homer* gives her the title of mother to his children, becauſe ſhe had the care of their education; for he adds, ἡ σφέας τρέφε, ſhe was their nurſe, not their mother. *Dacier.*

Springs

Springs to his maſter with a warm embrace,
And faſtens kiſſes on his hands and face;
Then thus broke out. Oh long, oh daily mourn'd!
Beyond our hopes, and to our wiſh, return'd!
Conducted ſure by heav'n! for heav'n alone
Could work this wonder: welcome to thy own!
And joys and happineſs attend thy throne!
Who knows thy bleſt, thy wiſh'd return? oh ſay,
To the chaſte Queen ſhall we the news convey?
Or hears ſhe, and with bleſſings loads the day?
Diſmiſs that care, for to the royal bride
Already is it known (the King reply'd,
And ſtrait reſum'd his ſeat) while round him bows
Each faithful youth, and breathes out ardent vows:
Then all beneath their father take their place,
Rank'd by their ages, and the banquet grace.
Now flying Fame the ſwift report had ſpread
Thro' all the city, of the Suitors dead.
In throngs they riſe, and to the palace crowd;
Their ſighs were many, and the tumult loud.
Weeping they bear the mangled heaps of ſlain,
Inhume the natives in their native plain,
The reſt in ſhips are wafted o'er the main.

Then

V. 481. *The reſt in ſhips are wafted o'er the main.*] To underſtand this we muſt remember, that many of the Suitors came from the neighbouring Iſlands, *Samos*, *Zacynthus*, &c. and therefore they are ſaid to be tranſported by ſea, to be buried in their native countries:

Then ſad in council all the Seniors ſate,
Frequent and full, aſſembled to debate.
Amid the circle firſt *Eupithes* roſe,
Big was his eye with tears, his heart with woes:
The bold *Antinous* was his age's pride,
The firſt who by *Ulyſſes*'s arrow dy'd.
Down his wan cheek the trickling torrent ran,
As mixing words with ſighs, he thus began.
Great deeds, oh friends! this wond'rous man has wrought,
And mighty bleſſings to his country brought.
With ſhips he parted and a num'rous train,
Thoſe, and their ſhips he bury'd in the main.
Now he returns, and firſt eſſays his hand
In the beſt blood of all his native land.
Haſte then, and ere to neighb'ring *Pyle* he flies.
Or ſacred *Elis*, to procure ſupplies;
Ariſe (or ye for ever fall) ariſe!
Shame to this age, and all that ſhall ſucceed!
If unreveng'd your ſons and brothers bleed.
Prove that we live, by vengeance on his head,
Or ſink at once forgotten with the dead.
Here ceas'd he, but indignant tears let fall
Spoke when he ceas'd: dumb ſorrow touch'd them all.

this cuſtom prevail'd over all the oriental world: But there may be a particular reaſon why this is done by the *Ithacans*; they might intend to raiſe thoſe ſeveral Iſlands to engage againſt *Ulyſſes*, and draw them to arms by ſuch moving ſpectacles. *Dacier.*

When

When from the Palace to the wond'ring throng
Sage *Medon* came, and *Phemius* came along;
(Reſtleſs and early ſleep's ſoft bands they broke)
And *Medon* firſt th' aſſembled chiefs beſpoke.

Hear me, ye Peers and Elders of the land,
Who deem this act the work of mortal hand;
As o'er the heaps of death *Ulyſſes* ſtrode,
Theſe eyes, theſe eyes beheld a preſent God,
Who now before him, now beſide him ſtood,
Fought as he fought, and mark'd his way with blood:
In vain old *Mentor*'s from the God bely'd,
'Twas heav'n that ſtruck, and heav'n was on his ſide.

A ſudden horror all th' aſſembly ſhook,
When ſlowly riſing, *Halitherſes* ſpoke:

(Rev'rend

V. 509. *Hear me, ye Peers and Elders of the land.*] There is great art in the ſpeeches of *Medon* and *Eupithes*: *Eupithes* ſaid that *Ulyſſes* had ſlain the braveſt of the *Greeks*; *Medon* allows it, but adds, that it was done by the will of the Gods: the conſequence therefore is, that to fight againſt *Ulyſſes* upon this account, is to fight againſt the Gods. *Eupithes* applies to their revenge, *Medon* to their fears; *Eupithes* ſheds tears to move their compaſſion, *Medon* intimidates them by averring that the aſſiſtance of the Gods was viſible on the ſide of *Ulyſſes*. The perſons likewiſe whom *Homer* employs to plead againſt *Eupithes* are well choſen; *Halitherſes* is a Prophet, *Medon* an Herald, and both perſons eſteem'd ſacred by their offices; this is the reaſon why the *Greeks* are ſaid to be ſtruck with awe at their appearance. *Dacier*, &c.

V. 518. ——— Halitherſes *ſpoke.*] The ſpeech of *Medon* had a good effect upon the audience; for *Homer* adds, that the whole aſſembly grew afraid; *Halitherſes* perceiv'd it, and ſeconds it. He inſiſts upon a new head of perſuaſion, and ſets forth the juſtice of the late action of *Ulyſſes*: the Suitors were ſlain (ſays he) for their crimes, and you are guilty for not reſtraining their outrages; and then to deter them from their preſent deſigns, he repreſents their

(Rev'rend and wiſe, whoſe comprehenſive view
At once the preſent and the future knew)
Me too ye fathers hear! from you proceed
The ills ye mourn; your own the guilty deed.
Ye gave your ſons, your lawleſs ſons the rein,
(Oft warn'd by *Mentor* and my ſelf in vain)
An abſent Hero's bed they ſought to ſoil,
An abſent Hero's wealth they made their ſpoil:
Immod'rate riot, and intemp'rate luſt!
Th' offence was great, the puniſhment was juſt.
Weigh then my counſels in an equal ſcale,
Nor ruſh to ruin. Juſtice will prevail.
His mod'rate words ſome better minds perſuade:
They part, and join him; but the number ſtay'd.
They ſtorm, they ſhout, with haſty frenzy fir'd,
And ſecond all *Eupithes*' rage inſpir'd.
They caſe their limbs in braſs; to arms they run;
The broad effulgence blazes in the ſun.

danger in engaging againſt their King. From theſe ſpeeches (obſerves *Euſtathius*) *Homer* draws the probability of the future part of the ſtory; he divides the enemy, and wins over almoſt half of their numbers; whereas, had they proceeded unanimouſly, *Ulyſſes* muſt neceſſarily have periſh'd by their power.

It is obſervable, that tho' *Phemius* accompanies *Medon*, yet he is ſilent; the reaſon is, he as it were ſpeaks by the mouth of *Medon*, he was witneſs to the aſſiſtance of heav'n on the part of *Ulyſſes*, and approves and confirms by his preſence the truth of his teſtimony. It is thus on the ſtage where the whole Chorus was antiently ſuppos'd to ſpeak by the mouth of their Prolocutor. *Dacier*, &c.

Before

Before the city, and in ample plain,
They meet: *Eupithes* heads the frantic train.
Fierce for his ſon, he breathes his threats in air;
Fate hears them not, and *Death* attends him there.
This paſt on earth, while in the realms above
Minerva thus to cloud compelling *Jove.*
May I preſume to ſearch thy ſecret ſoul?
Oh Pow'r ſupreme, oh ruler of the whole!
Say, haſt thou doom'd to this divided ſtate
Or peaceful amity, or ſtern debate?
Declare thy purpoſe; for thy will is Fate.
Is not thy thought my own? (the God replies
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted ſkies)
Had not long ſince thy knowing ſoul decreed,
The Chief's return ſhould make the guilty bleed?
'Tis done, and at thy will the Fates ſucceed.

V. 542. Minerva *thus to cloud-compelling* Jove.] *Homer*, to give importance to the concluſive action of his Poem, introduces *Jupiter* and *Minerva* in debate about the event of it. At the beginning of the *Odyſſey* he deſcribes the Gods in conſultation for the re-eſtabliſhment of *Ulyſſes:* In the concluſion of it, we ſee *Jupiter* himſelf rewarding the virtue and bravery of *Ulyſſes*, and decreeing him to reign in peace and tranquillity. This is carried on with great judgment: we are fully ſatisfy'd that the action of the *Odyſſey* is compleated in the happineſs of the Hero, when we hear *Jupiter* giving his ſanction to it. Beſides, it leaves a noble image of the greatneſs of *Ulyſſes*, and of the whole ſtory of the *Odyſſey*, upon the Reader's mind, when we ſee it is of ſuch weight as to engage *Jupiter* in its favour. Thus in imitation of *Homer*, toward the concluſion of the *Æneid*, *Virgil* deſcribes *Jupiter* and *Juno* in debate concerning the deciſive action between *Turnus* and *Æneas*.

Yet hear the iſſue: ſince *Ulyſſes'* hand
Has ſlain the Suitors, heav'n ſhall bleſs the land.
None now the kindred of th' unjuſt ſhall own;
Forgot the ſlaughter'd brother, and the ſon:
Each future day increaſe of wealth ſhall bring,
And o'er the paſt, *Oblivion* ſtretch her wing.
Long ſhall *Ulyſſes* in his empire reſt,
His people bleſſing, by his people bleſt.
Let all be peace—— He ſaid, and gave the nod
That binds the Fates; the ſanction of the God:
And prompt to execute th' eternal will,
Deſcended *Pallas* from th' *Olympian* hill.
Now ſat *Ulyſſes* at the rural feaſt,
The rage of hunger and of thirſt repreſt:
To watch the foe a truſty ſpy he ſent:
A ſon of *Dolius* on the meſſage went,
Stood in the way, and at a glance beheld
The foe approach'd, embattel'd on the field.

V. 553. —— *Since* Ulyſſes' *hand*
Has ſlain the Suitors, heav'n ſhall bleſs the land.]

The deſign of the *Odyſſey* is to ſhew virtue rewarded, and vice puniſh'd; here to introduce this act of juſtice with the greater ſolemnity, *Jupiter* is repreſented giving his aſſent to it: "Let there be "peace (ſays that Deity) but let juſtice be done, and the guilty pu"niſhed;" the Reader muſt neceſſarily be ſatisfy'd with the equity of the cauſe of *Ulyſſes*, when he hears *Jupiter* himſelf directing in it. Beſides, this conduct of *Homer* preſents us with an excellent moral; it ſhews us that the Deity is the governor of human affairs, and arbiter of peace and war; as he directs, the ſcenes of blood are open'd or clos'd, and the words of *Homer*, διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλὴ, may be apply'd to the *Odyſſey* as well as the *Iliad*.

With

With backward ſtep he haſtens to the bow'r,
And tells the news. They arm with all their pow'r.
Four friends alone *Ulyſſes'* cauſe embrace,
And ſix were all the ſons of *Dolius'* race:
Old *Dolius* too his ruſted arms put on;
And, ſtill more old, in arms *Laertes* ſhone.
Trembling with warmth, the hoary heroes ſtand,
And brazen Panoply inveſts the band.
The opening gates at once their war diſplay:
Fierce they ruſh forth: *Ulyſſes* leads the way.
That moment joins them with celeſtial aid,
In *Mentor*'s form, the *Jove*-deſcended Maid:
The ſuff'ring Hero felt his patient breaſt
Swell with new joy, and thus his ſon addreſt.
Behold, *Telemachus!* (nor fear the fight)
The brave embattel'd; the grim front of fight!

V. 573. *Four friends alone* Ulyſſes' *cauſe embrace.*] The Poet tells us the exact number of the party of *Ulyſſes*, which conſiſted of ten perſons under the direction of *Dolius*, *Laertes*, and *Ulyſſes*: How many were under *Eupithes* is uncertain, we therefore are at liberty to ſuppoſe them more or leſs ſuperior in number; *Medon* and *Halitherſes* had withdrawn almoſt half of his aſſiſtants, and by that method reduc'd the enemy to a greater equality: it is probable that they had no very extraordinary inequality, for the onſet is ſo ſudden, that the friends of the dead Suitors could not have time to embody; beſides, it appears from the ſixteenth *Odyſſey*, that of the whole band of Suitors, twelve only were *Ithacans*, the reſt came from the adjacent Iſlands, and therefore none of their friends could as yet be arrived to aſſiſt *Eupithes*, and conſequently this party conſiſted ſolely of *Ithacans*, and were not perhaps greatly ſuperior to *Ulyſſes*. This obſervation likewiſe furniſhes us with a reaſon why the enemy was ſo eaſily defeated, by ſo ſmall a body of men as engaged for *Ulyſſes*.

The

The valiant with the valiant muſt contend:
Shame not the line whence glorious you deſcend,
Wide o'er the world their martial fame was ſpread;
Regard thy ſelf, the living and the dead.
Thy eyes, great father! on this battle caſt,
Shall learn from me *Penelope* was chaſte.
So ſpoke *Telemachus!* the gallant boy
Good old *Laertes* heard with panting joy;
And bleſt! thrice bleſt this happy day! he cries,
The day that ſhows me, ere I cloſe my eyes,
A ſon and grandſon of th' *Arceſian* name
Strive for fair Virtue, and conteſt for Fame!
Then thus *Minerva* in *Laertes'* ear:
Son of *Arceſius*, rev'rend warrior, hear!
Jove and *Jove's* daughter firſt implore in pray'r,
Then whirling high, diſcharge thy lance in air,
She ſaid, infuſing courage with the word.
Jove and *Jove's* daughter then the Chief implor'd,
And whirling high, diſmiſt the lance in air,
Full at *Eupithes* drove the deathful ſpear:
The braſs-cheek'd helmet opens to the wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms reſound.

V. 606. *Full at* Eupithes *drove the deathful ſpear.*] *Euſtathius* calls this an admirable incident, or change of fortune in favour of *Ulyſſes*. The ſon of *Antinous* is ſlain by the ſon of *Laertes*, and the father of *Antinous* by the father of *Ulyſſes*. We now ſee *Ulyſſes* happy in his wife, his ſon, and his father; victorious over his enemies, and his ſubjects ſubmitting to his authority; and therefore the action is now compleat, and terminates with the *Odyſſey*.

Before

Before the father and the conqu'ring ſon
Heaps ruſh on heaps; they fight, they drop, they run.
Now by the ſword and now the jav'lin fall
The rebel race, and death had ſwallow'd all;
But from on high the blue-ey'd Virgin cry'd;
Her awful voice detain'd the headlong tyde.
" Forbear ye nations! your mad hands forbear
" From mutual ſlaughter: *Peace* deſcends to ſpare.
Fear ſhook the nations. At the voice divine
They drop their jav'lins, and their rage reſign.
All ſcatter'd round their glitt'ring weapons lie;
Some fall to earth, and ſome confus'dly fly.
With dreadful ſhouts *Ulyſſes* pour'd along,
Swift as an eagle, as an eagle ſtrong.
But *Jove*'s red arm the burning thunder aims;
Before *Minerva* ſhot the livid flames;
Blazing they fell, and at her feet expir'd:
Then ſtopt the Goddeſs, trembled, and retir'd.
Deſcended from the Gods! *Ulyſſes*, ceaſe;
Offend not *Jove:* Obey, and give the peace.
So *Pallas* ſpoke: The mandate from above
The King obey'd. The Virgin-ſeed of *Jove*
In *Mentor*'s form, confirm'd the full accord,
" And willing nations knew their lawful Lord.

V. 630. —— *The Virgin-ſeed of* Jove
In Mentor's *form, confirm'd the full accord.*]

The meaning of the paſſage is no more than this, when ſtript of its poetical ornaments: *Mentor*, a perſon of great wiſdom, acts as a mediator.

mediator between the King and his ſubjects, he regulates the conditions of peace, and ratifies it with ſacrifices to the Gods; this being an act of wiſdom, Poetry aſcribes it to *Minerva*.

I muſt obſerve with what dignity *Homer* concludes the *Odyſſey*: To honour his Hero, he introduces two Deities, *Jupiter* and *Pallas*, who intereſt themſelves in his cauſe: He then paints *Ulyſſes* in the boldeſt colours, as he ruſhes upon the enemy with the utmoſt intrepidity, and his courage is ſo ungovernable, that *Jupiter* is forc'd to reſtrain it with his thunder. It is uſual for Orators to reſerve the ſtrongeſt arguments for the concluſion, that they may leave them freſh upon the Reader's memory; *Homer* uſes the ſame conduct, he repreſents his Hero in all his terror, he ſhews him to be irreſiſtible, and by this method leaves us fully poſſeſt with a noble idea of his magnanimity.

It has been already obſerv'd, that the End of the Action of the *Odyſſey* is the re-eſtabliſhment of *Ulyſſes* in full peace and tranquillity; this is not effected, till the defeat of the Suitors friends: and therefore if the Poet had concluded before this event, the *Odyſſey* had been imperfect. It was neceſſary that the Reader ſhould not only be inform'd of the return of *Ulyſſes* to his country and the puniſhment of the Suitors, but of his re-eſtabliſhment by a peaceful poſſeſſion of his regal authority; which is not executed, till theſe laſt diſorders rais'd by *Eupithes* are ſettled by the victory of *Ulyſſes*, and therefore this is the natural concluſion of the action.

This book opens with the morning, and ends before night, ſo that the whole ſtory of the *Odyſſey* is comprehended in the compaſs of one and forty days. Monſieur *Dacier* upon *Ariſtotle* remarks, that an Epic Poem ought not to be too long: we ſhould be able to retain all the ſeveral parts of it at once in our memory: If we loſe the idea of the beginning when we come to the concluſion, it is an argument that it is of too large an extent, and its Length deſtroys its Beauty. What ſeems to favour this deciſion is, that the *Æneid*, *Iliad*, and *Odyſſey* are conformable to this rule of *Ariſtotle*, and every one of thoſe Poems may be read in the compaſs of a ſingle day.

I have now gone through the Collections upon the *Odyſſey*, and laid together what occurred moſt remarkable in this excellent Poem. I am not ſo vain as to think theſe Remarks free from faults, nor ſo diſingenuous as not to confeſs them: All Writers have occaſion for indulgence, and thoſe moſt who leaſt acknowledge it. I have ſometimes uſed Madam *Dacier* as ſhe has done others, in tranſcribing ſome of her Remarks without particularizing them; but indeed it was through inadvertency only that her name is ſometimes omitted at the bottom of the note. If my performance has merit, either in theſe, or in my part of the tranſlation (namely in the ſixth, eleventh, and eighteenth books) it is but juſt to attribute it to the judgment and care of Mr. *Pope*, by whoſe hand every ſheet was corrected. His other, and much more able aſſiſtant, was Mr. *Fenton*, in

in the fourth and the twentieth books. It was our particular requeſt, that our ſeveral parts might not be made known to the world till the end of it: And if they have had the good fortune not to be diſtinguiſh'd from His, we ought to be the leſs vain, ſince the reſemblance proceeds much leſs from our diligence and ſtudy to copy his manner, than from his own daily reviſal and correction. The moſt experienced Painters will not wonder at this, who very well know, that no Critic can pronounce even of the pieces of *Raphael* or *Titian*, which have, or which have not, been work'd upon by thoſe of their ſchool? when the ſame Maſter's hand has directed the execution of the whole, reduced it to one charrcter and colouring, gone over the ſeveral parts, and given to each their finiſhing.

I muſt not conclude without declaring our mutual ſatisfaction in Mr. *Pope*'s acceptance of our beſt endeavours, which have contributed at leaſt to his more ſpeedy execution of this great undertaking. If ever My name be number'd with the learned, I muſt aſcribe it to his friendſhip, in tranſmitting it to poſterity by a participation in his labours. May the ſenſe I have of this, and other inſtances of that friendſhip, be known as long as His name will cauſe mine to laſt: And may I to this end be permitted, at the concluſion of a work which is a kind of monument of his partiality to me, to place the following lines, as an Inſcription memorial of it.

LET vulgar ſouls triumphal arches raiſe,
Or ſpeaking marbles to record their praiſe;
And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
The mimic feature on the breathing ſtone:
Mere mortals! ſubject to death's total ſway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!
'Tis thine, on ev'ry heart *to grave thy praiſe,*
A monument which Worth alone can raiſe:
Sure to ſurvive, when time ſhall whelm in duſt
The arch, the marble, and the mimic buſt:
Nor 'till the volumes of th' expanded ſky
Blaze in one flame, ſhalt thou and Homer *die:*

Then

Then ſink together, in the world's laſt fires,
What heav'n created, and what heav'n inſpires.
If ought on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human tranſport touch the mighty dead:
Shakeſpear, *rejoice! his hand thy page refines;*
Now ev'ry ſcene with native brightneſs ſhines;
Juſt to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
So Tully *publiſh'd what* Lucretius *wrote;*
Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afreſh on thy immortal brow.
Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! *time invades,*
And the bold figure from the canvaſs fades,
A rival hand recalls from every part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
Tranſported we ſurvey the dubious ſtrife,
While each fair image ſtarts again to life.
How long untun'd, had Homer's *ſacred lyre*
Jarr'd grating diſcord, all extinct his fire?
This you beheld; and taught by heav'n to ſing,
Call'd the loud muſic from the ſounding ſtring;
Now wak'd from ſlumbers of three thouſand years,
Once more Achilles *in dread pomp appears,*
Tow'rs o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flaſh his arms, and all the Hero burns;
With martial ſtalk, and more than mortal might,
He ſtrides along, and meets the Gods in fight:

Then

Then the pale Titans, *chain'd on burning floors,*
Start at the din that rends th' infernal ſhores;
Tremble the tow'rs of heav'n, Earth rocks her couſts,
And gloomy Pluto *ſhakes with all his ghoſts.*
To ev'ry theme reſponds thy various lay;
Here rowls a torrent, there Meanders play;
Sonorous as the ſtorm thy numbers riſe,
Toſs the wild waves, and thunder in the ſkies;
Or ſofter than a yielding virgin's ſigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
Thus, like the radiant God who ſheds the day,
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way;
And while with ev'ry theme the verſe complies,
Sink without groveling, without raſhneſs riſe.
Proceed, great Bard! awake th' harmonious ſtring,
Be ours all Homer! *ſtill* Ulyſſes *ſing.*
How long * *that Hero, by unſkilful hands,*
Stript of his robes, a Beggar trod our lands?
Such as he wander'd o'er his native couſt,
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior loſt:
O'er his ſmooth ſkin a bark of wrinkles ſpread;
Old age diſgrac'd the honours of his head:
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball ſhin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
But you like Pallas, *ev'ry limb infold*
With royal robes, and bid him ſhine in gold;

* Odyſſey, lib. 16.

Touch'd

Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
With grace divine, and like a God he moves.
Ev'n I, the meaneſt of the Muſes train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler ſtrain;
Advent'rous waken the Mæonian *lyre,*
Tun'd by your hand, and ſing as you inſpire:
So arm'd by great Achilles *for the fight,*
Patroclus *conquer'd in* Achilles' *right:*
Like theirs, our Friendſhip! and I boaſt my name
To thine united —— For thy FRIENDSHIP'S FAME.
This labour paſt, of heav'nly ſubjects ſing,
While hov'ring angels liſten on the wing,
To bear from earth ſuch heart-felt raptures riſe,
As, when they ſing, ſuſpended hold the ſkies:
Or nobly riſing in fair virtue's cauſe,
From thy own Life tranſcribe th' unerring laws:
Teach a bad world beneath her ſway to bend;
To verſe like thine fierce ſavages attend,
And men more fierce; When Orpheus *tunes the lay,*
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. BROOME.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

By Mr. *POPE.*

I Cannot diſmiſs this work without a few obſervations on the true Character and Style of it. Whoever reads the Odyſſey with an eye to the Iliad, expecting to find it of the ſame character, or of the ſame ſort of ſpirit, will be grievouſly deceiv'd, and err againſt the firſt principle of Criticiſm, which is to conſider the nature of the piece, and the intent of its author. The Odyſſey is a moral and political work, inſtructive to all degrees of men, and filled with images, examples and precepts of civil and domeſtic life. *Homer* is here a perſon

Qui didicit, patriæ *quid debeat*, & *quid* amicis,
Quo ſit amore parens, *quo* frater *amandus*, & hoſpes:
Qui quid ſit pulcrum, *quid* turpe, *quid* utile, *quid* non,
Plenius & melius Chryſippo & Crantore dicit.

The Odyſſey is the reverſe of the Iliad, in *Moral*, *Subject*, *Manner* and *Style*; to which it has no ſort of relation, but as the ſtory happens to follow in order of time, and as ſome of the ſame perſons are actors in it. Yet from this incidental connexion many have been miſled to regard it as a continuation or ſecond part, and thence to expect a parity of character inconſiſtent with its nature.

It

It is no wonder that the common Reader ſhould fall into this miſtake, when ſo great a Critic as *Longinus* ſeems not wholly free from it. Although what he has ſaid has been generally underſtood to import a ſeverer cenſure of the Odyſſey than it really does, if we conſider the occaſion on which it is introduc'd, and the circumſtances to which it is confin'd.

" The Odyſſey (ſays he) is an inſtance, how natural " it is to a great Genius, when it begins to grow old and " decline, to delight it ſelf in *Narrations* and *Fables*. " For, that *Homer* compoſed the Odyſſey after the Iliad, " many proofs may be given, *&c.* From hence in my " judgment it proceeds, that as the Iliad was written " while his *Spirit* was in its greateſt vigour, the whole " ſtructure of that work is Dramatic and full of action; " whereas the greater part of the Odyſſey is employ'd in " Narration, which is the taſte of *Old Age:* So that in " this latter piece we may compare him to the ſetting " Sun, which has ſtill the ſame greatneſs, but not the " ſame ardor, or force. He ſpeaks not in the ſame " ſtrain; we ſee no more that *Sublime* of the Iliad which " marches on with a conſtant pace, without ever being " ſtopp'd, or retarded: there appears no more that hurry " and that ſtrong tide of motions and paſſions, pouring " one after another: there is no more the ſame fury, or " the ſame volubility of diction, ſo ſuitable to action, and " all along drawing in ſuch innumerable images of nature. " But *Homer*, like the Ocean, is always great, even when " he ebbs and retires; even when he is loweſt and loſes " himſelf moſt in Narrations and incredible Fictions: As " inſtances of this, we cannot forget the deſcriptions of " tempeſts, the adventures of *Ulyſſes* with the *Cyclops*, and " many others. But tho' all this be *Age*, it is the *Age* " of *Homer* ——— And it may be ſaid for the credit of " theſe fictions, that they are *beautiful Dreams*, or if you " will, the *Dreams of* Jupiter *himſelf*. I ſpoke of the " Odyſſey only to ſhow, that the greateſt Poets when " their genius wants ſtrength and warmth for the *Pathe-*

" *tic*, for the moſt part employ themſelves in painting " the *Manners*. This *Homer* has done, in characterizing " the Suitors, and deſcribing their way of life; which is " properly a branch of Comedy, whoſe peculiar buſineſs " it is to repreſent the manners of men."

We muſt firſt obſerve, it is the *Sublime* of which *Longinus* is writing: That, and not the nature of *Homer*'s Poem, is his ſubject. After having highly extoll'd the ſublimity and fire of the Iliad, he juſtly obſerves the Odyſſey to have leſs of thoſe qualities, and to turn more on the ſide of moral, and reflections on human life. Nor is it his buſineſs here to determine, whether the *elevated ſpirit* of the one, or the *juſt moral* of the other, be the greater excellence in it ſelf.

Secondly, that fire and fury of which he is ſpeaking, cannot well be meant of the general Spirit and Inſpiration which is to run through a whole Epic Poem, but of that particular warmth and impetuoſity neceſſary in ſome parts, to image or repreſent actions or paſſions, of haſte, tumult, and violence. It is on occaſion of citing ſome ſuch particular paſſages in *Homer*, that *Longinus* breaks into this reflection; which ſeems to determine his meaning chiefly to that ſenſe.

Upon the whole, he affirms the Odyſſey to have leſs ſublimity and fire than the Iliad, but he does not ſay it wants the ſublime or wants fire. He affirms it to be narrative, but not that the narration is defective. He affirms it to abound in fictions, not that thoſe fictions are ill invented, or ill executed. He affirms it to be nice and particular in painting the manners, but not that thoſe manners are ill painted. If *Homer* has fully in theſe points accompliſhed his own deſign, and done all that the nature of his Poem demanded or allow'd, it ſtill remains perfect in its kind, and as much a maſter-piece as the Iliad.

The Amount of the paſſage is this; that in his own particular taſte, and with reſpect to the *Sublime*, *Longinus* preferr'd the Iliad: And becauſe the Odyſſey was leſs active and lofty, he judged it the work of the old age of *Homer*.

If

If this opinion be true, it will only prove, that *Homer*'s Age might determine him in the choice of his ſubject, not that it affected him in the execution of it: And that which would be a very wrong inſtance to prove the decay of his Imagination, is a very good one to evince the ſtrength of his Judgment. For had he (as Madam *Dacier* obſerves) compoſed the Odyſſey in his youth, and the Iliad in his age, both muſt in reaſon have been exactly the ſame as they now ſtand. To blame *Homer* for his choice of ſuch a ſubject, as did not admit the ſame incidents and the ſame pomp of ſtyle as his former, is to take offence at too much variety, and to imagine, that when a man has written one good thing, he muſt ever after only copy himſelf.

The *Battle of* Conſtantine, and the *School of* Athens, are both pieces of *Raphael:* Shall we cenſure the School of *Athens* as faulty, becauſe it has not the fury and fire of the other? or ſhall we ſay, that *Raphael* was grown grave and old, becauſe he choſe to repreſent the manners of old men and Philoſophers? There is all the ſilence, tranquillity and compoſure in the one, and all the warmth, hurry and tumult in the other, which the ſubject of either requir'd: both of them had been imperfect, if they had not been as they are. And let the Painter or Poet be young or old, who deſigns and performs in this manner, it proves him to have made the piece at a time of life when he was maſter not only of his art, but of his diſcretion.

Ariſtotle makes no ſuch diſtinction between the two Poems: He conſtantly cites them with equal praiſe, and draws the rules and examples of Epic writing equally from both. But it is rather to the Odyſſey that *Horace* gives the preference, in the Epiſtle to *Lollius*, and in the Art of Poetry. It is remarkable how oppoſite his opinion is to that of *Longinus*; and that the particulars he chuſes to extoll, are thoſe very *fictions*, and *pictures of the manners* which the other ſeems leaſt to approve. Thoſe fables and manners are of the very eſſence of the work: But even without that regard, the fables themſelves have both more

invention

invention and more inſtruction, and the manners more moral and example, than thoſe of the Iliad.

In ſome points (and thoſe the moſt eſſential to the Epic Poem) the Odyſſey is confeſſed to excel the Iliad; and principally in the great end of it, the *Moral*. The conduct, turn, and diſpoſition of the *Fable* is alſo what the Critics allow to be the better model for Epic writers to follow: Accordingly we find much more of the Caſt of this Poem than of the other in the *Æneid*, and (what next to that is perhaps the greateſt example) in the *Telemachus*. In the *Manners*, it is no way inferior: *Longinus* is ſo far from finding any defect in theſe, that he rather taxes *Homer* with painting them too minutely. As to the *Narrations*, altho' they are more numerous as the occaſions are more frequent, yet they carry no more the marks of old age, and are neither more prolix nor more circumſtantial, than the converſations and dialogues of the Iliad. Not to mention the length of thoſe of *Phœnix* in the ninth book, and of *Neſtor* in the eleventh (which may be thought in compliance to their characters), thoſe of *Glaucus* in the ſixth, of *Æneas* in the twentieth, and ſome others, muſt be allow'd to exceed any in the whole Odyſſey. And that the propriety of ſtyle, and the numbers, in the narrations of each are equal, will appear to any who compare them.

To form a right judgment, whether the Genius of *Homer* had ſuffer'd any decay; we muſt conſider, in both his Poems, ſuch parts as are of a ſimilar nature, and will bear compariſon. And it is certain we ſhall find in each, the ſame vivacity and fecundity of invention, the ſame life and ſtrength of imaging and colouring, the particular deſcriptions as highly painted, the figures as bold, the metaphors as animated, and the numbers as harmonious and as various.

The Odyſſey is a perpetual ſource of Poetry: The ſtream is not the leſs full, for being gentle; though it is true (when we ſpeak only with regard to the *Sublime*) that a river, foaming and thund'ring in cataracts from rocks and precipices, is what more ſtrikes, amazes and

fills the mind, than the ſame body of water, flowing afterwards through peaceful vales and agreeable ſcenes of paſturage.

The Odyſſey (as I have before ſaid) ought to be conſidered according to its own nature and deſign, not with an eye to the Iliad. To cenſure *Homer* becauſe it is unlike what it was never meant to reſemble, is, as if a Gardiner who had purpoſely cultivated two beautiful trees of contrary natures, as a ſpecimen of his ſkill in the ſeveral kinds, ſhould be blamed for not bringing them into *pairs*; when in root, ſtem, leaf, and flower, each was ſo intirely different, that one muſt have been ſpoil'd in the endeavour to match the other.

Longinus, who ſaw this Poem was "*partly of the nature of Comedy*," ought not for that very reaſon to have conſider'd it with a view to the Iliad. How little any ſuch reſemblance was the intention of *Homer*, may appear from hence, that although the character of *Ulyſſes* there was already drawn, yet here he purpoſely turns to another ſide of it, and ſhows him not in that full light of glory, but in the ſhade of common life, with a mixture of ſuch qualities as are requiſite to all the loweſt accidents of it, ſtruggling with misfortunes, and on a level with the meaneſt of mankind. As for the other perſons, none of them are above what we call the higher Comedy: *Calypſo*, tho' a Goddeſs, is a character of intrigue; the Suitors yet more approaching to it; the *Phæacians* are of the ſame caſt; the *Cyclops*, *Melanthius*, and *Irus*, deſcend even to droll characters; and the ſcenes that appear throughout, are generally of the comic kind; banquets, revels, ſports, loves, and the purſuit of a woman.

From the Nature of the Poem, we ſhall form an Idea of the *Style*. The diction is to follow the images, and to take its colour from the complexion of the thoughts. Accordingly the Odyſſey is not always cloath'd in the majeſty of verſe proper to Tragedy, but ſometimes deſcends into the plainer Narrative, and ſometimes even to that familiar dialogue eſſential to Comedy. However, where

it cannot ſupport a ſublimity, it always preſerves a dignity, or at leaſt a propriety.

There is a real beauty in an eaſy, pure, perſpicuous deſcription even of a *low action*. There are numerous inſtances of this both in *Homer* and *Virgil*; and perhaps thoſe natural paſſages are not the leaſt pleaſing of their works. It is often the ſame in Hiſtory, where the repreſentations of common, or even domeſtic things, in clear, plain, and natural words, are frequently found to make the livelieſt impreſſion on the reader.

The queſtion is, how far a Poet, in purſuing the deſcription or image of an action, can attach himſelf to *little circumſtances*, without vulgarity or trifling? what particulars are proper, and enliven the image; or what are impertinent, and clog it? In this matter Painting is to be conſulted, and the whole regard had to thoſe circumſtances which contribute to form a full, and yet not a confuſed, idea of a thing.

Epithets are of vaſt ſervice to this effect, and the right uſe of theſe is often the only expedient to render the narration poetical.

The great point of judgment is to diſtinguiſh when to ſpeak ſimply, and when figuratively: But whenever the Poet is oblig'd by the nature of his ſubject to deſcend to the lower manner of writing, an elevated ſtyle would be affected, and therefore ridiculous; and the more he was forc'd upon figures and metaphors to avoid that lowneſs, the more the image would be broken, and conſequently obſcure.

One may add, that the uſe of the grand ſtyle on little ſubjects, is not only ludicrous, but a ſort of tranſgreſſion againſt the rules of proportion and mechanicks: 'Tis uſing a vaſt force to lift a *feather*.

I believe, now I am upon this head, it will be found a juſt obſervation, that the *low actions of life* cannot be put into a figurative ſtyle without being ridiculous, but *things natural* can. Metaphors raiſe the latter into Dignity, as we ſee in the *Georgicks*; but throw the former

into Ridicule, as in the *Lutrin*. I think this may very well be accounted for: Laughter implies cenſure; inanimate and irrational beings are not objects of cenſure; therefore theſe may be elevated as much as you pleaſe, and no ridicule follows: but when rational beings are repreſented above their real character, it becomes ridiculous in Art, becauſe it is vicious in Morality. The *Bees* in *Virgil*, were they rational beings, would be ridiculous by having their actions and manners repreſented on a level with creatures ſo ſuperior as men; ſince it would imply folly or pride, which are the proper objects of Ridicule.

The uſe of pompous expreſſion for low actions or thoughts is the *true Sublime* of *Don Quixote*. How far unfit it is for Epic Poetry, appears in its being the perfection of the Mock-Epic. It is ſo far from being the Sublime of *Tragedy*, that it is the cauſe of all *Bombaſte*; when Poets, inſtead of being (as they imagine) conſtantly lofty, only preſerve throughout a painful equality of fuſtian: That continued ſwell of language (which runs indiſcriminately even through their loweſt characters, and rattles like ſome mightineſs of meaning in the moſt indifferent ſubjects) is of a piece with that perpetual elevation of tone which the Players have learned from it; and which is not *ſpeaking*, but *vociferating*.

There is ſtill more reaſon for a variation of ſtyle in *Epic* Poetry than in *Tragic*, to diſtinguiſh between that *Language of the Gods* proper to the *Muſe* who ſings, and is inſpir'd; and that of *Men* who are introduced ſpeaking only according to nature. Farther, there ought to be a difference of ſtyle obſerved in the ſpeeches of human perſons, aud thoſe of Deities; and again, in thoſe which may be called ſet harangues, or orations, and thoſe which are only converſation or dialogue. *Homer* has more of the latter than any other Poet: what *Virgil* does by two or three words of narration, *Homer* ſtill performs by ſpeeches: Not only replies, but even rejoynders are frequent in him, a practice almoſt unknown to *Virgil*. This renders his Poems more animated, but leſs grave and majeſtic;

jeſtic; and conſequently neceſſitates the frequent uſe of a lower ſtyle. The writers of Tragedy lye under the ſame neceſſity, if they would copy nature; whereas that painted and poetical diction which they perpetually uſe, would be improper even in Orations deſign'd to move with all the arts of Rhetoric: This is plain from the practice of *Demoſthenes* and *Cicero*; and *Virgil* in thoſe of *Drances* and *Turnus* gives an eminent example, how far removed the ſtyle of them ought to be from ſuch an exceſs of figures and ornaments: which indeed fits only that *Language of the Gods* we have been ſpeaking of, or that of a *Muſe* under inſpiration.

To read through a whole work in this ſtrain, is like travelling all along on the ridge of a hill; which is not half ſo agreeable as ſometimes gradually to riſe, and ſometimes gently to deſcend, as the way leads, and as the end of the journey directs.

Indeed the true reaſon that ſo few Poets have imitated *Homer* in theſe lower parts, has been the extreme difficulty of preſerving that mixture of Eaſe and Dignity eſſential to them. For it is as hard for an Epic Poem to ſtoop to the Narrative with ſucceſs, as for a Prince to deſcend to be familiar, without diminution to his greatneſs.

The *ſublime* ſtyle is more eaſily counterfeited than the *natural*; ſomething that paſſes for it, or ſounds like it, is common in all falſe writers: But nature, purity, perſpicuity, and ſimplicity, never walk in the clouds; they are obvious to all capacities; and where they are not evident, they do not exiſt.

The moſt plain Narration not only admits of theſe, and of harmony (which are all the qualities of ſtyle) but it requires every one of them to render it pleaſing. On the contrary, whatever pretends to a ſhare of the Sublime, may paſs notwithſtanding any defects in the reſt, nay ſometimes without any of them, and gain the admiration of all ordinary readers.

Homer in his loweſt narrations or ſpeeches is ever eaſy, flowing, copious, clear, and harmonious. He ſhows not

leſs *invention*, in aſſembling the humbler, than the greater, thoughts and images; nor leſs *judgment*, in proportioning the ſtyle and the verſification to theſe than to the other. Let it be remember'd, that the ſame Genius that ſoar'd the higheſt, and from whom the greateſt models of the *Sublime* are derived, was alſo he who ſtoop'd the loweſt, and gave to the ſimple *Narrative* its utmoſt perfection. Which of theſe was the harder taſk to *Homer* himſelf, I cannot pretend to determine; but to his tranſlator I can affirm (however unequal all his imitations muſt be) that of the latter has been much more difficult.

Whoever expects here the ſame pomp of verſe, and the ſame ornaments of diction, as in the Iliad, he will, and he ought to be, diſappointed. Were the original otherwiſe, it had been an offence againſt nature; and were the tranſlation ſo, it were an offence againſt *Homer*, which is the ſame thing.

It muſt be allow'd that there is a majeſty and harmony in the *Greek* language which greatly contribute to elevate and ſupport the narration. But I muſt alſo obſerve that this is an advantage grown upon the language ſince *Homer*'s time; for things are removed from vulgarity by being out of uſe: And if the words we could find in any preſent language were equally ſonorous or muſical in themſelves, they would ſtill appear leſs poetical and uncommon than thoſe of a dead one, from this only circumſtance, of being in every man's mouth. I may add to this another diſadvantage to a Tranſlator, from a different cauſe: *Homer* ſeems to have taken upon him the character of an Hiſtorian, Antiquary, Divine, and Profeſſor of Arts and Sciences, as well as a Poet. In one or other of theſe characters he deſcends into many particularities, which as a Poet only perhaps he would have avoided. All theſe ought to be preſerved by a faithful Tranſlator, who in ſome meaſure takes the place of *Homer*; and all that can be expected from him is to make them as poetical as the ſubject will bear. Many arts therefore are requiſite to ſupply theſe diſadvantages, in order to dignify and ſolemnize

nize theſe plainer parts, which hardly admit of any poetical ornaments.

Some uſe has been made to this end of the ſtyle of *Milton*. A juſt and moderate mixture of old words may have an effect like the working old Abbey ſtones into a building, which I have ſometimes ſeen to give a kind of venerable air, and yet not deſtroy the neatneſs, elegance, and equality requiſite to a new work; I mean without rendring it too unfamiliar, or remote from the preſent purity of writing, or from that eaſe and ſmoothneſs which ought always to accompany Narration or Dialogue. In reading a ſtyle judiciouſly antiquated, one finds a pleaſure not unlike that of travelling on an old *Roman* way: But then the road muſt be as *good*, as the way is *antient*; the ſtyle muſt be ſuch in which we may evenly proceed, without being put to ſhort ſtops by ſudden abruptneſſes, or puzzled by frequent turnings and tranſpoſitions: No Man delights in furrows and ſtumbling-blocks: And let our love to Antiquity be ever ſo great, a fine ruin is one thing, and a heap of rubbiſh another. The imitators of *Milton*, like moſt other imitators, are not *Copies* but *Caricatura's* of their original; they are a hundred times more obſolete and cramp than he, and equally ſo in all places: Whereas it ſhould have been obſerved of *Milton*, that he is not laviſh of his exotic words and phraſes every where alike, but employs them much more where the ſubject is marvellous, vaſt and ſtrange, as in the ſcenes of Heaven, Hell, Chaos, *&c.* than where it is turned to the natural and agreeable, as in the pictures of Paradiſe, the loves of our firſt parents, the entertainments of angels, and the like. In general, this unuſual ſtyle better ſerves to awaken our ideas in the deſcriptions and in the imaging and pictureſque parts, than it agrees with the lower ſort of narrations, the character of which is ſimplicity and purity. *Milton* has ſeveral of the latter, where we find not an antiquated, affected, or uncouth word, for ſome hundred lines together; as in his fifth book, the latter part of the eighth, the former of the tenth and eleventh books, and

in the narration of *Michael* in the twelfth. I wonder indeed that he, who ventured (contrary to the practice of all other Epic Poets) to imitate *Homer*'s Lowneſſes in the *Narrative*, ſhould not alſo have copied his plainneſs and perſpicuity in the *Dramatic* parts: Since in his ſpeeches (where clearneſs above all is neceſſary) there is frequently ſuch tranſpoſition and forced conſtruction, that the very ſenſe is not to be diſcovered without a ſecond or third reading: and in this certainly he ought to be no example.

To preſerve the true character of *Homer*'s ſtyle in the preſent tranſlation, great pains has been taken to be eaſy and natural. The chief merit I can pretend to, is, not to have been carried into a more plauſible and figurative manner of writing, which would better have pleaſed all readers, but the judicious ones. My errors had been fewer, had each of thoſe Gentlemen who join'd with me ſhown as much of the ſeverity of a friend to me, as I did to them, in a ſtrict animadverſion and correction. What aſſiſtance I received from them, was made known in general to the publick in the original Propoſals for this work, and the particulars are ſpecify'd at the concluſion of it; to which I muſt add (to be punctually juſt) ſome part of the tenth and fifteenth books. The Reader will now be too good a judge, how much the greater part of it, and conſequently of its faults, is chargeable upon me alone. But this I can with integrity affirm, that I have beſtow'd as much time and pains upon the whole, as were conſiſtent with the indiſpenſable duties and cares of life, and with that wretched ſtate of health which God has been pleaſed to make my portion. At the leaſt, it is a pleaſure to me to reflect, that I have introduced into our language this other work of the greateſt and moſt antient of Poets, with ſome dignity; and I hope, with as little diſadvantage as the Iliad. And if, after the unmerited ſucceſs of that tranſlation, any one will wonder why I would enterprize the Odyſſey; I think it ſufficient to ſay, that *Homer* himſelf did the ſame, or the world would never have ſeen it.

I deſign'd

I deſign'd to have ended this Poſtſcript here; but ſince I am now taking my leave of *Homer*, and of all controverſy relating to him, I beg leave to be indulged if I make uſe of this laſt opportunity, to ſay a very few words about ſome reflections which the late Madam *Dacier* beſtow'd on the firſt part of my Preface to the Iliad, and which ſhe publiſhed at the end of her tranſlation of that Poem *.

To write gravely an anſwer to them would be too much for the reflections; and to ſay nothing concerning them, would be too little for the Author. It is owing to the induſtry of that learned Lady, that our polite neighbours are become acquainted with many of *Homer*'s beauties, which were hidden from them before in *Greek* and in *Euſtathius*. She challenges on this account a particular regard from all the admirers of that great Poet, and I hope that I ſhall be thought, as I mean, to pay ſome part of this debt to her memory in what I am now writing.

Had theſe reflections fallen from the pen of an ordinary Critick, I ſhould not have apprehended their effect, and ſhould therefore have been ſilent concerning them: but ſince they are Madam *Dacier*'s, I imagine that they muſt be of weight; and in a caſe where I think her Reaſoning very bad, I reſpect her Authority.

I have fought under Madam *Dacier*'s banner, and have waged war in defence of the divine *Homer* againſt all the Hereticks of the age. And yet it is Madam *Dacier* who accuſes me, and who accuſes me of nothing leſs than betraying our common Cauſe. She affirms that the moſt declared enemies of this Author have never ſaid any thing againſt him more injurious or more unjuſt than I. What muſt the world think of me, after ſuch a judgment paſs'd by ſo great a Critick? the world, who decides ſo often, and who examines ſo ſeldom; the world, who even in matters of literature is almoſt always the ſlave of Authority? Who will ſuſpect that ſo much learning ſhould mi-

* *Second Edition, a Paris,* 1719.

ſtake, that ſo much accuracy ſhould be miſled, or that ſo much candour ſhould be byaſs'd?

All this however has happen'd, and Madam *Dacier*'s Criticiſms on my Preface flow from the very ſame error, from which ſo many falſe criticiſms of her countrymen upon *Homer* have flow'd, and which ſhe has ſo juſtly and ſo ſeverely reproved; I mean the error of depending on injurious and unſkilful *tranſlations*.

An indifferent tranſlation may be of ſome uſe, and a good one will be of a great deal. But I think that no tranſlation ought to be the ground of *Criticiſm*, becauſe no man ought to be condemn'd upon another man's explanation of his meaning: Could *Homer* have had the Honour of explaining his, before that auguſt Tribunal where Monſieur *de la Motte* preſides, I make no doubt but he had eſcaped many of thoſe ſevere animadverſions with which ſome *French* Authors have loaded him, and from which even Madam *Dacier*'s tranſlation of the Iliad could not preſerve him.

How unhappy was it for me, that the knowledge of our *Iſland-tongue* was as neceſſary to Madam *Dacier* in my caſe, as the knowledge of *Greek* was to Monſieur *de la Motte* in that of our great Author; or to any of thoſe whom ſhe ſtyles *blind Cenſurers*, and blames for condemning what they did not underſtand.

I may ſay with modeſty, that ſhe knew leſs of my true ſenſe from that faulty tranſlation of part of my Preface, than thoſe blind cenſurers might have known of *Homer*'s even from the tranſlation of *la Valterie*, which preceded her own.

It pleaſed me however to find, that her objections were not levell'd at the general Doctrine, or at any eſſentials of my Preface, but only at a few particular expreſſions. She propoſed little more than (to uſe her own phraſe) to *combate two or three Similes*; and I hope that to combate a Simile is no more than to fight with a ſhadow, ſince a Simile is no better than the ſhadow of an Argument.

She

She lays much weight where I laid but little, and examines with more ſcrupuloſity than I writ, or than perhaps the matter requires.

Theſe unlucky Similes taken by themſelves may perhaps render my meaning equivocal to an ignorant tranſlator; or there may have fallen from my pen ſome expreſſions, which taken by themſelves likewiſe, may to the ſame perſon have the ſame effect. But if the tranſlator had been maſter of our tongue, the general tenor of my argument, that which precedes and that which follows the paſſages objected to, would have ſufficiently determined him as to the preciſe meaning of them: And if Madam *Dacier* had taken up her pen a little more leiſurely, or had employ'd it with more temper, ſhe would not have anſwer'd Paraphraſes of her own, which even the tranſlation will not juſtify, and which ſay more than once the very contrary to what I have ſaid in the paſſages themſelves.

If any perſon has curioſity enough to read the whole paragraphs in my Preface, on ſome mangled parts of which theſe reflections are made, he will eaſily diſcern that I am as orthodox as Madam *Dacier* her ſelf in thoſe very articles on which ſhe treats me like an Heretick: He will eaſily ſee that all the difference between us conſiſts in this, that I offer *opinions*, and ſhe delivers *doctrines*; that my imagination repreſents *Homer* as the greateſt of human Poets, whereas in hers he was exalted above humanity; infallibility and impeccability were two of his attributes. There was therefore no need of defending *Homer* againſt me, who, (if I miſtake not) had carried my admiration of him as far as it can be carried without giving a *real* occaſion of writing in his defence.

After anſwering my harmleſs Similes, ſhe proceeds to a matter which does not regard ſo much the honour of *Homer*, as that of the times he lived in; and here I muſt confeſs ſhe does not wholly miſtake my meaning, but I think ſhe miſtakes the ſtate of the queſtion. She had ſaid, the Manners of thoſe times were ſo much the better the

leſs they were like ours: I thought this required a little qualification, I confeſt that in my own opinion the world was mended in ſome points, ſuch as the cuſtom of putting whole nations to the ſword, condemning Kings and their families to perpetual ſlavery, and a few others. Madam *Dacier* judges otherwiſe in this; but as to the reſt, particularly in preferring the ſimplicity of the antient world to the luxury of ours, which is the main point contended for, ſhe owns we agree. This I thought was well, but I am ſo unfortunate that this too is taken amiſs, and call'd adopting or (if you will) ſtealing *her* ſentiment. The truth is ſhe might have ſaid *her words*, for I uſed them on purpoſe, being then profeſſedly citing from her: tho' I might have done the ſame without intending that compliment, for they are alſo to be found in *Euſtathius*, and the ſentiment I believe is that of all mankind. I cannot really tell what to ſay to this whole Remark, only that in the firſt part of it Madam *Dacier* is diſpleaſed that I don't agree with her, and in the laſt that I do: But this is a temper which every polite man ſhould over-look in a Lady.

To puniſh my ingratitude, ſhe reſolves to expoſe my blunders, and ſelects two which I ſuppoſe are the moſt flagrant, out of the many for which ſhe could have chaſtiſed me. It happens that the firſt of theſe is in part the Tranſlator's, and in part her own, without any ſhare of mine: She quotes the End of a ſentence, and he puts in *French* what I never wrote in *Engliſh*: "*Homer* (I ſaid) "open'd a new and boundleſs walk for his imagination, "and created a world for himſelf in the invention of Fa-"ble;" which he tranſlates, *Homere crea pour ſon uſage un monde mouvant, en inventant la fable.*

Madam *Dacier* juſtly wonders at this nonſenſe in me; and I, in the Tranſlator. As to what I meant by *Homer*'s invention of Fable, it is afterwards particularly diſtinguiſh'd from that extenſive ſenſe in which ſhe took it, by theſe words. "If *Homer* was not the firſt, who in-"troduced the Deities (as *Herodotus* imagines) into the "religion

" religion of *Greece*, he ſeems the firſt who brought them " into a *Syſtem of Machinery* for Poetry."

The other blunder ſhe accuſes me of is, the miſtaking a paſſage in *Ariſtotle*, and ſhe is pleaſed to ſend me back to this Philoſopher's treatiſe of Poetry, and to her Preface on the Odyſſey for my better inſtruction. Now though I am ſaucy enough to think that one may ſometimes differ from *Ariſtotle* without blundering, and though I am ſure one may ſometimes fall into an error by following him ſervilely; yet I own that to quote any Author for what he never ſaid is a blunder; (but by the way, to correct an Author for what he never ſaid, is ſomewhat worſe than a blunder.) My words were theſe. " As there is " a greater variety of Characters in the Iliad than in any " other Poem, ſo there is of Speeches. Every thing in " it has manners, as *Ariſtotle* expreſſes it; That is, every " thing is acted or ſpoken: very little paſſes in narra- " tion." She juſtly ſays that " Every thing which is " acted or ſpoken, has not neceſſarily manners merely " becauſe it is acted or ſpoken." Agreed: But I would aſk the queſtion, whether any thing can have manners which is neither acted nor ſpoken? If not, then the whole Iliad being almoſt ſpent in ſpeech and action, almoſt every thing in it has Manners, ſince *Homer* has been proved before in a long Paragraph of the Preface, to have excelled in drawing Characters and painting Manners, and indeed his whole Poem is one continued occaſion of ſhewing this bright part of his talent.

To ſpeak fairly, it is impoſſible ſhe could read even the tranſlation, and take my ſenſe ſo wrong as ſhe repreſents it; but I was firſt tranſlated ignorantly, and then read partially. My expreſſion indeed was not quite exact; it ſhould have been, " Every thing has manners as *Ari-* " *ſtotle* calls them." But ſuch a fault methinks might have been ſpared, ſince if one was to look with that diſpoſition ſhe diſcovers towards me, even on her own excellent writings, one might find ſome miſtakes which no context can redreſs; as where ſhe makes *Euſtathius* call

Cratiſthenes the *Phliaſian*, *Calliſthenes* the *Phyſician* *. What a triumph might ſome ſlips of this ſort have afforded, to *Homer*'s, hers and my enemies, from which ſhe was only ſcreen'd by their happy ignorance? How unlucky had it been, when ſhe inſulted Mr. *de la Motte* for omitting a material paſſage in the † ſpeech of *Helen* to *Hector*, *Il.* 6. if ſome champion for the moderns had by chance underſtood ſo much *Greek*, as to whiſper him, that there was no ſuch paſſage in *Homer?*

Our concern, zeal, and even jealouſy, for our great Author's honour were mutual, our endeavours to advance it were equal, and I have as often trembled for it in her hands, as ſhe could in mine. It was one of the many reaſons I had to wiſh the longer life of this Lady, that I muſt certainly have regain'd her good opinion, in ſpite of all miſ-repreſenting Tranſlators whatever. I could not have expected it on any other terms than being approved as great, if not as paſſionate, an admirer of *Homer* as her ſelf. For that was the firſt condition of her favour and friendſhip; otherwiſe not one's Taſte alone, but one's Morality had been corrupted, nor would any man's Religion have been unſuſpected, who did not implicitly believe in an Author whoſe doctrine is ſo conformable to holy Scripture. However, as different people have different ways of expreſſing their Belief, ſome purely by public and general acts of worſhip, others by a reverend ſort of reaſoning and enquiry about the grounds of it; 'tis the ſame in Admiration, ſome prove it by exclamations, others by reſpect. I have obſerved that the loudeſt huzza's given to a great man in a triumph, proceed not from his friends, but the rabble; and as I have fancy'd it the ſame with the rabble of Criticks, a deſire to be diſtinguiſh'd from them has turned me to the more moderate, and I hope, more rational method. Tho' I am a Poet, I would not be an Enthuſiaſt; and tho' I am an *Engliſh-*

* *Dacier Remarques ſur le 4me livre de l' Odyſſ.* page 467.
† *De la Corruption du Gout.*

man,

man, I would not be furiouſly of a Party. I am far from thinking myſelf that Genius, upon whom at the End of theſe remarks Madam *Dacier* congratulates my country: One capable of, " correcting *Homer*, and conſequently " of reforming mankind, and amending this Conſtitu- " tion." It was not to *Great Britain* this ought to have been applied, ſince our nation has one happineſs for which ſhe might have preferr'd it to her own, that as much as we abound in other miſerable miſ-guided Sects, we have at leaſt none of the blaſphemers of *Homer*. We ſtedfaſtly and unanimouſly believe, both his Poem, and our Conſtitution, to be the beſt that ever human wit invented: That the one is not more incapable of amendment than the other; and (old as they both are) we deſpiſe any *French* or *Engliſhman* whatever, who ſhall preſume to retrench, to innovate, or to make the leaſt alteration in either. Far therefore from the Genius for which Madam *Dacier* miſtook me, my whole deſire is but to preſerve the humble character of a faithful Tranſlator, and a quiet Subject.

INDEX.

INDEX.

The firſt Number marks the Book, the ſecond the Verſe.

ANTIQUITY.

A.

[*Cuſtoms and Opinions of Antiquity.*]

TO join vocal with inſtrumental Muſic, 1. 199.—4. 23.—8. 40, 307.

Weaving, the employment of Queens and the greateſt Princeſſes, 1. 455. as alſo Spinning, 4. 178.

Dogs kept as inſtances of State by Kings, 2. 14.——20. 183.

Waſhing before meat, 1. 183. making libations on all ſolemn occaſions, 2. 470. *See Note* 39. 3. 57, 506, *&c.*

Honours paid to Old Age, 3. 66.

Piracy eſteem'd honourable, 3. 88. *See the Note.*

The art of beating gold into leaves, 3. 555.

Bathing of ſtrangers, 3. 593. Perform'd by Virgins of the beſt quality, *ibid.* *See the Notes*, 4. 58.

Arrows poiſon'd, but not uſed in war, 1. 341. *See the Notes.*

The art of inlaying with Ivory, *&c.* 4. 87.—21. 10.

Sports

Sports of the Antients; Cheſs, 1. 141. throwing the Javelin, and Quoits, 4. 848.—17. 193. leaping, racing, wreſtling and boxing, 8. 125. ſhooting thro' the rings, 19. 661.

Ploughing with Mules, 4. 860. with Oxen, 830.

Skill in Navigation, 5. 345.

The belief of the Antients in Amulets or charms, 5. 430. *See Note* 29.

Princeſſes accuſtom'd to waſh their own robes, 6. 35, 105. by treading them in Ciſterns. *See Note* 11. The ſport of the ball, 6. 113. Embroidery, 7. 125.—19. 265. Women employ'd to turn the Mill, 7. 133.—20. 133.

They believ'd that the Gods appear'd in the form of men, 6. 175.—7. 255. in light, 19. 50. They believed in Demons, 5. 509. That there were good and bad. *See Note* 33. That they inflicted diſeaſes, *ibid.* Authors of calamities, 10. 71. 11. 78.—12, 352.—24. 357.

Their opinions of Ghoſts, 11. 46, 180, 248, 261. That the Gods had commerce with women, 11. 291. That infernal Furies aveng'd violence offered to Parents, 2. 157.—11. 340.

The Father's patrimony divided by lot amongſt all the children, 14. 239.

The mother's dowry refunded by the ſon, if ſent home upon the death of the Huſband, 2. 153.

Adultery aton'd by a pecuniary Mulct, 8. 358. The daughter's dower in ſuch caſes reſtored by the father. *Note* 31.

Selling of ſlaves, 14. 327.

Suretyſhip practis'd in the days of *Homer*, 8. 386. Baniſhment the puniſhment of murder, 23, 120. *See* Theoclymenus, 15, 301. That the Gods, viſible or inviſible at pleaſure, appear in the form of ſtrangers, 17, 578.—16. 175. That the perſon of Kings was inviolable, 16. 417. Their belief in Prodigies, 20. 415. Their uſe of Sulphur in purifying polluted places, 22, 527.—23. 52. The nuptial chamber ſeen only by

by the neareſt relations, 23. 243. Altars erected by publick roads for the devotion of travellers, 17. 244. That ſneezing was ominous, 17. 625. They believ'd that charms and muſic could ſtaunch blood, 19. 526. Children nurs'd with wine, milk, and honey, 20, 83. Sponges uſed to cleanſe the tables, 20, 189. *See the Note* 22. 488. Altars built in groves, 20. 342.

AUGURY *and* OMENS.

Omen of two Eagles, 2, 171. From a caſual voice, 1. 362.—2. 44, 245.—20. 123. *See the Notes.* From an Eagle truſſing a fowl, 15. 180. From an hawk tearing a dove, 20. 302.—15. 366. From an Eagle deſtroying a flock of Geeſe, 19. 618. From thunder in a clear ſky, 20. 128.—21. 453.

Antinous, 1. 490. His character, *Note* 43. *lib.* 1. Replies to *Telemachus*, 2. 95, 341. Lays an ambuſh to intercept *Telemachus*, 4. 1100. His ſpeech, 16. 376. Slain by *Ulyſſes*, 22. 20.

Antiphus, Son of *Ægyptius*, ſlain by *Cyclops*, 2. 25.

Amphialus, victor in the leap, 8. 131.

Antilochus, Son of *Neſtor*, ſlain before *Troy*, 3. 135. By *Memnon*, 4. 256. His bones buried in the urn of *Achilles*, 24. 27. *See the Note.*

Agamemnon returns from *Troy*, 3. 234. is murdered, 386. 4.—700. Relates his own ſtory, 11. 491. His conference in Hell with the Ghoſt of *Amphimedon*, 24. 128.

Aſphalion, attendant on *Menelaus*, 4. 297.

Anticlus, 4. 387.

Ajax Oileus ſlain for his preſumption by *Neptune*, 4. 674.

Ajax Telamon, his ſtory, 11. 665.

Aſteris, a ſmall Iſland, 4. 1104.

Alcinous, King of *Phæacia*, 6. 18. His Palace, 7. 107. Calls a Council, 8. 4. Gives preſents to *Ulyſſes*, 8. 425. Sends him to his country, 13. 80.

INDEX.

Arete, wife of *Alcinous*, 7. 70. Her excellent character, 92.
Arethuſa, 13. 470.
Athens deſcrib'd, 7. 103.
Antiphates, King of the *Læſtrigons*, 10. 120.
Artacia, a ſtream, 10. 121.
Acheron, an infernal river, 10. 609.
Anticlea, mother of *Ulyſſes*, 11. 187. Dies thro' ſorrow for *Ulyſſes*, 240.
Amithaon, ſon of *Cretheus*, 11. 315.
Alcmena, mother of *Hercules*, 11. 225.
Amphithea, 19. 478.
Amphion, 11. 342.
Ariadne, her Hiſtory, 11. 398.
Achilles, his conference in Hell with *Ulyſſes*, 11. 577. With the Ghoſt of *Agamemnon*, 24. 35. His funeral deſcribed, 24. 60.
Argo, a Ship ſo nam'd, 12. 83.
Argus, the Dog of *Ulyſſes*, 17, 345.
Amphiaraus, 15. 269.
Amphinomus, 16. 367. His character, 410. His ſpeech, 416. Slain by *Telemachus*, 22. 110.
Autolycus, Grandfather to *Ulyſſes*, 19, 457.
Agelaus, a Suitor, 20. 387. threatens *Mentor*, 22, 235, 277. Slain, 24. 364.
Amphimedon, ſlain by *Telemachus*, 22. 313. His ſhade relates the death of the Suitors to *Agamemnon* in Hell, 24. 145.

Æ.

Ægyſthus corrupts *Clytemneſtra*, wife of *Agamemnon*, 3. 310. Slain by *Oreſtes*, 242, 386,———1. 40. Reigns ſeven years in *Mycenæ*, 3. 388.—4. 701.——11. 483.
Ægyptius, faithful to *Ulyſſes*, his ſpeech at the opening of the aſſembly of *Ithacans*, 2. 33.
Ægyptus, or the *Nile* ſo called antiently, 3. 383.—17. 510.

Ægypt, famous for ſimples, 4. 318. and Pharmacy, 321.
Ægæ, ſacred to *Neptune*, 5. 489.
Æolia, the Iſland of *Æolus*, 10. 1.
Æolus, King of the Winds, 10. 20. Binds them in a bag, and delivers them to *Ulyſſes*, *ibid.*
Æſon, Son of *Cretheus*, 11. 314.
Æthon, 19. 214.

C.

Calypſo out of love detains *Ulyſſes*, 5. 21. Her ſpeech to *Mercury*, 5. 149. to *Ulyſſes*, 257.
Clytonius, victor in the race, 8. 131.
Cyprus, ſacred to *Venus*, 8. 395.
Cicons, repulſe *Ulyſſes*, 9. 51.
Cyclops, the fertility of the country, 9. 120. Their manners, 125. *Polypheme* deſcrib'd, 9. 220. His Cave, 252. Deſtroys the Companions of *Ulyſſes*, 9. 342.
Circe, an Enchantreſs, 10. 160. Her Palace, 241. Transforms the companions of *Ulyſſes* into beaſts, 277. Takes *Ulyſſes* to her bed, 412. She ſends him to the Shades below, 10. 576. Inſtructs him in his future voyages, 12. 51.
Cocytus, a river in Hell, 10. 610.
Cimmerians, a land of darkneſs, 11. 16.
Cretheus, Huſband of *Tyro*, 11. 314.
Chloris, 11. 341.
Chromius, Son of *Nelæus*, 11. 349.
Caſtor, 11. 369. His ſtory, 370.
Clemene, 11. 405.
Clytemneſtra, Wife of *Agamemnon*, murders her Huſband, 11. 506.
Caſſandra, murder'd, 11. 527.
Cetæans, a people of *Myſia*, 11. 636.
Charybdis, 12. 125.
Crete, 13. 307.——14. 271.—contains ninety Cities, 19. 196.
Cretans, remarkable liars, 14. 411. *See the Note.*

Cydonians, fam'd for Archery, 19. 200.
Cnoſſus, capital of *Crete*, 19. 204.
Cteſippus, a *Samian*, 20. 353. Slain by *Philætius*, 22. 317.

D.

DESCRIPTIONS.

Of *Minerva* deſcending to *Ithaca*, 1. 125. Of Sailing, 2. 460. Of a Sacrifice, 3. 535. Of the Palace of *Menelaus*, 4. 82. Of *Nepenthe*, 4. 30. Of the various ſhapes of *Proteus*, 4. 563, 615. Of *Elyſium*, 4. 764. Of the deſcent of *Mercury*, 5. 56. Of the Iſle and bower of *Calypſo*, 5. 75. Of a ſtorm, 5. 375. Of *Ulyſſes* fainting, 5. 580. Of Heaven, 6. 53. The grove of *Pallas*, 6. 349. Of the Palace of *Alcinous*, 7. 107. Of his gardens, 141. Of the land of *Lotos*, 9. 100. Of a man in a fright, 10. 290, 303. Of an infernal Sacrifice, 10. 625.——11. 45. Of a ſtone heav'd againſt a mountain, 11. 736. Of its ruſhing down, 738. Of the *Sirens*, 12. 51. Of the erratic rocks, 12. 70. Of *Scylla*, 12. 90. Of *Charybdis*, 12. 125. Of a ſtorm, 12. 370, 476. Of old Age, 13. 455, 497. Of the landſchape about *Ithaca*, 17. 230. Of a beggar, 17. 410. Of a charitable man, 17. 500.—19. 93. Of a ſtrong perſon, 18. 75, 85. Of a ſingle combat, 18. 102. Of inſolent men in power, 18. 156. Of a drunken perſon, 18. 281. Of the evening Star, 18. 153. Of hunting the boar, 19. 493. Of tuning a lyre, 446. Of the twanging of the ſtring, 21. 440. Of bending a bow, 21. *ibid.* Of the flight of an arrow, 21. 461. Of *Ulyſſes* beginning a fight, 22. 1. Of hanging, 22. 503. Of the nuptial apartment of *Ulyſſes*, 23. 185. Of the funeral of *Achilles*, 24. 60. Of the victory of *Ulyſſes*, 24. 620.

Diocleus, Prince of *Pheræ*, 3. 619,—15. 210.
Deiphobus, 4. 375.—8. 565.
Dolius, maſter of the fruit-groves to *Ulyſſes*, 4. 973.
Demodocus, a Poet, 8. 40. is blind, 56. His ſong to the *Phæacians*, 64. His ſong of *Mars* and *Venus*, 307.
Dancing deſcrib'd, 8. 303.
Dance with the ball, 6. 410.
Dodona, famous for the Oracles of *Jupiter*, 14. 369.—19. 340.
Dmetor, King of *Cyprus*, 17. 525.
Dolius aſſiſts *Ulyſſes*, 24. 566.
Dorians ſettled in *Crete*, 19. 203.
Deucalion, 19. 208.
Demoptolemus heads the Suitors, 22. 268. Slain, 293.
Demaſtorides ſlain, 22. 325.

E.

Ephyre, 1. 337.—2.—noted for poiſons, 371.
Elis, fam'd for a breed of horſes, 4. 858.—21. 374.
Eurymachus, his ſpeech, 1. 508. His character, *Note, lib.* 1. 43. His ſpeech, 2. 207.——16. 452. Slain by *Ulyſſes*, 22. 96.
Euryclea, a ſage matron, nurſe to *Ulyſſes*, and attendant on *Telemachus*, 1. 540. Her fondneſs to *Telemachus*, 2. 406. Her ſpeech to *Penelope*, 4. 980. Knows *Ulyſſes*, 19. 537. Tells *Penelope* of *Ulyſſes*'s return, 23. 5.
Eidothea, a Sea Nymph, daughter of *Proteus*, 4. 494.—She inſtructs *Menelaus* to ſurprize *Proteus*, 4. 550.
Elyſium, 4. 764.
Eumelus, King of *Theſſaly*, 4. 1050.
Eurymeduſa, nurſe to *Nauſicaa*, 7. 15.
Echeneus, an aged Counſellor to *Alcinous*, 7. 209.——11. 428.
Elatreus, victor in the game of the Quoit, 8. 138.
Euryalus, victor in wreſtling, 8. 134. affronts *Ulyſſes*, 8. 175. repairs the wrong, 441.

Eurytus,

Eurytus, his ſkill in archery, 8. 256. Slain by *Apollo*, *ibid.*
Eurylochus, 10. 235. His terror deſcribed, 290, 303. His ſpeech, 507.——12. 330, 403.
Elpenor, 10. 659. Breaks his neck thro' drunkenneſs, 666. Meets *Ulyſſes* at the entrance of Hell, 11. 65. His obſequies, 12. 11.
Enipeus, a river, 11. 283.
Ephialtes, a Giant, his ſtory, 11. 376.
Eryphyle betrays her huſband for gold, 11. 406.
Eurypylus ſlain by the ſon of *Achilles*, 11. 636.
Erratic rocks, 12. 70.
Eumæus maſter of the Swine to *Ulyſſes*, 14. 5. His lodge, 10. His piety and hoſpitality, 65. Informs *Ulyſſes* of the riots of the Suitors, 14. 115. of the affairs of his family, 15. 375. of his own hiſtory, 15. 440. the ſon of a King, 15. 445. Aſſiſts *Ulyſſes* in fight, 22. 215, 296.
Etroneus, 15. 156.
Echetus, a ſavage tyrant, 18. 96, 143.—21. 329.
Eurytion, the *Centaur*, 21. 317.
Euryades ſlain by *Telemachus*, 22. 294.
Elatus ſlain by *Eumæus*, 22. 296.
Eurydamas ſlain by *Ulyſſes*, 22. 312.
Eupithes raiſes the *Ithacans* againſt *Ulyſſes*, 24. 490.

G.

Grecks ſail from *Troy* to *Tenedos*, 3. 191. To *Leſbos*, 205. To *Eubœa*, 211. To *Gereſtus*, 216. To *Sunium*, by *Athens*, 352. To the *Malæan* Cape, 361. To *Crete*, 371. To *Cydon*, and *Gortyna*, *ibid.* To the *Phæſtan* coaſt, 380. To the *Nile*, 383. *See Note* 35.
Gods ſubordinate, 5. 130.—6. 391.—know one another, 5. 100. appear in the form of ſtrangers, 17. 578. in light, 19. 50.
Ghoſts, their appearance, 11. 46. Ignorant of what paſſes in the world, 11. 565.

Gorgon, 11. 785.
Grotto of the *Nereids*, 13. 125.

H.

Halitherſes, an Augur, his ſpeech, 2. 189.
Hercules, his ſhade in Hell, 11. 741. Slays *Iphitus*, 21. 30.
Hermione, daughter of *Helen*, married to *Neoptolemus* ſon of *Achilles*, 4. 7.
Helen, her majeſtic air, 4. 156. Her ſpeech, 185. Her ſkill in drugs, 315. She relates an adventure of *Ulyſſes*, 335. Her ſkill in embroidery, 15. 139. Interprets an omen, 15. 195.
Happineſs of a private life, 1. 279.——of kingly power, 1. 495.——of a married life, 6. 223.
Herds of *Apollo*, 12. 160, 315.

I.

Jupiter, 1. 41. Convenes the Gods. His ſpeech, *ibid.* The conference between him and *Neptune*, 13, 145. Commands the re-eſtabliſhment of *Ulyſſes*, 24. 548.
Ithaca, the deſcription of it, rough and mountainous, 4. 821.—9. 25.—13. 285.—14. 3.—19. 127.
Idomeneus, 13. 310.——14. 279.
Iphthima, ſiſter to *Penelope*, 4. 1049.
Jaſion, loved by *Ceres*, 5. 161.
Iſmarus, 9. 41.
Jocaſta, Queen of *Thebes*, 11. 330. Hangs her ſelf, *ibid.*
Iphiclus, a *Phylacian*, 11. 354.
Iphimedia, mother of two Giants, 11. 375.
Irus, a beggar, 18. 10. Inſults *Ulyſſes*, 18. 15. Chaſtiſed by *Ulyſſes*, 18. 115.
Iomalius, excellent in Mechanics, 19. 69.
Iphitus, 21. 18, 25. Slain by *Hercules*, 21. 30.

L.

Leocritus, one of the Suitors, his ſpeech, 2. 275. Slain by *Ulyſſes*, 22. 327.
Laerceus, 3. 540. Gilds the horns of the bullock before the ſacrifice, 3. 555.
Libya, the deſcription of it, 4. 105. Ewes bear three lambs each year, *ibid.* *See the Notes.*
Leucothea, a Sea Nymph, preſerves *Ulyſſes*, 5. 425.
Laodamus, ſon of *Alcinous*, 8. 121. Victor at the Gauntlet, 141.
Lotophagi, 9. 107.
Lachæa, an Iſland, the deſcription of it. 9. 135.
Lamos, ſeat of the *Læſtrigons*, 10. 93.
Læſtrigons, a race of Giants, ſlay the friends of *Ulyſſes*, 10. 130.
Laertes, his ſolitary life, 11. 226.——15. 375.—16. 148. The interview between him and *Ulyſſes*, 24. 261. Arms, and kills *Eupithes*, 24. 576, 608.
Leda, 11. 365.
Leiodes, his tryal of the bow, 21. 152. Slain, 22, 347.
Leucadian rock, 24. 17.

M.

MORALITY.

God not the author of man's ſin, 1. 40. Free-wil aſſerted, *ibid.* God favours the juſt, 1. 85. Is omnipotent, 3. 286. Duty to Parents recommended, 1. 387.——2. 148.
Folly and vice inſeparable, 2. 320.
Piety to ſtrangers, 4. 37.
The anger of Heaven not eaſily appeaſed, 3. 178.
Man dependent upon God, 3. 63. Angry when man offends, 4. 477.

We ought to rely on Heaven, 4. 1079.
Piety to perſons in diſtreſs, 6. 235, 245.—14. 66.
Virgin modeſty commended, 6. 347.
Friendſhip held ſacred, 8. 240. Friend equal to a brother, 635. Friendſhip continues after death, 11. 575.
The Gods appeas'd by prayer, 8. 623.
Lying deteſtable, 3. 26.—11. 450.—14. 427.
Sacrilege puniſh'd with death, 12. 495.
The power of the Gods irreſiſtible, 16. 280.

Minerva, 1. 55. Pleads with *Jupiter* for the return of *Ulyſſes*.
Her ſpeech to *Telemachus*, 2. 305. To *Jupiter*, 5. 12. Reſtrains a ſtorm, 5. 490. Appears to *Ulyſſes*, 13. To *Telemachus*, 15. 1. Warns *Telemachus* of the Suitors ambuſh, 34. Appears to *Ulyſſes*, 16. 168.——20. 40. Aſſiſts *Ulyſſes*, 22. 226, 330. Intercedes with *Jupiter* for the re-eſtabliſhment of *Ulyſſes*, 24. 541.
Mentes, King of *Taphos*, 1. 136. His ſpeech to *Telemachus*, 1. 227.
Mentor, friend of *Ulyſſes* and *Telemachus*, 2. 253. Attends him to *Pyle*, 3. 27. His prayer, 3. 69. Aſſiſts in the deſtruction of the Suitors, 22. 228.
Mercury ſent to *Calypſo*, 5. 38. His pleaſantry, 8. 377. Appears to *Ulyſſes*, 10. 330. Patron of induſtry and arts. 15. 336. Of faith and ſtratagem, 19. 458. Conducts the Souls of the Suitors to Hell, 24. 1.
Maron, Prieſt of *Apollo*, 9. 230.
Moly, powerful againſt enchantment, 10. 365.
Megara, wife of *Hercules*, 11. 327.
Mæra, 11. 305.
Minos, 19. 205. An infernal Judge, 11. 698.
Melampus, a Prophet, 11. 357.——15. 253.
Melanthius outrages *Ulyſſes*, 17. 260.——20. 225. Aſſiſts the Suitors, 22. 153. His death, 22. 510.
Melantho, maid to *Penelope*, 18. 367.——19. 77.
Mulius, 18. 468.

Malea, 3. 366.—19. 217.
Mars ſurprized by *Vulcan*, 8. 345.
Medon, Herald to the Suitors, 4. 903. Informs *Penelope* of the Suitors deſigns, 16. 426. His character, 17. 195. *See the Note.* Spared by *Ulyſſes*, 22. 415. Perſuades the *Ithacans* to peace, 24. 508.
Menelaus, his voyages, 3. 351, 386. Receives *Telemachus* hoſpitably, 4. 36. His further voyages, 98. Continues his ſpeech, 119, 225. He relates his own adventures, 4. 473. Promiſed *Elyſium* without dying, 775. Diſmiſſes *Telemachus*, 15, 168.

N.

Neptune, why incenſed againſt *Ulyſſes*, 1. 89. Raiſes a ſtorm, 5. 375. Shipwrecks *Ulyſſes*, 5. 403.
Neion, 1. 139.
Neſtor, 3. 50. His ſpeech, 81, 125. His hoſpitality, 448.
Nepenthe, 4. 302. Its qualities, 305.
Noemon lends *Telemachus* a bark, 2. 434. Diſcovers it to the Suitors, 9. 853.
Nauſicaa, daughter of *Alcinous*, 6. 23. Relieves *Ulyſſes*, 6. 257.
Neleus, Father of *Neſtor*, 11. 343.
Neritus, a mountain of *Ithaca*, 13. 399.

O.

Oreſtes, Son of *Agamemnon*, 3. 245.——11. 559.
Orion, beloved by *Aurora*, 5. 155.
Orion, a Giant, 11. 380, 703.
Ogygia, 7. 337.
Orator deſcribed, 8. 190.
Otus, a Giant, his ſtory, 11. 377.
Orſilochus, 13. 312.——21. 19.

Ortygia, 15. 438.
Omens. *See* A. *Cuſtoms of Antiquity.*

P.

Phemius, a Poet, 1. 197. His ſong to the Suitors, 1. 421. Spared by *Ulyſſes*, 22. 415. Perſuades the *Ithacans* to peace, 24. 506.
Penelope, her character, 1. 321.——2. 106. Her warm ſpeech to *Medon*, 4. 906. to the Suitors, 16. 434. Her tranſport at the return of *Telemachus*, 17. 52. Her wiſe conduct, 18. 195. Her ſpeech, 18. 210, *&c.* 255, 293. The interview between her and *Ulyſſes*, 23, 93, 165. She owns him, 23. 211.
Piſiſtratus, ſon of *Neſtor*, 3. 47. Attends *Telemachus* to *Sparta*, 611. His ſpeech to *Menelaus*, 4. 208, 255. Returns from *Sparta*, 15. 160.
Philoctetes's ſkill in Archery, 3. 231.—8. 251.
Phrontes, Pilot to *Menelaus*, dies ſuddenly, 3. 355.
Polycaſte, daughter of *Neſtor*, bathes *Telemachus*, 3. 593.
Peon, God of Pharmacy, 4. 321.
Philomelides conquer'd by *Ulyſſes*, 4. 463.
Pharos, an Iſland in the mouth of *Nile*, 4. 479.
Proteus, 4. 563.
Phocæ, the flocks of *Proteus*, 4. 543.
Phantom appears to *Penelope*, 4. 1047.
Polypus, a fiſh, 5. 550.
Phæacia, (now *Corfu*) 6. 6. The people ignorant and effeminate, 6. 11. Their manners, 320.—8. 289. Their chief City deſcrib'd, 311. The common Iſlanders rude, 327.—7. 21, 41. The better people given to hoſpitality. *See Note* 30. *lib.* 6.
Paphos, ſacred to *Venus*, 8. 396.
Poetry, the honours due to it, 8. 521.——17. 466. The gift of Heaven, *ibid.* Aſcrib'd to Inſpiration, 531. *See Note* 42.—22. 383.
Phædon, King of *Theſprotia*, 19. 329.

Polites, Companion of *Ulyſſes*, 10. 258.
Phlegethon, a burning river in hell, 10. 608.
Pelias, King of *Iolcos*, 11. 311.
Pheres, ſon of *Cretheus*, 11. 314.
Periclimenus, 11. 348. His wonderful qualities. *Note* 24.
Pollux, his ſtory, 11. 368.
Phædra, 11. 395.
Procris, 11. 395.
Peleus, father of *Achilles*, 11. 605.
Pero, a great beauty, 11. 350.—15. 259.
Phoreys, the bay of it deſcribed, 13. 117, 393.
Phœnicians, great ſailors, 13. 316. Noted for falſhood, 14. 319. Skill in Aſtronomy, 15. 440. *See the Note.*
Polyphides, a Prophet, 15. 273.
Peiræus, 15. 581.
Parnaſſus, 19. 468, 494.
Pandarus, 20. 78.
Philætius, a faithful ſervant to *Ulyſſes*, 20. 134. His ſpeech to *Ulyſſes*, 20. 249.——21. 205. Aſſiſts him in the fight, and kills *Cteſippus*, 22. 316.

R.

Reithrus, 1. 138.
Rhadamanthus, 4. 766.
Rhexenor dies ſuddenly, 7. 81.

S.

SIMILITUDES.

From things animate.

From a Lion's tearing young Fawns, 4. 450.——17. 140. From a Shepherd tending his flocks, 4. 558. From a fatted Ox kill'd in the ſtall, 4. 719. From a

Lioneſs defending her whelps, 1041. From water-fowl, 5. 64. From a Sea-mew, 5. 428. From children rejoicing for the recovery of a father, 5. 506. From a fiſh call'd a *Polypus*, 5. 550. From *Diana* dancing with her Nymphs, 5. 116. From a Lion ruſhing from a wood to ſeize his prey, 6. 152. From a matron ſeeing an huſband dying, 8. 571. From a Shipwright boring with a wimble, 9. 457. From an Armourer tempering iron in water, 465. From Calves friſking round their dams, 10. 485. From a fiſher, 12. 300. From a bat clinging to a beam, 12. 514. From a ploughman wearied with labour, 13. 39. From the motion of horſes in a race, 13. 98. From the dropping down of a crow, 14. 341. From a father receiving an only ſon after long abſence, 16. 17. From an Eagle or Vultur lamenting for her young, 16. 238. From the muſic of Poetry, 17. 609. From the Nightingale, 19. 595. From a maſtiff, 20. 20. From a man in hunger, 20. 32. From the roaring of a bull, 21. 52. From a Lyriſt tuning his harp, 21. 440. From the voice of a Swallow, 21. 449. From the breeze fly, 22. 335. From Vulturs ſeizing their prey, 22. 337. From fiſhing, 22. 425. From a Lion ſtanding over his prey, 22. 441. From birds caught in a ſnare, 22. 505. From a ſailor eſcaping from a wreck, 23. 248. From the ſcreaming of bats, 24. 10.

Similitudes from things inanimate.

From an heap of thorns driven by the wind, 5. 417. From ſheaves of corn toſt by a whirlwind, 470. From a Peaſant preſerving fire in embers, 5. 630. From pouring ſilver over gold. 6. 275. From the motion of the leaves of a poplar, 7. 135. From ſnows diſſolving, 19. 238.

Suitors, their luxury and riot, 1. 137, 189, 290.—— 4. 430. Throughout the whole *Odyſſey*.
Sparta ſeated in a vale, 4. 2. Fam'd for dancing, 15. 2.
Syria, an Iſland, 15. 437. Fruitful and healthful, *ibid.*
Sidon, famous for works in metals, 4. 835.—15. 130.
Styx, an infernal river, by which the Gods ſwear, 5. 237.
Sentences, their uſe in Poetry, 7. *Note* 33.
Ships of *Alcinous* inſtinct wich thought, 8. 605. Transform'd into a rock, 13. 190.
Salmoneus, 11. 281.
Siſyphus, his puniſhment in Hell, 11. 735.
Sirens deſcrib'd, 12. 51, 221.
Scylla, a dreadful rock, 12. 90, 250.
Sicily, why ſo called, 20. 456. *See the Note.*

T.

Telemachus, 1. 148. His hoſpitality, his ſpeech to *Mentes*, 1. 203. Convenes a council, 2. 10. His ſpeech, 2. 47, 147. 2. 236. His prayer to *Minerva*, 296. Lands in *Pyle*, 3. 6. His ſpeech to *Neſtor*, 90. To *Menelaus*, 4. 425. Sets ſail for *Ithaca*, 15. 310. Lands, 15. 359. Confers with *Eumæus*, 16. 57. With *Penelope*, 17. 52. With *Ulyſſes*, 16. 91. Knows him, 206. His tryal of the bow, 21. 130. Kills *Amphinomus*, 22. 105.
Temeſe, 1. 410. Famous for metals. *See the Note.*
Thone, King of *Ægypt*, 4. 316.
Thyeſtes, 4. 690.
Thrace, ſacred to *Mars*, 8. 394.
Troy, the taking of it, 8. 550.
Telemus, a Prophet, 9. 595.
Tireſias, 10. 583.——11. 112.——Tells *Ulyſſes* his fate, 126.
Tyro, her Hiſtory, 11. 281.
Tityus, his puniſhment in Hell, 11. 709.

Tantalus, his puniſhment, 11. 720.
Taphians practiſe piracy, 15. 469.
Theoclymenus, an Augur, 15. 310. Explains an omen to *Telemachus*, 15. 371. To *Penelope*, 17. 170. Interprets a prodigy, 20. 421.
Theſprotians, 16. 19, 309, 330.

U.

Ulyſſes, his character, 2. 79. Detain'd by *Calypſo*, 4. 753. His adventure in *Troy*, 335. Mourns for his country, 5. 105, 193. His ſpeech to *Calypſo*, 5. 273. He builds a raft, 5. 300. Sets ſail, 5. 345. Is ſhipwreck'd, 403. Thrown upon an unknown ſhore, 580. Paſſes the night in a wood, 615. His addreſs to *Nauſicaa*, 6. 175. He is reliev'd by her, 227. Entertain'd by *Alcinous*, 7. 250. His ſpeech before the *Phæacians*, 8. 183. Out-throws all the *Phæacians*, 210. His challenge to the *Phæacians*, 230. Relates his adventures to the *Phæacians*, 9. 21. The ſtory of the *Cicons*, 9. 50. Of the *Lotophagi*, 95. Of *Cyclops*, 217. *Ulyſſes* eſcapes, 549. Received by *Æolus*, 10. 1. Sails to the *Læſtrigons*, 10. 91. To *Circe*, 157. Deſcends to Hell, 11. 27. Confers with his mother *Anticlea*, 186. With *Agamemnon*, &c. 485. Sets ſail towards his country, 13. 90. Lands, 13. 138. Goes to *Eumæus* in diſguiſe of a beggar, 14. 40. Amuſes him with invented ſtories, 14. 220. Continues the conference, 15. 326. Diſcovers himſelf to *Telemachus*, 16. 206. Goes to his Palace, 17. 410. Begs of the Suitors, 17. 438, &c. Beats *Irus*, 18. 115. His moral diſcourſe to *Amphinomus*, 18. 156. His conference with *Penelope*, 19. 128. Is diſcover'd by *Euryclea*, 19. 544. Makes himſelf known to *Eumæus* and *Philætius*, 21. 213. Draws the bow, 21. 464. Kills *Antinous*, 22. 20. *Eurymachus*, 22. 96, &c. Hangs the female ſervants that were falſe to him, 22.

22. 500. Makes himſelf known to *Penelope*, 23. 211. To *Laertes* 24. 250, 375. Engages the *Ithacans*, 24, 620. and regains his kingdom, 632.

V.

Viſion appears to *Nauſicaa*, 6. 25. To *Penelope*, 19. 627.
Vulcan ſurprizes *Mars* and *Venus*, 8. 315.

W.

Women, when young and beautiful, ſeldom wife, 7. 379. ——The evils they occaſion, 11. 530. Not to be truſted, 545. Women fond of ſoldiers, 14. 246.—— Fond of the ſecond huſband and his children, 15. 25.
Wooden horſe, 8. 555.
Wines of *Maron*, 9. 240.

HOMER's BATTLE OF THE *FROGS* and *MICE*.

By Mr. Archdeacon PARNEL.
Corrected by Mr. POPE.

Names *of the* MICE.	Names *of the* FROGS.
PSYCARPAX, *One who plunders Granaries.*	PHYSIGNATHUS, *One who ſwells his Cheeks.*
Troxartes, *A Bread-eater.*	Peleus, *A Name from Mud.*
Lychomyle, *A Licker of Meal.*	Hydromeduſe, *A Ruler in the Waters.*
Pternotroctas, *A Bacon-eater.*	Hypſiboas, *A loud Bawler.*
Lycopinax, *A Licker of Diſhes.*	Pelion, *from Mud.*
Embaſichytros, *A Creeper into Pots.*	Seutlæus, *Call'd from the Beets.*
Lychenor, *A Name from Licking.*	Polyphonus, *A great Babbler.*
Troglodytes, *One who runs into Holes.*	Lymnocharis, *One who loves the Lake.*
Artophagus, *Who feeds on Bread.*	Crambophagus, *Cabbage-Eater.*
Tyroglyphus, *A Cheeſe-Scooper.*	Lymniſius, *Call'd from the Lake.*
Pternoglyphus, *A Bacon-Scooper.*	Calaminthius, *From the Herb.*
Pternophagus, *A Bacon-Eater.*	Hydrocharis, *Who loves the Water.*
Cniſſodioctes, *One who follows the ſteam of Kitchens.*	Borborocates, *Who lies in the Mud.*
Sitophagus, *An Eater of Wheat.*	Praſſophagus, *An Eater of Garlick.*
Meridarpax, *One who plunders his Share.*	Peluſius, *From Mud.*
	Pelobates, *Who walks in the dirt.*
	Praſſæus, *Call'd from Garlick.*
	Craugaſides, *from Croaking.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

Homer's

Homer's BATTLE

OF THE

FROGS and *MICE.*

BOOK I.

TO fill my riſing Song with ſacred Fire,
Ye tuneful *Nine*, ye ſweet Celeſtial Quire!
From *Helicon*'s imbow'ring Height repair,
Attend my Labours, and reward my Pray'r.
The dreadful Toils of raging *Mars* I write,
The Springs of Conteſt, and the Fields of Fight;
How threatning *Mice* advanc'd with warlike Grace,
And wag'd dire Combats with the *croaking* Race.

Not

Not louder Tumults ſhook *Olympus'* Tow'rs,
When Earth-born Giants dar'd Immortal Pow'rs.
Theſe equal Acts an equal Glory claim,
And thus the *Muſe* records the Tale of Fame.
Once on a Time, fatigu'd and out of Breath,
And juſt eſcap'd the ſtretching Claws of Death,
A gentle *Mouſe*, whom Cats purſu'd in vain,
Flies ſwift-of-foot acroſs the neighb'ring Plain,
Hangs o'er a Brink his eager Thirſt to cool,
And dips his Whiſkers in the ſtanding Pool;
When near a courteous *Frog* advanc'd his Head,
And from the Waters, hoarſe reſounding ſaid,
What art thou, Stranger? What the line you boaſt?
What Chance hath caſt thee panting on our Coaſt?
With ſtricteſt Truth let all thy Words agree,
Nor let me find a faithleſs Mouſe in thee.
If worthy Friendſhip, proffer'd Friendſhip take,
And entring view the pleaſurable Lake:
Range o'er my Palace, in my Bounty ſhare,
And glad return from hoſpitable Fare.
This Silver Realm extends beneath my Sway,
And me, their Monarch, all its Frogs obey.
Great *Phyſignathus* I, from *Peleus'* Race,
Begot in fair *Hydromeduſe'* Embrace,
Where by the nuptial Bank that paints his Side,
The ſwift *Eridanus* delights to glide.

Thee too, thy Form, thy Strength, and Port proclaim,
A ſcepter'd King; a Son of Martial Fame;
Then trace thy Line, and aid my gueſſing Eyes.
Thus ceas'd the *Frog*, and thus the *Mouſe* replies.
Known to the Gods, the Men, the Birds that fly,
Thro' wild Expanſes of the midway Sky,
My Name reſounds; and if unknown to thee,
The Soul of Great *Pſycarpax* lives in me,
Of brave *Troxartes'* Line, whoſe ſleeky Down
In Love compreſs'd *Lychomile* the brown.
My Mother ſhe, and Princeſs of the Plains
Where-e'er her Father *Pternotroctas* reigns:
Born where a Cabin lifts its airy Shed,
With Figs, with Nuts, with vary'd Dainties fed.
But ſince our Natures nought in common know,
From what Foundation can a Friendſhip grow?
Theſe curling Waters o'er thy Palace roll;
But Man's high Food ſupports my Princely Soul.
In vain the circled Loaves attempt to lie
Conceal'd in Flaſkets from my curious Eye,
In vain the Tripe that boaſts the whiteſt Hue,
In vain the gilded Bacon ſhuns my view,
In vain the Cheeſes, Offspring of the Pale,
Or honey'd Cakes, which Gods themſelves regale.
And as in Arts I ſhine, in Arms I fight,
Mix'd with the braveſt, and unknown to Flight.

Tho' large to mine the human Form appear,
Not *Man* himſelf can ſmite my Soul with Fear,
Sly to the Bed with ſilent Steps I go,
Attempt his Finger, or attack his Toe,
And fix indented Wounds with dextrous Skill,
Sleeping he feels, and only ſeems to feel.
Yet have we Foes which direful Dangers cauſe,
Grim *Owls* with Talons arm'd, and *Cats* with Claws,
And that falſe *Trap*, the Den of ſilent Fate,
Where *Death* his Ambuſh plants around the Bait;
All dreaded theſe, and dreadful o'er the reſt
The potent Warriors of the tabby Veſt,
If to the Dark we fly, the Dark they trace,
And rend our Heroes of the *nibbling* Race.
But me, nor Stalks, nor watriſh Herbs delight,
Nor can the crimſon Radiſh charm my Sight,
The Lake-reſounding *Frogs* ſelected Fare,
Which not a *Mouſe* of any Taſt can bear.
As thus the downy Prince his Mind expreſt,
His Anſwer thus the croaking King addreſt.
Thy Words luxuriant on thy dainties rove,
And, ſtranger, we can boaſt of bounteous *Jove*:
We ſport in Water, or we dance on Land,
And born amphibious, Food from both command.
But truſt thy ſelf where Wonders aſk thy view,
And ſafely tempt thoſe Seas, I'll bear thee through:

Aſcend

Aſcend my Shoulders, firmly keep thy Seat,
And reach my marſhy Court, and feaſt in State.
He ſaid, and leant his Back; with nimble Bound
Leaps the light Mouſe, and claſps his Arms around,
Then wond'ring floats, and ſees with glad Survey
The winding Banks diſſemble Ports at Sea.
But when aloft the curling Water rides,
And wets with azure Wave his downy Sides,
His Thoughts grow conſcious of approaching Woe,
His idle Tears with vain Repentance flow,
His Locks he rends, his trembling Feet he rears,
Thick beats his Heart with unaccuſtom'd Fears;
He ſighs, and chill'd with Danger, longs for Shore:
His Tail extended forms a fruitleſs Oar,
Half drench'd in liquid Death his Pray'rs he ſpake,
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful Lake.
So paſs'd *Europa* thro' the rapid Sea,
Trembling and fainting all the vent'rous Way;
With oary Feet the *Bull* triumphant rode,
And ſafe in *Crete* depos'd his lovely Load.
Ah ſafe at laſt! may thus the *Frog* ſupport
My trembling Limbs to reach his ample Court.
As thus he ſorrows, Death ambiguous grows,
Lo! from the deep a Water *Hydra* roſe;
He rolls his ſanguin'd Eyes, his Boſom heaves;
And darts with active Rage along the Waves.

Confus'd,

Confus'd, the Monarch ſees his hiſſing Foe,
And dives to ſhun the ſable Fates below.
Forgetful *Frog*! The Friend thy Shoulders bore,
Unſkill'd in Swimming, floats remote from Shore.
He graſps with fruitleſs Hands to find Relief,
Supinely falls, and grinds his Teeth with Grief;
Plunging he ſinks, and ſtruggling mounts again,
And ſinks, and ſtrives, but ſtrives with Fate in vain.
The weighty Moiſture clogs his hairy Veſt,
And thus the *Prince* his dying Rage expreſt.

Nor thou, that flings me flound'ring from thy Back,
As from hard Rocks rebounds the ſhatt'ring Wrack,
Nor thou ſhalt 'ſcape thy Due, perfidious King!
Purſu'd by Vengeance on the ſwifteſt Wing:
At Land thy Strength could never equal mine,
At Sea to conquer, and by Craft, was thine.
But Heav'n has Gods, and Gods have ſearching Eyes:
Ye *Mice*, ye *Mice*, my great Avengers riſe!

This ſaid, he ſighing gaſp'd, and gaſping dy'd,
His Death the young *Lychophinax* eſpy'd,
As on the flow'ry Brink he paſs'd the Day,
Baſk'd in the Beam, and loiter'd Life away:
Loud ſhrieks the *Mouſe*, his Shrieks the Shores repeat;
The nibbling Nation learn their Hero's Fate:
Grief, diſmal Grief enſues; deep Murmurs ſound,
And ſhriller Fury fills the deafen'd Ground;

From

From Lodge to Lodge the *ſacred Heralds* run,
To fix their Council with the riſing Sun;
Where great *Troxartes* crown'd in Glory reigns,
And winds his length'ning Court beneath the Plains:
Pſycarpax' Father, Father now no more!
For poor *Pſycarpax* lies remote from Shore:
Supine he lies! the ſilent Waters ſtand,
And no kind Billow wafts the *Dead* to Land!

BOOK II.

WHEN roſy finger'd Morn had ting'd the Clouds,
Around their *Monarch-Mouſe* the Nation crowds,
Slow roſe the Monarch, heav'd his anxious Breaſt,
And thus, the Council fill'd with Rage, addreſt.
For loſt *Pſycarpax* much my ſoul endures,
'Tis mine the private Grief, the publick, yours,
Three warlike Sons adorn'd my nuptial Bed,
Three Sons, alas, before their Father dead!
Our Eldeſt periſh'd by the rav'ning *Cat*,
As near my Court the *Prince* unheedful ſat.

Our

Our next, an Engine fraught with Danger drew,
The Portal gap'd, the Bait was hung in View,
Dire *Arts* aſſiſt the *Trap*, the *Fates* decoy,
And Men unpitying kill'd my *gallant Boy*.
The laſt, his *Country*'s Hope, his *Parents* Pride,
Plung'd in the Lake by *Phyſignathus*, dy'd.
Rouſe all the War, my Friends! avenge the Deed,
And bleed that *Monarch*, and his *Nation* bleed.
His Words in ev'ry Breaſt inſpir'd Alarms,
And careful *Mars* ſupply'd their Hoſt with Arms.
In verdant Hulls deſpoil'd of all their Beans,
The buſkin'd Warriors ſtalk'd along the Plains,
Quills aptly bound, their bracing Corſelet made,
Fac'd with the Plunder of a Cat they flay'd,
The Lamp's round Boſs affords their ample Shield,
Large Shells of Nutts their cov'ring Helmet yield;
And o'er the Region, with reflected Rays,
Tall Groves of Needles for their Lances blaze.
Dreadful in Arms the marching *Mice* appear:
The wond'ring *Frogs* perceive the Tumult near,
Forſake the Waters, thick'ning form a Ring,
And aſk, and hearken, whence the Noiſes ſpring;
When near the Croud, diſclos'd to publick View,
The valiant Chief *Embaſichytros* drew:
The ſacred Herald's Scepter grac'd his Hand,
And thus his Words expreſt his King's Command.

Ye *Frogs!* the *Mice* with Vengeance fir'd, advance,
And deckt in Armour ſhake the ſhining Lance;
Their hapleſs Prince by *Phyſignathus* ſlain,
Extends incumbent on the watry Plain.
Then arm your Hoſt, the doubtful Battle try;
Lead forth thoſe *Frogs* that have the Soul to die.

The Chief retires, the Crowd the Challenge hear,
And proudly-ſwelling, yet perplex'd appear,
Much they reſent, yet much their *Monarch* blame,
Who riſing, ſpoke to clear his tainted Fame.

O Friends! I never forc'd the *Mouſe* to Death,
Nor ſaw the Gaſpings of his lateſt Breath.
He, vain of Youth, our Art of Swimming try'd,
And vent'rous in the Lake the Wanton dy'd.
To Vengeance now by falſe Appearance led,
They point their Anger at my guiltleſs Head,
But wage the riſing War by deep Device,
And turn its Fury on the crafty *Mice*.
Your *King* directs the Way; my Thoughts elate
With hopes of Conqueſt, form Deſigns of Fate.
Where high the Banks their verdant Surface heave,
And the ſteep Sides confine the ſleeping Wave,
There, near the Margin, and in Armour bright,
Suſtain the firſt impetuous Shocks of Fight:
Then where the dancing Feather joins the Creſt,
Let each brave *Frog* his obvious *Mouſe* arreſt;

Each

Each ſtrongly graſping, headlong plunge a Foe,
'Till countleſs Circles whirl the Lake below;
Down ſink the *Mice* in yielding Waters drown'd;
Loud flaſh the Waters; echoing Shores reſound:
The *Frogs* triumphant tread the conquer'd Plain,
And raiſe their glorious Trophies of the ſlain.

He ſpake no more, his prudent Scheme imparts
Redoubling Ardour to the boldeſt Hearts.
Green was the Suit his arming Heroes choſe,
Around their Legs the Greaves of Mallows cloſe,
Green were the Beets about their Shoulders laid,
And green the Colewort, which the Target made,
Form'd of the vary'd Shells the Waters yield,
Their gloſſy Helmets gliſten'd o'er the Field;
And tap'ring Sea-Reeds for the poliſh'd Spear,
With upright Order pierc'd the ambient Air.
Thus dreſs'd for War, they take th' appointed Height,
Poize the long Arms, and urge the promis'd Fight.

But now, where *Jove*'s irradiate Spires ariſe,
With Stars ſurrounded in Æthereal Skies,
(A ſolemn Council call'd) the brazen Gates
Unbar; the Gods aſſume their Golden Seats:
The Sire ſuperior leans, and points to ſhow
What wond'rous Combats Mortals wage below:
How ſtrong, how large, the num'rous Heroes ſtride;
What Length of Lance they ſhake with warlike Pride:

What

What eager Fire their rapid March reveals;
So the fierce *Centaurs* ravag'd o'er the Dales;
And ſo confirm'd, the daring *Titans* roſe,
Heap'd Hills on Hills, and bid the Gods be Foes.
This ſeen, the Pow'r his ſacred Viſage rears,
He caſts a pitying Smile on worldly Cares,
And aſks what heav'nly Guardians take the Liſt,
Or who the *Mice*, or who the *Frogs* aſſiſt?
Then thus to *Pallas*. If my Daughter's Mind
Have join'd the *Mice*, why ſtays ſhe ſtill behind?
Drawn forth by ſav'ry Steams they wind their Way,
And ſure Attendance round thine Altar pay,
Where while the Victims gratify their Taſte,
They ſport to pleaſe the Goddeſs of the Feaſt.
Thus ſpake the Ruler of the ſpacious Skies,
When thus, reſolv'd, the Blue-ey'd Maid replies.
In vain, my Father! all their Dangers plead,
To ſuch, thy *Pallas* never grants her Aid.
My flow'ry Wreaths they petulantly ſpoil,
And rob my cryſtal Lamps of feeding Oil.
(Ills following Ills) but what afflicts me more,
My Veil, that idle Race profanely tore.
The Web was curious, wrought with Art divine;
Relentleſs Wretches! all the Work was mine.
Along the Loom the purple Warp I ſpread,
Caſt the light Shoot, and croſt the Silver Thread;

In this their Teeth a thouſand Breaches tear,
The thouſand Breaches ſkilful Hands repair,
For which, vile earthly Dunns thy Daughter grieve,
And Gods, that uſe no Coin, have none to give.
And Learning's Goddeſs never leſs can owe,
Neglected Learning gets no Wealth below.
Nor let the *Frogs* to gain my Succour ſue,
Thoſe clam'rous Fools have loſt my Favour too.
For late, when all the Conflict ceas'd at Night,
When my ſtretch'd Sinews work'd with eager Fight,
When ſpent with glorious Toil, I left the Field,
And ſunk for Slumber on my ſwelling Shield,
Lo from the Deep, repelling ſweet Repoſe,
With noiſy Croakings half the Nation roſe:
Devoid of Reſt, with aking Brows I lay,
'Till Cocks proclaim'd the crimſon Dawn of Day.
Let all, like me, from either Hoſt forbear,
Nor tempt the flying Furies of the Spear.
Let heav'nly Blood (or what for Blood may flow)
Adorn the Conqueſt of a meaner Foe,
Who, wildly ruſhing, meet the wond'rous Odds,
Tho' Gods oppoſe, and brave the wounded Gods.
O'er gilded Clouds reclin'd, the Danger view,
And be the Wars of Mortals Scenes for you.
So mov'd the *blue-ey'd Queen*, her Words perſuade,
Great *Jove* aſſented, and the reſt obey'd.

BOOK III.

NOW Front to Front the marching Armies ſhine,
Halt e'er they meet, and form the length'ning Line,
The Chiefs conſpicuous ſeen, and heard afar,
Give the loud Sign to looſe the ruſhing War;
Their dreadful Trumpets deep-mouth'd Hornets ſound,
The ſounded Charge remurmurs o'er the Ground,
Ev'n *Jove* proclaims a Field of Horror nigh,
And rolls low Thunder thro' the troubled Sky.
Firſt to the Fight the large *Hypſiboas* flew;
And brave *Lychenor* with a Jav'lin ſlew,
The luckleſs Warrior fill'd with gen'rous Flame,
Stood foremoſt glitt'ring in the Poſt of Fame.
When in his Liver ſtruck, the Jav'lin hung,
The *Mouſe* fell thund'ring and the Target rung;
Prone to the Ground he ſinks his cloſing Eye,
And ſoil'd in Duſt, his lovely Treſſes lie.
A Spear at *Pelion Troglodites* caſt,
The miſſive Spear within the Boſom paſt;
Death's ſable Shades the fainting *Frog* ſurround,
And Life's red Tide runs ebbing from the Wound.
Embaſichytros felt *Seutlæus'* Dart
Tranſfix, and quiver in his panting Heart;

But

But great *Artophagus* aveng'd the Slain,
And big *Seutlæus* tumbling loads the Plain,
And *Polyphonus* dies, a *Frog* renown'd,
For boaſtful Speech and Turbulence of Sound;
Deep thro' the Belly pierc'd, ſupine he lay,
And breath'd his Soul againſt the Face of Day.
The ſtrong *Lymnocharis*, who view'd with Ire,
A Victor triumph, and a Friend expire;
And fiercely flung where *Troglodytes* fought,
With heaving Arms a rocky Fragment caught,
A Warrior vers'd in Arts, of ſure Retreat,
Yet Arts in vain elude impending Fate;
Full on his ſinewy Neck the Fragment fell,
And o'er his Eye-lids Clouds eternal dwell.
Lychenor (ſecond of the glorious Name)
Striding advanc'd, and took no wand'ring Aim;
Thro' all the *Frog* the ſhining Jav'lin flies,
And near the vanquiſh'd *Mouſe* the Victor dies;
The dreadful Stroke *Crambophagus* affrights,
Long bred to Banquets, leſs inur'd to Fights,
Heedleſs he runs, and ſtumbles o'er the Steep,
And wildly flound'ring flaſhes up the Deep;
Lychenor following with a downward Blow,
Reach'd in the Lake his unrecover'd Foe;
Gaſping he rolls, a purple Stream of Blood
Diſtains the Surface of the Silver Flood:

Thro' the wide Wound the ruſhing Entrails throng,
And ſlow the breathleſs Carcaſs floats along.
Lymniſius good *Tyroglyphus* aſſails,
Prince of the *Mice* that haunt the flow'ry Vales,
Loſt to the milky Fares and rural Seat,
He came to periſh on the Bank of Fate.
The dread *Pternoglyphus* demands the Fight,
Which tender *Calaminthius* ſhuns by Flight,
Drops the green Target, ſpringing quits the Foe,
Glides thro' the Lake, and ſafely dives below,
The dire *Pternophagus* divides his Way
Thro' breaking Ranks, and leads the dreadful Day.
No nibbling Prince excell'd in Fierceneſs more,
His Parents fed him on the ſavage Boar;
But where his Lance the Field with Blood imbru'd,
Swift as he mov'd *Hydrocharis* purſu'd,
'Till fall'n in Death he lies, a ſhatt'ring Stone
Sounds on the Neck, and cruſhes all the Bone.
His Blood pollutes the Verdure of the Plain,
And from his Noſtrils burſts the guſhing Brain.
Lycopinax with *Borbocætes* fights
A blameleſs *Frog*, whom humbler Life delights;
The fatal Jav'lin unrelenting flies,
And Darkneſs ſeals the gentle Croaker's Eyes.
Incens'd *Praſſophagus* with ſprightly Bound,
Bears *Cniſſodioctes* off the riſing Ground,

Then drags him o'er the Lake depriv'd of Breath,
And downward plunging, ſinks his Soul to Death.
But now the great *Pſycarpax* ſhines afar,
(Scarce he ſo great whoſe Loſs provok'd the War)
Swift to Revenge his fatal Jav'lin fled,
And thro' the Liver ſtruck *Peluſius* dead;
His freckled Corps before the Victor fell,
His Soul indignant ſought the Shades of Hell.
This ſaw *Pelobates*, and from the Flood,
Lifts with both hands a monſtrous Maſs of Mud,
The Cloud obſcene o'er all the Warrior flies,
Diſhonours his brown Face, and blots his Eyes.
Enrag'd, and wildly ſputtring, from the Shore
A Stone immenſe of Size the Warrior bore,
A Load for lab'ring Earth, whoſe Bulk to raiſe,
Aſks ten degen'rate *Mice* of modern Days.
Full to the Leg arrives the cruſhing Wound,
The *Frog* ſupportleſs, wriths upon the Ground.
Thus fluſh'd, the Victor wars with matchleſs Force,
'Till loud *Crangaſides* arreſts his Courſe,
Hoarſe croaking Threats precede, with fatal Speed
Deep thro' the Belly runs the pointed Reed,
Then ſtrongly-tug'd, return'd imbru'd with Gore,
And on the Pile his reeking Entrails bore.
The lame *Sitophagus* oppreſs'd with Pain,
Creeps from the deſp'rate Dangers of the Plain,

And where the Ditches riſing Weeds ſupply,
To ſpread their lowly Shades beneath the Sky,
There lurks the ſilent *Mouſe* reliev'd of Heat,
And ſafe imbower'd, avoids the Chance of Fate.
But here *Troxartes*, *Phyſignathus* there,
Whirl the dire Furies of the pointed Spear:
Then where the Foot around its Ankle plies,
Troxartes wounds, and *Phyſignathus* flies,
Halts to the Pool, a ſafe Retreat to find,
And trails a dangling Length of Leg behind,
The *Mouſe* ſtill urges, ſtill the *Frog* retires,
And half in anguiſh of the Flight expires;
Then pious Ardor young *Praſſæus* brings,
Betwixt the Fortune of contending Kings:
Lank, harmleſs *Frog!* with Forces hardly grown,
He darts the Reed in Combats not his own,
Which faintly tinkling on *Troxartes'* Shield,
Hangs at the Point, and drops upon the Field.
Now nobly tow'ring o'er the reſt appears
A gallant Prince that far tranſcends his Years,
Pride of his Sire, and Glory of his Houſe,
And more a *Mars* in Combat than a *Mouſe*:
His Action bold, robuſt his ample Frame,
And *Meridarpax* his reſounding Name.

The Warrior ſingled from the fighting Crowd,
Boaſts the dire Honours of his Arms aloud;
Then ſtrutting near the Lake, with Looks elate,
Threats all its Nations with approaching Fate.
And ſuch his Strength, the Silver Lakes around,
Might roll their Waters o'er unpeopled Ground.
But pow'rful *Jove* who ſhews no leſs his Grace
To *Frogs* that periſh, than to human Race,
Felt ſoft Compaſſion riſing in his Soul,
And ſhook his ſacred Head, that ſhook the Pole.
Then thus to all the gazing Pow'rs began,
The Sire of *Gods*, and *Frogs*, and *Mouſe*, and *Man*.
What Seas of Blood I view, what Worlds of ſlain,
An Iliad riſing from a Day's Campaign!
How fierce his Jav'lin o'er the trembling Lakes
The black fur'd Hero *Meridarpax* ſhakes!
Unleſs ſome fav'ring Deity deſcend,
Soon will the *Frogs* loquacious Empire end.
Let dreadful *Pallas* wing'd with Pity fly,
And make her *Ægis* blaze before his Eye:
While *Mars* refulgent on his rattling Car,
Arreſts his raging Rival of the War.
He ceas'd, reclining with attentive Head,
When thus the glorious God of Combats ſaid.

Nor *Pallas*, *Jove!* tho' *Pallas* take the Field,
With all the Terrors of her hiſſing Shield,
Nor *Mars* himſelf, tho' *Mars* in Armour bright
Aſcend his Car, and wheel amidſt the Fight;
Nor theſe can drive the deſp'rate *Mouſe* afar,
And change the Fortunes of the bleeding War.
Let all go forth, all Heav'n in Arms ariſe,
Or launch thy own red Thunder from the Skies.
Such ardent Bolts as flew that wond'rous Day,
When heaps of *Titans* mix'd with Mountains lay,
When all the Giant-Race enormous fell,
And huge *Enceladus* was hurl'd to Hell.
'Twas thus th' Armipotent adviſ'd the Gods,
When from his Throne the Cloud Compeller nods,
Deep length'ning Thunders run from Pole to Pole,
Olympus trembles as the thunders roll.
Then ſwift he whirls the brandiſh'd Bolt around,
And headlong darts it at the diſtant Ground,
The Bolt diſcharg'd inwrap'd with Lightning flies,
And rends its flaming Paſſage thro' the Skies,
Then Earth's Inhabitants the Nibblers ſhake,
And *Frogs*, the Dwellers in the Waters, quake.
Yet ſtill the *Mice* advance their dread Deſign,
And the laſt Danger threats the croaking Line,

'Till *Jove* that inly mourn'd the Loſs they bore,
With ſtrange aſſiſtance fill'd the frighted Shore.
Pour'd from the neighb'ring Strand, deform'd to View,
They march, a ſudden unexpected Crew,
Strong Suits of Armor round their Bodies cloſe,
Which like thick Anvils blunt the Force of Blows;
In wheeling Marches turn'd oblique they go,
With harpy Claws their Limbs divide below,
Fell Sheers the Paſſage to their Mouth command,
From out the Fleſh the Bones by Nature ſtand,
Broad ſpread their Backs, their ſhining Shoulders riſe,
Unnumber'd Joints diſtort their lengthen'd Thighs,
With nervous Cords their Hands are firmly brac'd,
Their round black Eye-balls in their Boſom plac'd,
On eight long Feet the wond'rous Warriors tread,
And either End alike ſupplies a Head.
Theſe, mortal Wits to call the *Crabs*, agree;
The Gods have other Names for Things than we.
Now where the Jointures from their Loins depend,
The Heroes Tails with ſev'ring Graſps they rend.
Here, ſhort of Feet, depriv'd the Power to fly,
There without Hands upon the Field they lie.
Wrench'd from their Holds, and ſcatter'd all around,
The bended Lances heap'd the cumber'd Ground.

Helpleſs

Helpleſs Amazement, Fear purſuing Fear,
And mad Confuſion thro' their Hoſt appear,
O'er the wild Waſte with headlong Flight they go,
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted Holes below.
But down *Olympus* to the Weſtern Seas,
Far-ſhooting *Phœbus* drove with fainter Rays,
And a whole War (ſo *Jove* ordain'd) begun,
Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving Sun.

The End of the Fifth Volume.

10 DE 62